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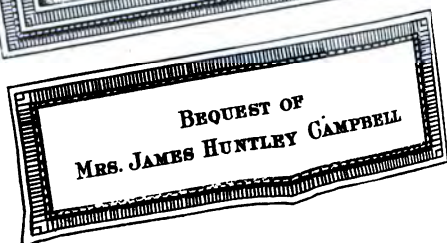
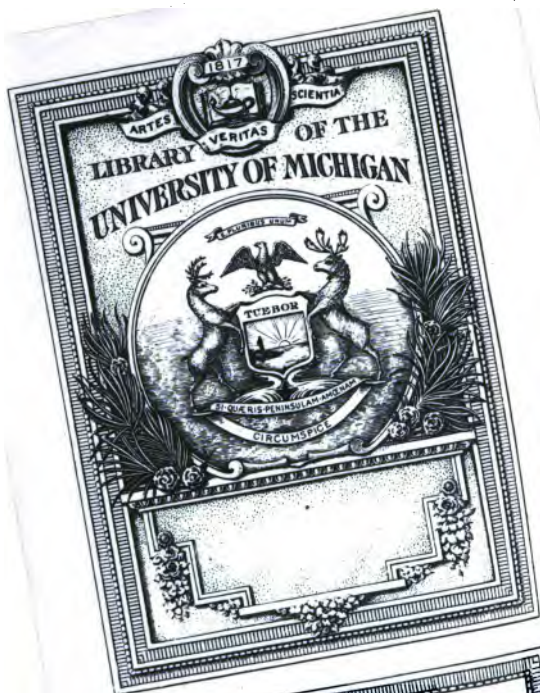
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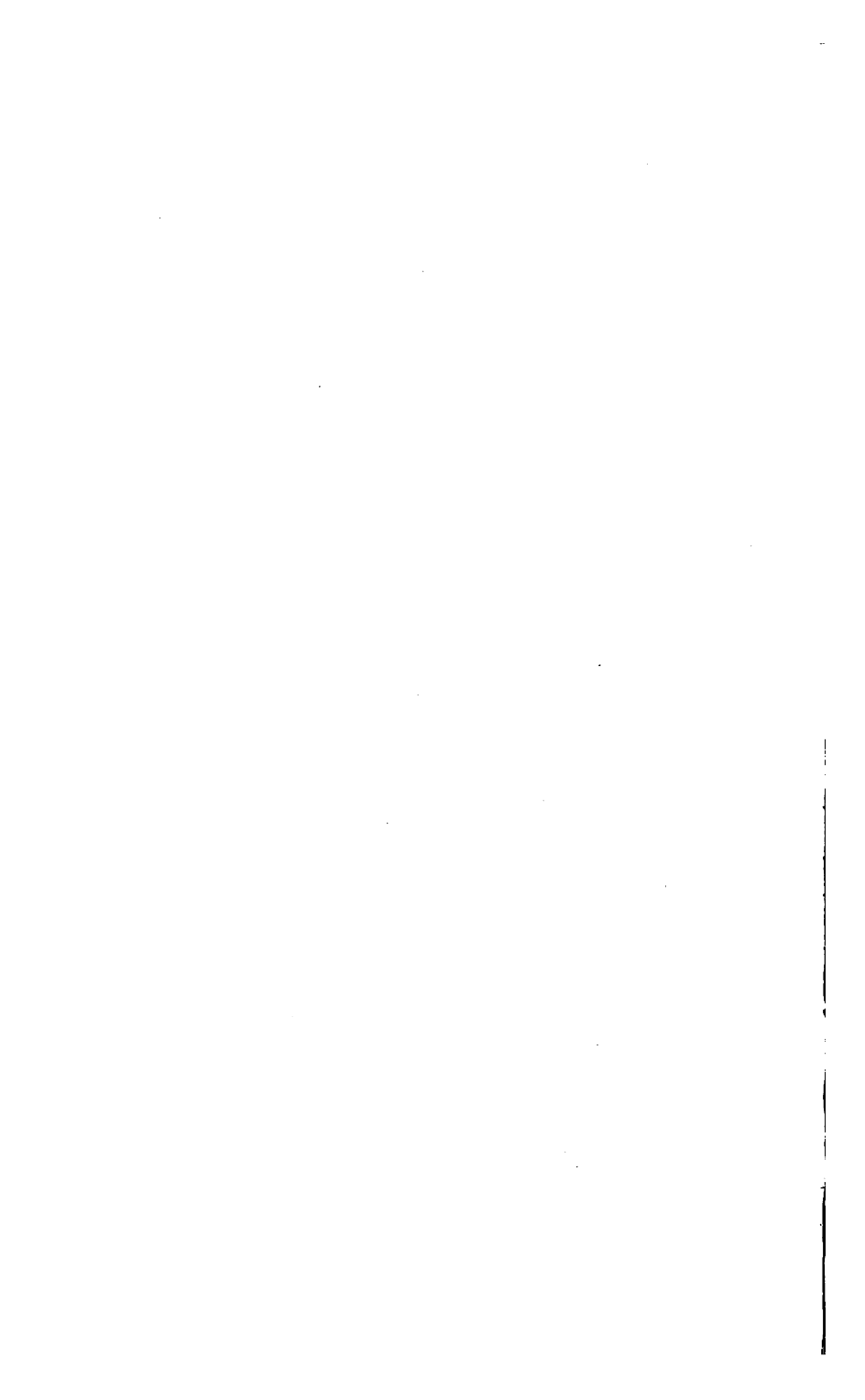
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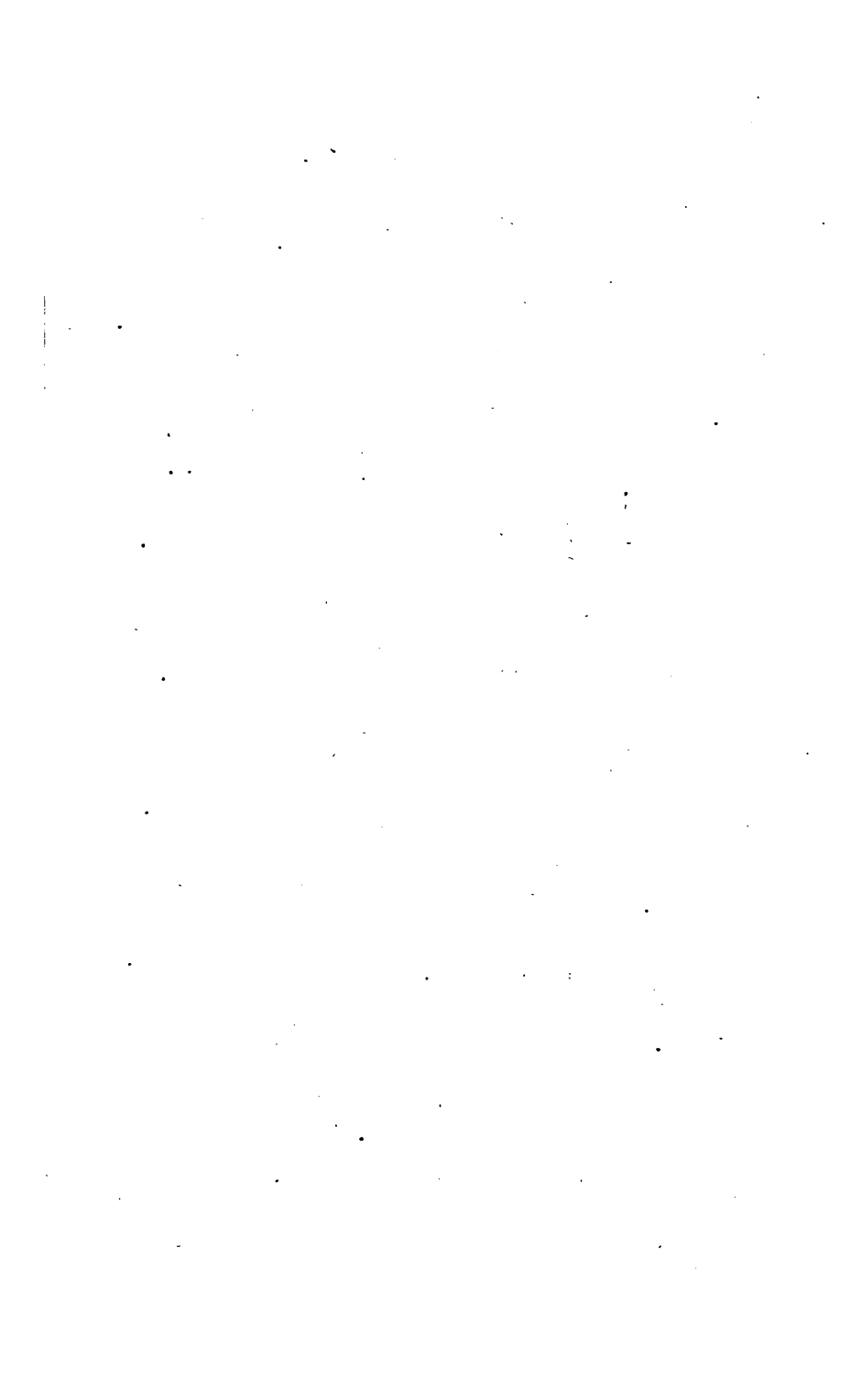
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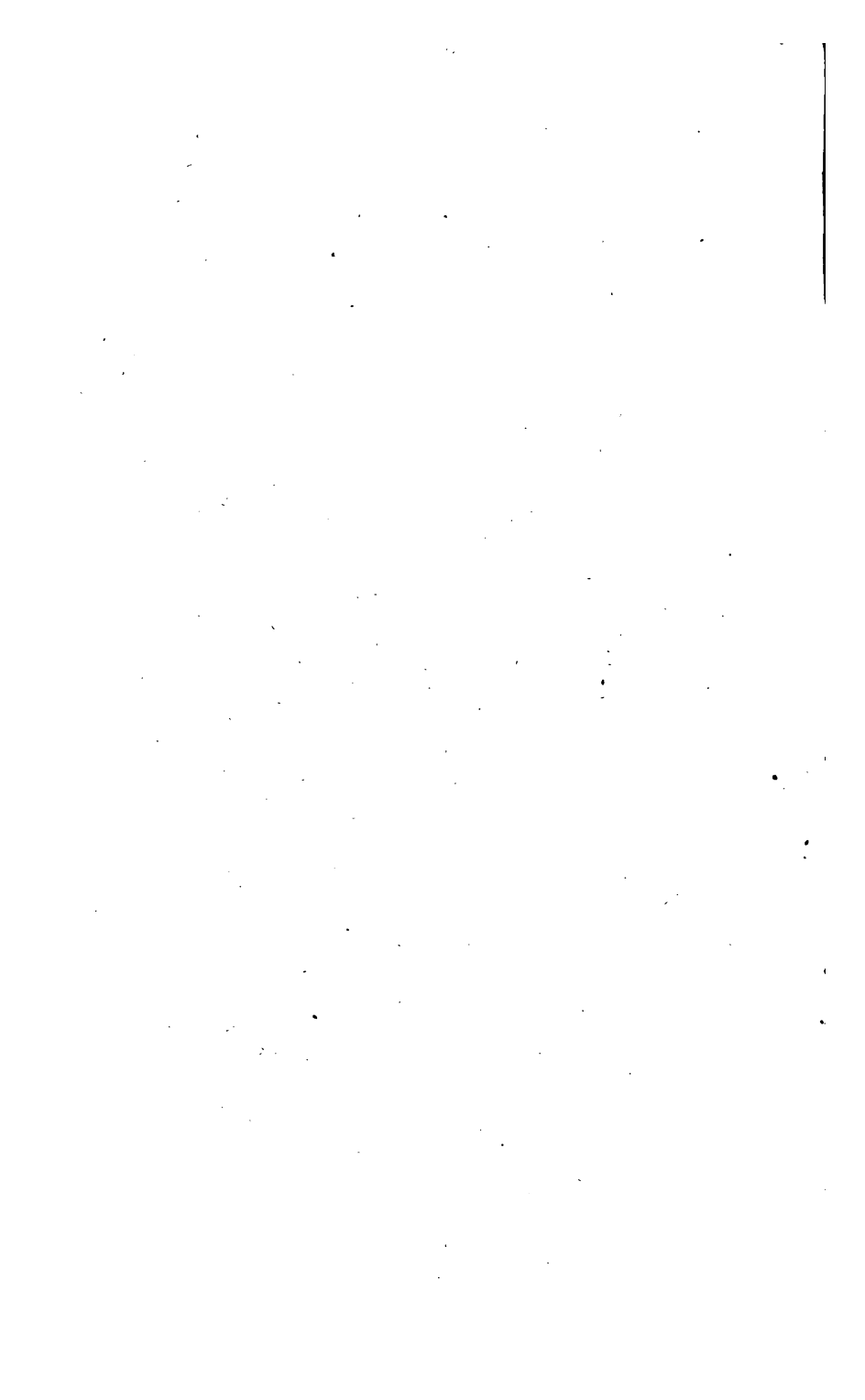
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THE
LOVER'S PILGRIMAGE,

AND
A TRIAL OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. SILVER.



"Who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity?"

"What is Love? ask him who lives, what is Life; ask him who
adores, what is God?"

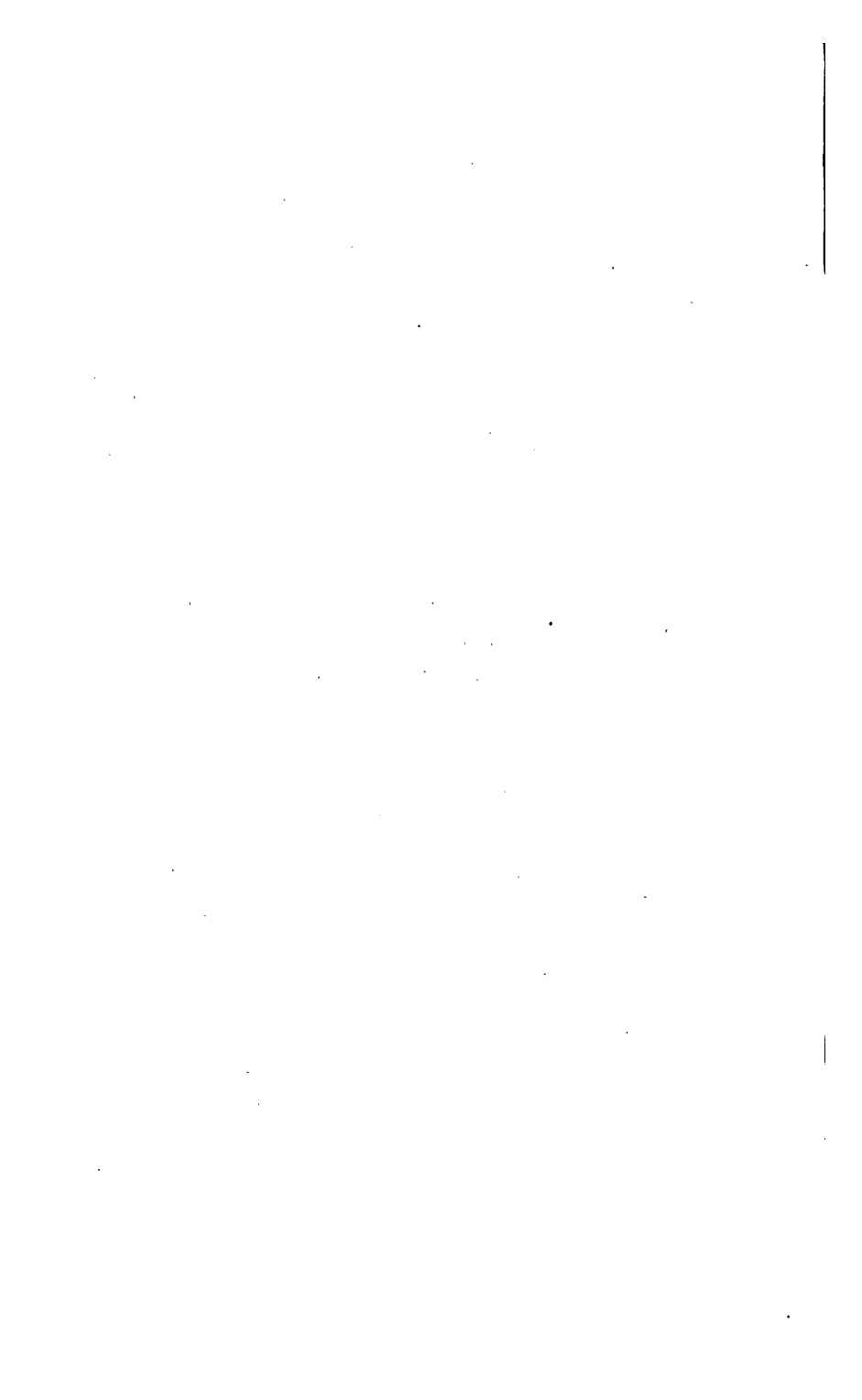
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**"TO MY GOOD FRIEND
AND THE FRIEND OF MANKIND,"**

MRS. D. A. O.

**THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.
HER EXALTED VIRTUES AND EXPANSIVE BENEVOLENCE COM-
MAND MY RESPECT AND ESTEEM; HER KINDNESS,
*MY GRATITUDE AND LOVE.***



*Request of Miss Anne
Huntley Mansfield
24-32*

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS no apology will be considered of sufficient weight to excuse the author for bringing this work before an enlightened public, when such writers as Irving and Cooper are in the field ; the one, by his native eloquence, turning life itself to poetry, the other, strewing its paths with flowers, and beguiling the way so effectually that we forget, for the time being, that it is rugged and thorny ; while many others, like birds by the way-side, charm the ear of taste and awake an echo in the heart spiritually allied to music. And should an unknown songster, so secluded that its warbling has hitherto been unheard, strike a note not inharmonious with the rest, may it be remembered that "five sparrows are sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God." And even this small value is to be attributed to Him by whom they are remembered. Besides, "the rose-like beauty of Mrs. Sigourney, the evergreen foliage of Mrs. Hale, the summer-savory fragrance of Mrs. Child, the lily-loveliness of Hannah Gould, and the wild-flower sweetness of Miss Sedgwick,—are selections from the *flowers*

of this western wilderness, and evidences of what the 'daughters of Columbia' may become." We are aware, too, that many English works, by highly talented authors, are finding their way into the boudoir of almost every lady, rendering bright eyes still brighter from having so often peered into the enchanted regions of imagination, and that the world abounds with books and authors. But the consideration that works of fiction are ephemeral in their nature, (not in the fame they transmit of *genius*, but in their power to interest after the scenes of romance shall have become familiar,) and the favorable opinion which several literary gentlemen have expressed of the work in question, have induced the writer to accede to the wishes of a few friends, and, with timorous hope, to cast it upon the mercy of a generous community.

Perhaps, from the mention of authors and works of fiction, the reader may expect to find a romance in the following pages, with a regular plot and *denouement*. But this work is emphatically a *medley*. And though in its varied texture are interwoven several stories of love, yet we trust the "pure in heart" will not involuntarily turn from them, because they are so often surrounded by seductive charms and pernicious influences; for they are not necessarily thus accompanied. The Christian philosopher will trace a golden chain that binds all true affection to the throne of the Eternal; and knows that love, sanctified by religion, and truly conjugal, flows down from heaven, and is the result of the union of

Divine Love and Divine Wisdom. And though many still write on these themes, yet the wand of the "Great Magician" lies powerless in Dryburgh Abbey — unless it be used for higher purposes and nobler themes in a brighter sphere — and his mantle, with all its rich and splendid embroidery, seems not to have fallen upon any. And for wise purposes, no doubt; for we have now a perspective view of realities far more sublime and beautiful than the loftiest imagination has ever painted, or fancy, with her "faery frostwork" has ever sketched. And should anything written have a tendency to raise an aspiration in the soul for those realms of peace, where the sciences are undimmed by the shadows of earth, and knowledge is ever progressive, give God the glory. But should this work, on a perusal, be found to be utterly devoid of merit, we beg leave to remind the reader, that the book will assuredly

"Go to sleep of itself,
Like a pamphlet unbound on a dust-covered shelf."

If, on the other hand, upon examination, anything of value should be discovered, though nearly hidden beneath the rubbish of imperfections, we can only say, by way of apology, in the language of the beautiful Jewess, that "*God made woman weak, and trusted her defence to man's generosity.*"

Then go, frail Minion, go —
And should the critics sneer,
Say that thou art a lady's page,
And that she thought in this, our age,
To find them debonair.

Tell them *she* knows thee frail,
And that she had her fear ;
And would have, to oblivious streams,
Consigned the medley of thy themes,
But friends bespoke thee fair.

Tell them that fancy culled
The fragile wreath you bear,
And should one floweret suit the eye,
Please to select, nor aught decry —
Nor seek for bouquets rare.

For oft mid *conscious* flowers
Will one alone seem fair —
By Hymen's aid some seize a prize,
Nor stop the rest to criticise,
But pass them as they are.

Then go, frail volume, go —
And, ere the stern decree,
Tell them a lady humbly prays —
Not for one leaf plucked from their bays !
But — lenity towards thee.

THE LOVER'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are moments in our existence when the most social shun society, and seek solitude, for that solace, with which she so often soothes the sorrowing spirit ; when the souls of the dear departed seem hovering amid the haunts that they most loved when present, and we involuntarily address not only them, but even inanimate objects, and often fancy that they respond to our invocations, and sympathize in our griefs. Then, each echo becomes an oracle. And thus it is that the falling fabric, and the mausoleum, sometimes preach more forcibly to the human heart, than the impassioned eloquence of the most devoted divine.

These were the feelings that had found access to the bosom of the hero of the following pages, as he roamed and ruminated amid the ruins of antiquity.

“ Farewell, ancestral halls. No longer here will music’s powerful eloquence raise up the tuneful soul to courts, whence harmony first sprung, or draw reluctant tears from apathy ; no longer here, subdue ferocious passion in the human breast, awaken martial ardor in

the brave, or commune sweetly with the gentle soul, as friend with friend, in converse far above what words could ever reach. No more thy walls will echo back the strains of festive mirth from coroneted heads, nor tones of love from gentler beings, radiant and mild as Venus from the west. The fair proportions of thy columned domes o'ergrown with moss, envious as Time himself, but mock the splendor of my noble sires; and hollow winds, now sighing through thy empty corridors, whisper, reproachfully, of greatness fled. *Of greatness fled?* — Whence is true greatness? Kings are but mortals (Heaven knows how frail) — tiles, but toys for kings to play with; to give, then take away — scarfs, ribands, sword-knots all. Ancestral pride, I thee abjure. No longer shalt thou rankle in my breast, and form a chaos strange of contradictions. No, my father's valor and my mother's love, shall be my coat of arms; Heaven my king, the world my country, the virtues my retainers. Here desolation reigns. The rooks have left their nests, the falcons soared to heaven, the park lies waste, untenanted by buck or hare, and kindred beings sleep 'neath monumental stone. *Sleep in the dust*, ye dear departed! Avaunt the thought! 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' The cast-off clothes of yesterday lie here, and ye are clothed upon and dwell in habitations of the just. Too long has earth claimed tears and sighs, from eyes and hearts that should have been glowing with love, and raised to heaven. Perchance, even now, with love untiring, ye are ministering to my wants! Methinks I feel your blessed influence, untrammelling the shackles of the soul, and wooing to the city of our God. O, come, blessed spirits! go with the wanderer to a distant

shore ; and when amid Columbia's untrod wilds, while thoughts so sweet, of boyish sports, and cultured vales, and cottage scenery, and castled grandeur, and crumbling ruins, and high-born souls, and beauty's spell, and genius's home in merry England, shall come to the pilgrim's mind, till he exclaim,

‘ My native, glorious country, right or wrong ! ’

O, be with him there, and teach him that earth, to the good, is but the portico to heaven. Let him plainly see ‘ the things invisible, by things that do appear.’ Teach him how wondrous, yet how small, is man ; — a microcosm, yet a worm ! ”

Thus did Charles Bentley soliloquize, while he paced up and down a large hall, in a dilapidated castle, hung round with coats of mail, and arms for the battle-field and chase. The pastime of his youth had been to mount a fleet charger, and pursue, through bush and brake, some frightened hare, while hound and horn awoke the echoes that slept around his father's wide domain. This, together with the athletic exercises he had practised in the interim of his studies, while a student in Oxford University, rendered his frame muscular, though his limbs were finely turned. He was of tall stature, noble bearing, and soul-stirring events showed his dark hazel eyes to be a magazine which any emotion could light. The natural expression of his face, however, to a cursory observer, was of a thoughtful and pensive cast ; but there were latent energies of mind, alternately taking the “ hue of the hour,” which rendered it difficult to determine which was the master-spring. And, to one accustomed to watch the varying expressions that often accompany

each emotion of the soul, a quickness of perception and buoyancy of feeling were discernible, that showed him anything else than a Heraclitus. He was the only remaining representative of a long line of ancestors, who had faithfully served their king and country, and who, in former times, had shared largely in the royal bounty. But, from some unknown cause, the more immediate descendants had become less and less favorites of the king. And they, being too independent to remind their sovereign of services rendered to the state, and of expenses incurred which the royal treasury ought to have met, made such repeated sacrifices of estate after estate, and the domains of Bentley Castle had been so encroached upon, as left but this time-worn pile, with an extensive lawn and park, to the present heir, Charles Bentley. And several circumstances, combined, induced him to dispose of this decaying relic of the glory of his ancestors, and try his fortunes in the New World. His father, Sir George Bentley, was a member of the British Parliament during the agitation of the question of increasing the duties and restrictions which the king imposed on his American colonies, and strenuously opposed the measures, considering them at war with the best interests of his country, with justice and humanity. His eloquence in the cause of right, and zeal for his country's honor, drew upon him the displeasure of his sovereign; consequently, he shared the fate of the Right Honorable Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, and others, in being dismissed from court.

At the time of which we speak, however, when Charles, the inheritor of these principles of liberty, was about to throw off his allegiance to the caprices

of the throne, and try his fortunes in a new world, the king himself must have been aware that those who opposed his favorite measures, during the American revolution, must have been governed by more prudential motives, to say the least of it, than their opponents, whom he considered more loyal. For the colonies had taken up arms, and effectually resisted the oppressions of the mother country, and the thunder of war no longer boomed across the main. The American eagle was seen soaring through her native heaven, and the British lion had retired into his lair, mindful of the strength of her talons. Yet, the very circumstance that Sir George, with the zeal of an enlightened patriot, had predicted the probable defeat of the royal forces, in a country with which they were entirely unacquainted, seemed to diminish, rather than increase, his influence with the king. For the advocates of liberty constantly reminded him of his humiliation and defeat, which, otherwise, he would have looked upon as an unfortunate expedition, which no legislative wisdom, nor any human foresight, could have prevented. Sir George's consciousness of having acted nobly, however, overcame his chagrin at such a requital; and the wand of death soon beckoned him to a land where every good action has its meed, to reunite with the angel of his pilgrimage in a better world. On his death-bed, while Charles was watching by his side with that assiduity which affection alone can prompt, he said:

"My son, I feel that I must soon leave you alone in a world of strife. And though Time, with his attendant Care, has never furrowed your brow, nor dimmed the bright beacon of hope that has lighted

your path, yet, with stern precepts, he has taught me that merit is not always appreciated, nor loyalty rewarded. The best of kings is liable to misinterpret the motives of his subjects; consequently, sycophants will sometimes revel in luxury, while integrity and patriotism fast. I leave you a pitiful inheritance in these mouldering walls; yet are you rich in intellectual stores. A spirit fearless and independent as the mountain eagle, with reliance on an Omnipotent arm, will bear you up under all the vicissitudes of life, and enable you to look back upon the fame of your ancestors, without feeling any comparative littleness. Pursue your intended journey through France and Italy, when I shall have left you; and then—go where glory points the way.”

He then embraced and blessed his son, the last strong tie that bound him to the earth. And, being overcome by the emotions of the soul, excited by this last libation of parental love, the cord of life was severed from mortality, and his remains were marshalled by the side of the dust of generations, which an inherent and universal wish to live on earth, after we shall have paid the debt of nature, had prevented from mingling with its base original. One form, however, appeared almost perfect in its lineaments, and seemed to have resisted decay, as if the spirit were still waiting in its former tenement, anxious, like Castor or Pollux, to share immortality with her lingering comrade. This was the body of the mother of Charles, who had departed a few weeks previous to this event, which deprived him of a father. Nature took a lesson on mutability as she wept over their remains, and the lorn mourner was forced to close

the curtains of time over the vestiges of departed worth.

Charles now felt that he was indeed alone in the wide world. In accordance to his father's request, he dismissed the servants at the castle, with the exception of one valet, and set out on his tour to the continent, and from thence he passed to Rome. But neither the vine-covered fields of France, jocund with the song of the black-eyed peasant-girls, nor the thoughts of departed empires, — neither heroes' tombs nor chiselled beauty, — could drive from his heart the feeling of desolation, when he thought of his deserted home. The happiness of his early years came to his remembrance like some sweet vision, which we can half realize, of a brighter sphere, that is never, never to return. This chastened grief for the loss of his honored parents was mingled with fond regrets for the absence of Emma Fitz James, a fairy being, who had roamed with him over the lawn, and through the copse, to gather wild flowers; whose song had stilled the sweet melody of the feathered choir, in the ancient oaks; but who now was, probably, lost to him forever.

Sir Graham Fitz James, the father of Emma, had been the intimate friend of Sir George Bentley, and, with him, had shared misfortunes and disappointment. His estates had been recently sequestered for some implied disloyalty, and he consequently left England for America soon after the troops were disbanded, after the revolution in that country. This removal lessened the remaining ties that bound our youthful hero to his native country; but it was not till after his return from Italy, while roaming, solitary and alone, amid the scenes where the gentle Emma had so often

accompanied him, that he knew how dear she was to him. Absorbed in thoughts of the past, and of the happy beings that rendered it so bright, and contrasting that portion of his existence with the now deserted and ruinous castle, and himself, at the present time, a lonely wanderer amid its desolations, he strolled out of the hall, where, at the commencement of the chapter, we found him soliloquizing, and wandered he knew not whither, until he found himself in the *Temple of Friendship*, as it had been named. This temple had a slate roof, supported by white marble pillars of the Corinthian order. The interstices were covered with clustering vines, the fragrance of which seemed to woo one of the senses, while the tasteful arrangement and delicacy of the flowers were well calculated to delight the eye. At the farther end of this fairy temple was a statue of white marble, exquisitely wrought; and on the pedestal, on which the figure sat, was this inscription:—

This maid of light,
So pure and bright,
Of balmy breath,
Strewing sweet flowers
In copious showers,
O'er life, a sterile heath,

Is *Friendship*—heir
To virtues rare,
She, unassuming,
Plucks the rose.
While fresh it blows,—
Presents it while 't is blooming.

But first the thorn
Is from it torn.

And cast away ;
For, blest herself,
Not Cræsus' pelf
Could tempt her to betray.

With what a grace
She stoops to trace •
Sad Sorrow's tear !
Her gracious smile
Does wo beguile,
And want and sadness cheer.

Charles threw himself on a seat at the base of the statue, and gave vent to the emotions of overwrought feelings. "Friend after friend departs," thought he; but who hath lost them all, the living and the dead?

Here he had frequently passed hours with Emma Fitz James after the chase, and assisted her to form the flowers, she had gathered on the lawn, into a wreath to deck the statue, which seemed to glow with animation from the reflection of crimson blossoms. And when it was finished, a chaplet of highly-polished sea-shells, put together in imitation of flowers, that usually encircled the brow of the statue, was displaced and put upon the fairer brow of the living goddess. Their last interview had been in this temple, and Charles now recollected the varying color of her cheek when she spoke to him of leaving her childhood's home, and the deadly paleness that suffused her features, as he gayly replied to her, as he placed the wreath of shells upon her temples, "The queen of the forest will want an unfading wreath; wear this, dear Emma, in remembrance of our former friendship. I must stay and defend the standard of an ungrateful king, while you go to add fresh laurels to the brow

of some young Washington in the New World, for a bloodless conquest in the arena of the heart."

He now felt that he might have said, "in remembrance of our youthful *love*." But he knew not then that the arch god had ever left a trace of his arrow in his heart; and, until we have felt the power of that subtle archer, we are never sagacious in detecting those tell-tales of the heart that lurk about the human face.

"Dolt that I was!" exclaimed he; "the mummy, in its sarcophagus, is not more insensible than was my petrified heart, to let that lovely being blanch, and pass from my view, without making one effort to secure the angel of my happiness. O, opportunity, blest opportunity! thou brightest moment on the page of time, how have I lost thee! and memory now comes, trumpeting thy loss, with accusations. Now, I can moralize like Plato on the loss of time; a few short months have taught me what it is worth. Yes, Affliction is an experienced teacher; his stern looks, and iron rod, are needed much to teach youth wisdom. I will profit by his lectures, and, perchance, retrieve this one false step by future vigilance. Hope beckons from the land that holds all I hold dear on earth. There will I go, and place the main between me and regrets. Heaven speed my pilgrimage."

As he concluded, he gazed long and wistfully on the scenes that were to haunt his memory to the decline of life, and then, kneeling among the tombs of his forefathers till his countenance assumed an unearthly radiance, from the elevated state of his affections, he calmly rose and said, "Farewell, ye talismans of joy and grief," and walked towards the beach.

At the time of his father's death, Charles had no idea of leaving his native country. He had intended to command some of the king's forces in foreign service, and, with his father's sword, win his way to honor and renown. For he felt certain, that, if drawn in defence of his country, it would not return to its scabbard till it had done its execution. But, upon reflection, the question arose in his mind, where, — when he should have returned, with his lofty plume waving the prowess of his deeds, — where would be the sweet faces and warm hearts that should welcome his return? From his sovereign, when he looked upon the unrequited deeds of his loyal and patriotic ancestors, he could expect only a look of cold approval, if successful. And, if the fortunes of war should be against him, who would soothe the wounded spirit? who would pour the balm of consolation in the heart, rankling with disappointed pride and mortified ambition? Alas! the desolation in his heart told him, *none, none*. And he determined to espouse the cause of the new republic of America, and there seek the only being who could in any degree fill the void in his heart that death had repeatedly and rudely made.

When he arrived at the strand, the American vessel, in which he was to sail, was about to spread her canvass to the breeze. Activity seemed to characterize every one on board; but above the din of preparation was heard a voice that would almost drown the thunder of a tempest, singing, —

“When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings from the morning light!
Then, from her mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!"

J. R. DRAKE.

Mr. Bentley's valet, Jack Hughes, had put his baggage on board, and he seemed to lose no time in making acquaintances among the crew. The tar with whom he was conversing was endeavoring to enlighten his mind with regard to the theory of the constitution of the United States; and the exclamation of Jack, "Say you that *all men are equal!*" broke from his lips as Charles stepped on board. But, occupied with his own meditations, he took no notice of it. That little floating world, the vessel, was soon upon the move, and our hero saw, with indescribable emotion, his native island apparently retiring to some eastern sea, while he gazed on its retreating loveliness. Less and still less appeared the object of attraction, till at last it faded entirely from his view. He then turned his attention to the west. The sun was elevated but little above the horizon, and seemed a demigod, seated on his throne of clouds, his smile changing into light and beauty everything on which he looked. And while Mr. Bentley reflected on the incomprehensible nature of light, he thought there was some excuse for the Persian idolatry.

But light of a different kind was beginning to dawn on his darkened prospects. It was the light of Hope; the only bland deceiver who has the address to retain

our confidence, when we know her promises to be so often specious and illusory. Perhaps Emma Fitz James, the object of his thoughts, was gazing, that very moment, on the glorious luminary before him; perhaps his rays fell on her sweet face, and were reflected back on some beholder who was drinking in those rays with ecstasy. Charles started, and walked hurriedly across the deck. He cast his eyes upon the broad expanse around him, and quieted the rising emotions of his soul.

The horizontal beams of the setting sun seemed now to rest upon the bosom of the wave, and to cover it with gorgeous carpeting of gold. Nay, the radiance was more glorious than human invention could ever have devised, and told that it was not from earth it came! Perchance the sea-nymphs, from their mossy caves, had chosen this hour to dance upon the surface of the deep. Who has not gazed upon the glassy wave, till fancy saw them, bright as their own pure, liquid element, now moving like thought in their celerity, now in slow curves, and graceful as the arch that spans the heavens, when the bow borrows their liquid radiance combined with light? or, till the ear drank in aerial music, unallied to earth, and fancied it a requiem for the dead the rapacious deep had swallowed in the moments of his wrath? But know, insatiate main, that man, *immortal*, is not within thy grasp! The deep — the deep — O, what a theme for contemplation! Yet now, there it lay, tranquil and pure as when the almighty fiat first fixed it in its bounds. It is, methinks, no unapt emblem of the human heart. Moved by every breath of heaven, like mortals by adventitious circumstances; darkened alike

by every cloud that flits across them, whether it be of sorrow, or but a vapor; both lashed, at times, into fury by the war of elements or words; the dark, uncultured soul is enlightened by the lamp of science and the Sun of righteousness, as the fearful depths of the ocean are made light and glorious by the natural sun; and beacons of hope gleam across the darkness of each, that guide to a safer bourn. Or, we may use it as a metaphor, and limit it to one in whom we trust. Yes,

The faithful heart's a boundless deep,
 In which the pearls of feeling sleep;
 And many a gem there shrouded lies
 Beneath those azure, cloudless skies.
 But when the blackened clouds are seen,
 And lightnings flash with fiery sheen,—
 When elements, with warlike clash,
 Cause adverse waves to roar and dash,—
 'T is then these gems, that long have lain
 In unknown depths, the mental main,
 Are seen, with pure and steady ray,
 To reflect the brightest beams of day.
 Yes, day created by that light
 That beamed upon the darkest night,
 (The night that sin's black, doleful pall
 Has thrown around us since the fall,)
 When He, the Way, the Truth, the Light,
 Put hosts of earth and hell to flight,
 And opened up a glorious way,
 To guide us to immortal day.

Mr. Bentley retired to his cabin, and amused himself by looking over a Keepsake, which had been given him as a parting present. "A Lady's Farewell to her Pastor" interested him deeply. It was this:

On life's tempestuous ocean cast,
 Exposed to shipwreck, shoal, and blast,

Hope now sings gayly at the bow,
Fills full the sails, and guides the prow ;
Consoles the sailor in the shrouds,
And whispers peace mid tempests loud ;
Elates him on the sunny deck,
And cheers him on the floating wreck.
She now, too, beckons from the west,
And promises a place of rest ;
For woman e'er may safe embark,
When home 's to her the sacred ark
That bears her o'er life's troubled sea,
And anchors in eternity.

Thus do I go, to soothe and bless
My partner in the wilderness ;
To chase the world's contagious care,
Which active man is doomed to share.
To bless ! Nay, rather to be blest,
While such kind hearts are Heaven's behest,
As glow, with ardor ever true,
For me, and e'en indeed for you.

And though the number of your flock,
Whose strong defence is Christ, the Rock,
Be lessened by our wanderings,
Yet, trust the almighty King of kings
Will bless the word, and soon replace
By numerous trophies of His grace.

But, think not 't is without regret
We leave the friends so warmly met.
Ah, no ! A pestilential blast
Has blown on friendship as it passed,
And chilled sweet sensibilities,
And dried the roots of sympathies.
Hence, when we find a verdant germ,
Nor scathed, nor sapped by envy's worm,
We look on it as sterling gold,
And talk of treasures yet untold ;
Engrave th' impression on the heart
For memory's use, when called to part.

And though our hearts, with feeling true,
Must bleed to say the word *adieu*,

Yet consolation still is ours,
'Mid sunshine, tempests, calm and showers;
For, lo! the promise that we share,
That boon so rich,—*the good man's prayer!*

Such, thought Charles, as he closed the book, were the feelings of Emma Fitz James, when she bade adieu to her spiritual guide; for she loved him as a father. Ah! we cannot appreciate the heavenly precepts that are distilled from the pulpit on the hearts of men, till we have seen their effects upon friends on a dying bed. Then the unwavering soul, replete with truth and good which she has heretofore appropriated to herself, is conscious that angels hover round, and longs to throw off these dim, short-sighted optics, and to look upon the Sun of righteousness, in light ineffable, and view the glories of the upper world. In that bright sphere, no pestilential blast blows over friendship; but blest sincerity and truth see "face to face." Here, even Love is fabled to be blind. True, we see darkly, through a glass, the road to bliss, and let congenial souls pass from us, that were designed by Heaven to be a portion of our being.

Thus Mr. Bentley sat in solitude in his cabin, communing with his own thoughts, or, still more solitary, roamed amid the passengers and crew, meditative and silent. His abstraction attracted the attention of the sailors, and "Who is he?" had been several times asked.

"I know not, in good faith," replied one, "unless he be a wizard, in counsel with the spirits of the deep; for he has done nothing but gaze at something, like one entranced, the live-long time he has been on board. Heaven knows we have enough on the other

side of the Atlantic, who sell their souls to the devil for power to work mischief to their neighbors; though, in New England, witchcraft is confined to old women. But I should not like to transport one of that craft, of our own sex, lest I should be the next to swing from the gallows-tree."

"There would be more danger in thwarting the will of a wizard, than in carrying one from place to place," said another.

The cook drew back, and stared at the strange gentleman, at the mention of a wizard.

But Jack, coming up at this instant, and learning the subject of their fears, assured them that his master was no agent of the devil, but only a little melancholy for the loss of friends. Jack had hitherto talked with so much importance of himself, and had paid so little attention to Mr. Bentley, that he had not been recognized as a servant.

He was not such a valet as Charles would have chosen, but, being the only domestic in his father's household who was desirous to accompany him to a foreign land, without the expectation of returning, he accepted his proffered service, thinking such attachment to his person would compensate for the lack of some good qualities. But "he reckoned without his host;" for he had not been enough at the castle, for some years past, to know the deceit that lay coiled, like a venomous serpent, in his heart, or of the cupidity that influenced his actions. Indeed, they seemed, heretofore, to have been taking root, like some plants, beneath the surface, and were but just beginning to develop themselves.

Jack had heard that the owners of Bentley Castle

were, a few generations back, immensely rich; and knew that very valuable country seats had been successively sold, but was ignorant of the use to which their avails had been appropriated. He conjectured, however, that pots of gold must have been buried in or about the old castle; and therefore, whenever his master visited it previous to his leaving it, he skulked about the ruins in golden reveries, and was much disappointed that he had not been able to learn that some glittering treasures had been brought out from obscurity; for he had picked up keys about the castle that would fit Mr. Bentley's trunks, and intended, as they should be about to land, to rifle them of a part of the spoils that might be found, and make off with his prize. Judge, then, of his exultation, when the sailor informed him, that the foundation of the republic in the New World was—that *all men are equal!* He already began to imagine himself on a level with the dukes and lords of England, with money to maintain his dignity; and, consequently, stalked about the ship with thoughts too big for utterance. For he still supposed that his master must have untold sums of gold, and that he had eluded his watch, by securing them under cover of the night. His impatience to know the extent of his wealth got the better of his prudence; and, the sixth day after they sailed, he watched his opportunity, and searched the baggage; but no shining treasures met his gloating eyes. He then concluded that Mr. Bentley's wealth must consist in transferable papers; and determined to anticipate his wants, and gain his confidence, that he might learn the nature of his business. But the real character will, at times, show itself, counterfeit it as aptly as we

may; and, soon again swelling with self-confidence, and revelling on his future prospects, Jack gave his master an insolent answer; when the words, "Varlet, know you to whom you speak?" made him shrink into himself like a tortoise into his shell. "If *all men are equal* in that land of freedom whither we are going," thought Jack, "why should one word of reproof make me feel so insignificant? Surely, I must stand more upon my dignity, if I would stand side by side with my master and the nobility in America."

And now, gentle reader, permit us to digress from the subject in hand, and, while we leave our hero in a stately bark, on an unstable element, to be moved by every varying current of thought between hope and fear, wafted by the breezes of affection, guided by the compass of honor, endeavoring to avoid the quicksands of doubt and gain the port of certainty,—we will introduce you to an interesting group on *terra firma*, in the New World.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the autumn previous to the concluding events in the preceding chapter, in a delightful summer-house on the banks of the Edisto, in South Carolina, sat an elderly gentleman, on whose brow Time had stamped decline, and, by his side, a delicate female, from whose cheek he had stolen the rose, but the brilliance of her eye showed that he had deadened none of her sensibilities. At the other end of the arbor was a sylphlike maiden, some three or four years younger, who was talking to her Canary birds, and teaching them to sing.

"Emma," said Sir Graham Fitz James, putting her arm within his, (for it was he of whom we spoke,) "let us take a walk in the garden, and look at your plants; this fine air will refresh us, and prepare us for our morning visitors. Shall we transplant this delicate vine, my child? The soil where it now grows is poor indeed. See how it droops. The blossoms, too, are much paler than is natural for them."

"With your permission, my dear father, we will let it remain. You see it has a fine support on that sturdy tree; and it shall be my care, in future, to nurture and revive it."

"*'That sturdy tree,'*" said the father, thoughtfully. "But that bright and rapid stream is already beginning to undermine its roots, and it must eventually fall.

Who will then sustain that fragile plant, and shield it from the rude storms that may pelt upon it?"

Emma's pallid face crimsoned, as her father looked at her inquiringly, and paused; for she well understood the allusions he had made to her.

"My daughter," he resumed, "you must be aware of the subject on which I would confer with you. Poverty is an unexpected portion of my age. It matters not for myself, however; but I could wish to see my children better provided for. Mr. Vancour will be here to-day, and will probably solicit the hand of my loved, my angelic child. Shall I —"

"No, no, dearest father," she replied, with tearful eyes, and an earnest, pleading look. "Do not ask me; I cannot, indeed I cannot; — anything but that. Do let me remain with you, and I will be the solace of your age. Our fallen fortunes are nought to me. I prefer this sweet retirement to a court. O, let me remain with you, and I will be so happy!"

The energy of her words, and the devotedness of her attachment to him, drew tears from eyes that seldom wept. "You shall, you shall, my child!" he said, as he pressed her to his bosom. "I would not barter your happiness for all the wealth of Golconda. Poverty will be sweet with such a sharer."

"Emma! Emma!" said Maria Fitz James, the maiden mentioned before; "see how these young ones nestle round the parent bird; and they sing so sweetly!" But they heeded not her artless request, and passed on to the house.

A bright face was seen at the window, and, a moment after, at the door. "Sister," said Charlotte Fitz James, "you have taken a long walk; and Mr.

Vancour must have measured his morning hours by the impatience of his love, instead of his watch; for he is already ascending the hill. Have you been learning the language of flowers, that you may receive your lover with the romance of eastern story?"

Emma could but smile at her sister's vivacity, and replied, "No, dear Charlotte; I came to request you to do the honors appertaining to the lady of the house; for indeed I am indisposed, and cannot see Mr. Vancour to-day."

"What! do you intend to take the veil?"

A knock at the door put an end to her raillery, and Emma retired to her room, thinking of the veil that had effectually screened from the eyes of mortals the most absorbing feelings of her heart.

But we are before our story. Sir Graham Fitz James, after the sequestration of his property by an ungrateful sovereign, left the kingdom in as private a manner as was consistent with the unsullied honor of his name; for truth could find no blemish in his character, by the strictest scrutiny, but an imputed defection, which should have been termed patriotism. And he wished to forget his misfortunes and rank, in the country whither he was going; he consequently entered his name, when he set sail for the United States, as *Mr. Erwin*, and resolved to abide the test of merit, without any armorial bearing, in the New World. His lady apparently bowed with meek acquiescence to this reverse of fortune, and spoke words of comfort and hope to her husband, while grief and disease were stealthily severing the ties that bound her to mortal existence.

To Emma, heraldic honors were nought. She grew

up with spirits naturally buoyant as air, and careless of to-morrow as the butterfly that roams from flower to flower. To steal away from school, and roam mid nature's loveliness, rendered symmetrical by art; to climb the eminence that overlooked the wave, and watch its varying brightness; to visit Bentley Castle, and listen to words of magic that seemed to call into being new powers of the soul,—had been the engrossing objects of her life. But she never dreamt of love, nor thought that this sweet interchange of happiness was gaining an undue influence over her heart. And when Charles Bentley, with the same gay and thoughtless manner as usual, placed the wreath of shells upon her brow, saying, "The queen of the forest will want an unfading wreath; wear this in remembrance of our former friendship; I must stay and defend the standard of an ungrateful king, while you go to add fresh laurels to the brow of some young Washington in the New World, for a bloodless conquest in the arena of the heart," and bade her adieu,—the fearful truth, for the first time, flashed across her mind. But maiden pride immediately checked the rising emotions of a too sensitive heart, and the accusing reflection that she had bestowed her affections, unsought, upon another, was buried deep in a tenebment that had, hitherto, never known inquietude, with scarcely the acknowledgment that such was the case, even from herself.

New York was the intended port of destination of Sir Graham Fitz James, (or *Mr. Erwin*, as he will hereafter be called;) but, during a long and tedious journey, the ship was tossed about by adverse winds, and was finally driven by a gale into the port of

Charleston, South Carolina. And, unwilling to trust himself longer on an element that had so nearly engulfed him, with all he held most dear, Mr. Erwin landed, and sought out a pleasant situation on the banks of the Edisto, mentioned before. The increasing illness of Mrs. Erwin, too, rendered a place of rest indispensable. But rest for the weary soul in a brighter sphere was designed for her, instead of rest on earth. With crushed hopes, wounded sensibilities, and lingering disease, she exchanged worlds, no doubt to bless the hand that took as well as gave, and know that "God is love," though sorrow dwells on earth. And, on the bank of the stream, where, in its meandering, it seems to turn to look upon the hallowed spot, lie the remains of one who has graced the courts of Europe, though her ashes now mingle obscurely with the soil of freedom.

To plant the choicest flowers on the grave, and root up each rank and noxious weed, was Emma's care. But all her exertions to decorate the sacred sod with flowers proved unavailing. Either the scorching rays of a too fervid sun would cause them to wither and decay, or some envious worm, that riots on the tomb and claims death as a purveyor, would insinuate itself among the roots and blast them, not so suddenly, but more surely, because unguarded. Or else some tempest from the main would sweep furiously along, and lay them prostrate ere they faded. Yet Emma would sit hours beside the grave, while the plaintive notes of the mourning dove, in a neighboring thorn, seemed an answering spirit to her voiceless woe. It was with difficulty that her father could prevail upon her to relinquish such unceasing watchfulness, which threat-

ened a second bereavement, until he placed a white marble tombstone at the head of the grave, with the following inscription : —

Stranger, step lightly on this mound of turf,
Though Time heaps thousands at each mighty surf ;
For though no flowers, love-nurtured, here may bloom,
Friends fain would consecrate my humble tomb.

Emma now turned her attention to the cultivation of plants in the garden, which extended from an eminence, on which the house stood, to the stream, the silvery current of which washed the foot of it, adding beauty and fertility to the scene. And the beauties of nature, as correspondents of internal and heavenly truths, ever prove the most successful soothers of the wounded heart ; for we can imagine the pearly drop, in the cup of the bluebell, before the morning exhalation, a tear of sympathy, and trace it to the fount of sympathies. We can learn a lesson of fortitude in adversity from the early primrose, rearing its head in smiling loveliness, while the stern aspect of Winter is upon it, threatening, in fits of his caprice, with stormy violence, to annihilate it. Or we may view the grateful flowers, drinking in the invisible dews of heaven, and see an emblem of the active agency of God upon the hearts of men, through his divine humanity. We may regard the earth, with its almost infinite variety of productions, as a transcript of the little world within the mind of man, and thence be led through “ nature up to nature’s God ” — see this earth, warmed, fructified, and made bright and beautiful by solar effulgence, and learn to look above the dark vapors that surround and so dim our atmosphere, and behold Love sweetly allied to Wisdom, in a sphere of unbroken felicity, and both,

unitedly, enlightening, regenerating, and rendering fruitful the moral world, open to their influence, through the agency of the divine operation.

Yet the cypress of sorrow still continued to droop over the attenuated form of Emma, till her father mentioned the subject of Mr. Vancour's suit. This seemed to arouse her from melancholy, and turn her thoughts into a new channel. She now wondered at the selfishness of her grief, and at her almost total forgetfulness of her father's greater loss. And, won by his generosity, in refraining from urging her acceptance of a hand that would have made her the mistress of wealth, she resolved to devote herself to the happiness of his declining years; consequently, she became cheerful, but never gay. In the calm moments of pensive contemplation, when the present page of existence was lost amid the mists of forgetfulness, and her mind rolled thoughtfully back over the scenes of the past, there was diffused through her sensitive bosom a sort of rich tranquillity peculiar alone to such reflections. In retracing the paths of childhood, she beheld the flowers of innocent amusement budding, blooming, and fading; but they left a fragrance behind them, on which the memory delighted to banquet, and to which the odor of nature's flowers bears no comparison. In these golden reveries, how rapidly did the mind glide over the green fields of youth, and, like the bee, gently touch at everything sweet and beautiful, and return joyous to its tenement, regaled by the zephyrs of the morning life, and laden with the sweets that never cloy. The thoughts of her youthful associate, Charles Bentley, on that far-off shore, always touched a chord that vibrated a dirgelike monody

to her peace; and she sighed when she thought that he was, probably, fast forgetting that such a being as Emma Fitz James existed; and she often schooled her heart, and wooed oblivious dreams too.

But, even if she had not found such thoughts clinging to her with such fond tenacity, Mr. Vancour was not one to whom she could ever confide all her joys, her sorrows, her comforts, her afflictions, and she felt that her heart could never correspond, and beat in unison, with his; and the vicissitudes of fortune, the phantasms of hope, the delusive dreams of friendship, the precariousness and mockery that is attached to almost everything earthly, had contributed, at that tender age, to make her affix the highest value to a mind fraught with sensibility, universal benevolence, and love, that would eventually become immeasurable, immutable, and immortal. Robed in vestal chastity, which was pure as "the diamond of the morning on the mountain floweret, trembling even in the ray that at once exhibits and inhales it; which adorns in the court and ennobles in the cottage,"—Emma shrunk from her lover's gaze, (if such Mr. Vancour may be called,) as from something lascivious; though her outward senses could not detect this trait in his character. A discriminating writer of the seventeenth century discovered that females have one sense superadded to those of men, to wit, the sense of perception. Whether metaphysicians will allow the fair sex this advantage or not, Emma was not mistaken in her prepossessions with regard to Mr. Vancour, as his subsequent life proved. And she was preserved from his contagious influence; for,

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal ! ”

But Emma did not consider this heaven-born virtue at war with the rites of connubial felicity, when the fireside is the home of the domestic virtues; when love, honor, and conjugal fidelity, are the indisputable deities of our household. No; the precepts of our holy religion have no tendency, when rightly understood, to chill the noble aspirations of the soul, or wither the fine feelings of the sensitive heart, or choke up the avenues of enjoyment vouchsafed to us through the medium of cherished affections and relative ties.

Mr. Vancour was proud of his wealth, and boasted of his generosity. He was attracted by Emma's beauty, and won by her fascinating manners and mental accomplishments. But love, with him, was not of that unchanging nature to “love on through all ills, and love on till he die,” but, unless it flattered his self-love, was very liable to be changed into its opposite. Neither was it so disinterested as to make him glory in the bondage it imposed, though hope should be denied him of ever appropriating the object of his devotion to himself. He had discovered that, if successful in his suit, he could expect no dowry from her father, and reckoned, for a certainty, on a favorable reception of his proffers on that account; and, indeed, almost thought he was doing a deed of charity, in soliciting the hand of the portionless fair

one. And when he found himself repulsed, and his attentions evaded, his mortified pride and anger knew no bounds; and he almost vowed revenge on the little proud aristocrat, as he now called her. For she had always manifested a predilection for her native country, while the rest of the family seemed, at once, to have felt that the home of freedom was their own.

CHAPTER III.

"Where dwelleth yesterday? and where is echo's cell?
Where has the rainbow vanished? — there does the Indian dwell."

AGAIN all was silent at Erwin Cottage. An autumnal sun looked on the yellow harvest fields, and met an answering look in their golden hues. The birds were pouring their varied harmony from woodland solitudes, and the winds sighed amid the foliage as if wooing the spirit of melody from Memnon's harp. Emma had strayed, almost unconsciously, from her mother's grave into a neighboring wood; and she was indulging in a sort of "dreamy meditation," when a strain of sweet but wild music broke upon her ear. She started, then paused to listen:

"Weep not for the departed, pale maiden," the voice repeated, "weep not for the departed. I hear the voices of the reputed dead upon the winds, and they say, 'No foe shall scare the game from the arrow in the far-off wood; no white men, with dark spirits, will drive us from our hunting-grounds; the hatchet is buried deep, and we smoke the calumet of peace forever.' Then weep not for the departed, pale maiden, weep not for the departed."

The strain ceased, and Emma hesitated whether she should go and seek this unknown, from whom the strains originated, or return to the house. The men-

tion of the hatchet struck her, and she hurried back to the cottage, thinking of those scenes of cruelty and bloodshed which she had heard related of the savages ; for she thought, from the tenor of the words uttered, it must be one of those roamers of the forest, though she had often walked in the wood, but had never seen one. And how could it be a savage, and yet speak her own language ? Such were her cogitations as she reached home. Her tidings caused much excitement, and the whole party immediately returned to the wood, and listened long in breathless expectation of catching some strain from the invisible minstrel, but in vain. They then proceeded to search the wood ; but their labor was equally unsuccessful, and they turned to retrace their steps.

"Sister," said Charlotte, "by what charm do you summon the Dryads from the depth of the forest, to sing of Elysian fields, that loses its power when less ethereal objects than you are near ? Dear father," she said, turning to him, "I believe I must get in love, before I become abstracted enough to be deemed an enchantress ; for I more than suspect that Cupid has transformed Mr. Vancour into some singing bird, and he is wooing Emma with the spirit of melody. Progne, you know, was changed into a swallow."

"Mention him not," replied Emma ; "for Mr. Vancour will have to pass through many transformations before he can usurp —" and she hesitated.

"*Usurp !*" rejoined Charlotte, with emphasis. "Do you hear that, dear father ? and does not usurpation imply that her heart is already in the possession of another ?"

"Usurpation implies possession without a legal

right," said Mr. Erwin; "that right, I believe, as yet, belongs to me. Is it not so, my daughter?"

"I would not willingly part with it without your approbation," replied Emma, evasively, wishing to change the subject.

"Methinks," said Maria, "that hatchets and pipes are new implements for a lover's use, and new themes for a bird's song."

"True, Maria," said Emma; "but yonder comes one, who will have no occasion to turn into a swallow to gain his ends, if I augur rightly." Maria blushed slightly, as she turned her eyes to the object of her sister's remark.

The person, to whom the attention of the party had been directed, was Captain Dumont, a brave and youthful officer of the revolution. He was mounted on his war-horse, that was prancing and curveting, with graceful restiveness. He was a native of one of the northern States, and had come to the south for the improvement of his health. During his stay, he had found Erwin Cottage too pleasant a retreat from the toils of war, to deny himself the pleasure of the society it afforded, and he often availed himself of the hospitality of its owner. Here he frequently recounted the events of the revolution with patriotic enthusiasm, and spoke of Washington, Lafayette, and Kosciusko in such terms, as won for them the highest admiration and respect, even from English hearts. And Maria had, more than once, been so deeply interested in the rehearsal of their noble deeds, coupled, as they were, with his own bravery, that she was often reminded, by her sisters, of Othello's

"—— battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed;
His moving accidents of flood and field;

Of hairbreadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of his redemption thence,
And with it all his travel's history.

*All which to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline."*

And she was often cautioned, in jest, against "giving him for his pains a world of sighs."

They were met at the house by the youthful cavalier, and Mr. Erwin soon drew him into conversation upon his favorite topics—his country's freedom, Russian oppression, and Poland's wrongs.

"Well may these bloodthirsty Russians build palaces of ice," said he, with much warmth ; "they are emblematical of their own icy and unfeeling hearts. The glow of generous sensibility returns cold and unimpressive from the last, as do the sunbeams from the first mentioned." And he arose while speaking, and walked across the room.

"Captain Dumont," said Maria, smiling, thinking of their search in the wood, "do you ever combat *immaterial* foes?" casting, at the same time, an arch look towards Emma.

Emma put her finger to her lips, and slightly shook her head. Captain Dumont noticed the movement, without appearing to do so ; and, forbearing to ask an explanation of so singular a question, replied :

"Within a few months, I have, Maria ; and find them the most difficult foes to repel. For they have already carried outworks which I considered impregnable, and are now invading the citadel." He laid his hand upon his heart as he concluded the sentence, and looked at Maria with an earnest solemnity of

manner, at variance with the lightness of the remark.

Maria's confusion was evident; and she suppressed a sigh as she mentally repeated the words, "the most difficult foes to *repel*." The conversation became constrained, and Captain Dumont soon took his leave.

"Maria," said Emma, "what think you now of the 'viewless spirit of a sweet sound,' and '*immaterial foes*?' "

Maria scarcely replied to the question, and the dinner-bell summoned them to a thoughtful repast. The day wore away in desultory chat, and the next morning found them on the enchanted ground, as Charlotte had termed it, in the wood. They listened long and attentively; but no sound, except the thrush's song, and the rustling of the leaves by the provident squirrel, was to be heard. Every day they renewed their watch, for a week, with the same success. The last morning-during this time, Charlotte was missing; and they strolled out with the expectation that she would soon follow. Scarcely had they reached the accustomed nook, when music was heard issuing from the thickest part of a neighboring copse! They drew near, and listened to the words:

Come, fairies! come, fairies!

In the spring-time of life, when the world was new,
No mortal man our haunts e'er knew;

But every night,

By the silver light

Of the queen of heaven,

To wood-nymphs given,

With songs and dances, and rural glee,

We held our midnight-revelry,

Till Sol's approach dispersed our ring,
And then we slept on Zephyr's wing,
Or reclined on the bosom of yonder stream,
Where, yesternight, slept the mild moonbeam ;
Or else in this arbor we listening lay
To watch the sun's departing ray ;
 For here no harm
 Dispelled the charm,
For human footsteps never came near.
 But hark ! hark !
 Those voices mark !
 The foe is nigh !
 And we must fly
To glens more obscure than are found even here.
Once, aged worth, nor ladies fair,
Durst ever intrude upon sylphs of air.
O, golden age ! O, days of bliss !
We may well weep dew-drops when brought to this —
To be by frail man from our solitude driven,
Outcasts of Eden, yet hoping for heaven !

The strain ceased, and they all turned their eyes on Emma for a solution of these strange events. She smiled, and, in answer to their inquiring looks, said, "I think it will be found that Charlotte has been metamorphosed this time. That voice is familiar to my ear."

On returning to the house, they found Charlotte busied with her work. With a smirk on her face, she inquired, "What news from the enchanted ground?"

"We have heard a fairy sing," replied Mr. Erwin, patting her cheek ; "and may her heart long be as light, and her song as sweet, as now."

She found herself detected, and the event, that had occasioned so much excitement at the cottage, was soon almost forgotten by all its inmates but Emma. She would frequently steal away unobserved, and

penetrate still farther and farther into the wood ; and, at last, the same sweet voice was heard again.

"Come not alone, pale maiden," it said, "come not alone. The wolf is prowling around the innocent ; therefore come not alone."

It ceased ; and Emma, anxious to hear it again, said, "What say you ? speak again."

The voice repeated, "Come not alone, pale maiden, come not alone. The hawk is hovering over the nestlings ; therefore come not alone."

Emma was mute with surprise for a few minutes ; and, almost afraid of the predicted danger, yet unwilling to lose an opportunity of knowing more of this mysterious being, summoned courage, and said, "Come with me, maiden of the forest, come with me," trying to imitate the manner of speaking she had heard.

"Nay, nay, pale maiden," the voice replied, "I have seen too many pale faces ; they have made my heart soft."

Emma ventured to the place from whence the sounds seemed to issue, but no trace of a human being was to be seen. Was it some prophetic spirit from another world, come to warn her of approaching danger ? she asked herself. She tried to banish such superstitious thoughts from her mind ; yet she felt the effects of fear chilling her veins, as she hurried out of the wood. She returned, thoughtful and dispirited, to the house ; and kept this last interview, or rather non-interview, with this unknown of the forest, to herself ; and pondered over the present and the past. And O, how sweetly will the thoughts of early youth come home to the disconsolate heart ! We there behold our little bark, gliding smoothly along the

surface of time's current, sometimes wafting us through the sunshine of pleasure, sometimes moving us easily along the cooling shades of refreshment, sometimes sailing us among the pure lilies of delight, and sometimes rocking us to sleep on the billows of repose. But, like everything earthly, our condition in life is unstable; and those bright days glide swiftly down the dusky horizon of our generation, and their last faint gleamings will soon fade from the memory of earth, and be lost amid the forgetfulness of the past. Thus did Emma recur to former scenes. All was bright and beautiful, until she awoke from a trance of happiness in taking leave of her youthful friend, Charles Bentley; and she felt that she had left the home of her happiness on the green shores of her native country. Such reflections always excited sensibilities the most tender, and sentiments of friendship the most deep, interesting, and devotional; and absence, amid the shades of rural retirement, had no tendency to lessen their fervency, or deprive them of vital nutriment. On the other hand, benevolence and gentleness sustained them in the virtuous soil where they first took root, and Hope would sometimes whisper, that, in the calm atmosphere of peace, they might yet flourish, with unabated progress, under the auspices of indulgent Heaven. Still she often deplored the weakness of her sex, and, with self-accusations, strove to banish such reflections from her mind.

But memory, to love and nature true,
Brought past delights and sorrows in review.

CHAPTER IV.

"Nothing on earth is stable found ;
The very world itself turns round."

How variable is Time ! ever throwing his lights and shades alternately over the scenery of human existence ; one moment gilding our pathway with the tints of cheerfulness and joy, the next throwing around us the gloom of disappointment and sorrow ; now casting around us the bright glow of hope, and now involving us in the shades of despondency ; encouraging us anon to pursue with eagerness the plans of imagination, and anon portraying to us the butterfly chase of our fancy ; one day bidding us rely with confidence on the permanency of our condition and the stability of those around us, but the next admonishing us that all sublunary things are vanity. Thus is human life intermixed with a strange vicissitude of good and evil ; and thus may we behold joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, hope and fear, health and sickness, happiness and misery, all wonderfully combined to fill up the measure of earthly existence. At the first view of the subject, we feel rather disposed to pity and deplore our condition ; but, on further reflection, we find, in a philosophical point of view, that all these unavoidable changes are necessary to our permanent happiness, and form, in their combination, one complete harmony. They compose that variety which affords spring to our

thoughts and actions, and gives to life its sweetest relish. Then, when Fortune smiles upon us, let us accept with cheerfulness her good graces, and, when she frowns, think how gay she will appear when her frowns shall have been dispersed. If clouds of darkness surround us, let us remember that, if rightly improved, they always leave behind them a purer atmosphere and a clearer sky, and that, from the mutability of all things below, they must soon disappear. The heaviest tempest soonest spends its violence, and every storm has its succeeding calm. And it is no doubt owing to our circumscribed view of the checkered scenes of life, that we are ever involved in despondency; could we penetrate a little farther, we should see some sweet vista leading to brighter prospects, and Hope would light us through.

With these reflections, Mr. Erwin nerved his mind to bear up nobly against all the rude shocks which he was destined to feel in the evening of his life; and, like the sturdy oak, that slightly bows its head while the blast is passing over it, and immediately resumes its position of native strength, his mind relaxed but for a moment under the pressure of adversity, and then seemed to gather new strength for the unstable future. Not so with Emma. Delicate as frail, she drooped, like the tender lily amid the chills of approaching winter, when the cold blasts of adversity were passing over her. She knew she would receive sympathy and solace from her father, were she to whisper in his ear her secret sorrow; and would have done so, if Charles Bentley had avowed his attachment to her. "But no," she said to herself, "my father's cheek shall never blush that his daughter has

loved, ere love's soft words were whispered in her ear. And yet," thought she, "Charles cannot be indifferent to me; those looks of tenderness, those words of feeling, and those delicate attentions, are certainly the legitimate effects of strong regard; but, alas! man's activities, in a world of commotion, are constantly calling him out from the citadel of his feelings, while we must sit 'like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief.' For a writer has truly remarked, that 'the history of woman is the history of her affections.' Man is the form of intelligence; woman, of love, which is an abiding part of her existence. With man, a spell——no, I will not judge him thus. Charles never spoke openly of love; and, had he loved, would he not have acknowledged it, ere fate had separated us forever? It is sophistry must aid me."

She would reason thus to justify herself, but could not silence an accusing spirit within; and her health became so impaired, that her father's sympathies were again excited for his favorite child, though he little suspected the cause of much of her grief. And the words of the poet struck him forcibly, as he looked compassionately on her pale cheek and languid frame:

O, Sensibility, thou child
Of heavenly birth, why in this wild
Of storms and tempests wert thou cast,
So ill adapted to the blast?

Yet he tried, by all the kind attentions that parental love could dictate, and by as much company as their secluded situation would admit, to restore her former cheerfulness; and Captain Dumont was one of the most frequent visitors. One evening, when he was

present, Mr. Erwin called Charlotte his fairy, and mentioned the circumstance of hearing the song of the fairies from an invisible sylph in the wood. "And we have discovered," he said, "that Charlotte has been acting the part of a dryad."

"Ah!" replied Captain Dumont, "I did not know, before, that Miss Charlotte assumed Feronia, or had become a devotee to Terpsichore. Will she do homage to the goddess, and favor us with a song this evening?"

She bowed in reply, and sung: —

That little god, who has wings of gold,
And a bundle of arrows that ne'er has been told,
Has power to add a lovelier hue
To the brightest flowers that nature's view

Presents; and a charm to the loveliest face;
And to Helen herself a more winning grace;
And that evening cloud that is tinged with gold,
When he smiles, you can see, will new beauties unfold.

And that tranquil lake, with its crystal sheen,
Which, to mortal eye, it would scarcely seem
Could appear more bright, by him is given
A brilliance you'd think must come from heaven.

And the sweetest strains with which San Tien,
Or those who ate the leaves of green
That waved in music o'er his head
A constant requiem for the dead,

Has charmed the mute, enchanted throng,
Listening to catch the soul of song,
Acquire a sweeter, heavenlier tone,
If Cupid trill the voice alone.

As she concluded, she said, "Captain Dumont would probably have preferred a patriotic song; but

Maria would do more justice to such an one, for even her harp is beginning to breathe the tones of emancipation."

"Love or patriotism either," he said, rising, and walking the room thoughtfully; "but not both."

"Why not both?" she replied. "I knew not that they were at variance. In times of ancient chivalry, beauty, and love, and fame, and patriotism, went hand in hand. I trust our modern knights will not depreciate."

"And will again, when despots cease to oppress. Now, love, and duty in the cause of freedom, are at war," he said, still walking the room with perturbation; "and it is yet doubtful which will gain the victory."

Maria was a little piqued at his remarks, and thought she should not interfere, in future, with his "duties in the cause of freedom," or burden him with her society when at the cottage. Indeed, she knew not how to construe his conduct. He had, previously, paid her marked attention. Now, his manner was more distant, his visits less frequent; and, when at the cottage, he rather shunned than courted her society.

Charlotte laughed, and thought the gallant captain had forgotten that his country had just been freed from the British yoke of oppression, and was, in imagination, "fighting his battles over again." But Mr. Erwin, with the watchful eye of a parent,—which had become doubly vigilant since the death of his consort,—had discovered a deep and growing passion for Maria, his youngest daughter, in the bosom of Captain Dumont; and had recently made the painful discovery, that some obstacle prevented his declaring it, and soliciting her hand. What that obstacle was

he could not divine ; but he knew his young friend had a high sense of honor, and felt disposed to pity his dilemma, rather than censure his conduct.

Maria heaved a few secret sighs when she thought of his former attentions, but became happy in the reflection that she had timely discovered, in his character, what she considered caprice.

Emma was still disposed to linger around the skirts of the forest, but never ventured far into its depths, unless she could prevail upon her father to accompany her. She had lately related to the family the last warning words she had heard from the thicket, which occasioned many conjectures as to the danger that could possibly be apprehended from any one around them, and the genii that seemed to watch over them. The mania had spread itself among the domestics. Ebony and Dinah, two black servants whom they kept, had heard detached portions of the conversation above stairs ; and the story of the ghost of the dead lady, that Miss Erwin had seen, became the theme of gossip and marvel around the kitchen fire ; and it was with difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to go out of doors after dark, either by threats or entreaties.

Mr. Erwin often accompanied Emma in long walks into the wood, not only to gratify her curiosity, but to improve her health ; for he found that the exercise and excitement had a very beneficial effect, both upon her mental and physical powers. Late in autumn, the morning being cloudy, they deferred their accustomed ramble ; but, towards evening, the sun burst out from behind the dark and gloomy hangings of the skies, with unusual splendor, and seemed to invite them

abroad. They obeyed the tacit invitation, and it was near nightfall when they had penetrated far into the depths of the thickest part of the forest. They simultaneously started, as some of the most mournful strains they had ever heard saluted their ears. No death-dirge could equal the plaintive melody. Emma grasped her father's arm with more strength than, before, he had supposed she possessed, as they drew near the place from whence the music came. Good Heaven! what was their astonishment, when they saw an Indian female walking round a pile of burning wood, singing a wild chant with many gesticulations! And, as they approached her, casting a look of reproach on them for this intrusion, she threw herself into the midst of the fire!

Mr. Erwin rushed forward, and drew her from the flames. "Live! live!" he said; "why this act of rashness?"

She looked up into his face most imploringly, and said, "Let me go to the hunting grounds of my fathers; their bones lie by the white stone, where the pale maiden weeps. White man, let me go to the hunting grounds of my fathers."

She struggled hard to escape from his grasp, perceiving he was disposed to retain it, when Emma, who had been looking on with silent and trembling agitation, summoned energy enough to say, "O, stay, stay! the pale-faced maiden will be your sister, and this white man your father."

"My foes," she replied, "are more cruel than the tiger, and more treacherous than the coiled serpent. The pale faces have made my heart soft. Onelatare-o will never be revenged. Then let me go to the hunting grounds of my fathers."

"No, live!" said Mr. Erwin, "live! and I will redress your wrongs."

She still seemed unwilling to be kept from her purpose, but looked alternately at Emma and the funeral pyre, as if undetermined. Emma repeated her father's assurances.

"The pale faces will revenge your wrongs," she said.

"*Revenge, revenge,*" repeated the native, her eyes glowing with unearthly fire; "revenge sounds like the voice of Onelatere-o on the winds. I will go with the pale-faced maiden who weeps by the white stone, over the bones of my fathers."

Darkness by this time had nearly closed around them. The solemn and fearful scene they had just witnessed, amid the sombre shades of a dense forest, together with a view, by a faint twilight, of that singular being by their side, unlike any human object they had ever seen before, her dark eye gleaming amidst the gathering gloom,—awed even the bold heart of Mr. Erwin, who had never known fear; and Emma trembled like an aspen leaf. She one moment would hurry on with her father, as if wishing to get away from the dark object by their side; the next, she would slacken her pace and keep near her, seemingly afraid of her returning to perpetrate the appalling act of self-destruction.

Curiosity and terror were strangely mingled in the bosom of every one at the cottage on their return. The Indian girl seemed imperturbably grave and taciturn, and soon wrapped herself in her blanket and lay down upon the floor. They kept a watch upon her for a few hours, for fear of some other act of

violence; but she apparently slept as soundly as if the events of the past day were of common occurrence; and, finding the passive savage needed no guard, they locked the doors, taking care to secure the keys, and retired — not to rest, however, but to a sleepless pillow, revolving in their minds the novel vicissitudes of the present page of existence. Toward morning, however, nature's opiate overpowered the effects of a fevered imagination, and it was late before any one, except Mr. Erwin, arose.

Emma had scarcely made her appearance, when the Indian glided into the apartment, and said, "Does the pale maiden go to weep over the bones of my fathers? If she does, Ones-ate will go too."

"Not yet," she replied. "Sit down and tell me about your fathers."

She sat grave and mute for some time, without appearing to notice any one; on the floor, however, and not in the chair that was offered her. Mr. Erwin then questioned her about her fathers, and she at length said:

"My fathers were once numerous as the stars of heaven; they had plenty of game; and the Great Spirit smiled upon his children as they smoked the calumet of peace together. Then the pale faces came up out of the big waters, and we looked upon them and loved them; we brought them game and skins out of the wood, and they gave us strong water. Thus our knees became weak, and we were like the wounded deer; the red man no longer passed by the wigwam of his brother when he saw the stick at the door, but became like the mad fox of the desert. The words of the pale faces were soft, but they drove

us from the graves of our fathers. Yet, when the red-coats came across the big waters to drive the pale faces from their grounds, which they scratched up like the hedgehog, the pale faces told us to dig up the hatchet, and help them drive the red-coats back. Our white father sent us presents, and called us his children. We lighted our council fires, and dug up the hatchet; we danced the war-dance, and went forth like wolves to their prey."

She paused, and Emma asked, "Who is your white father?"

"General Was-hington," she replied, giving the letter *s* a long, hissing sound, as she did in all words. "His face is pale, but he has the spirit of the red man. I have seen him face the foe, and he swooped like an eagle on his prey; he fears not death; his face is pale, but his heart is bold as was that of Long Bow, the chief."

The story of the savage was here interrupted by the sight of two horsemen coming towards the house, one of whom was Captain Dumont; which occasioned some agitation in the little group. The morning hours had passed imperceptibly away, and they were now reminded of some little negligence in their accustomed arrangements of the morning. Emma and Charlotte had been so taken up with their Indian guest, that they were likely to be caught in dishabille, and fled with precipitation. Ones-ate disappeared, no one knew how, nor whither. Maria remained by the window where she had been standing, trying to discover who was the cavalier that accompanied Captain Dumont; for she had been through with the regular routine of her morning duties. She was always less

affected by outward circumstances than her sisters ; her sympathies seemed not to hold that near affinity with the senses that is usually found in the female character ; and she would often remain calm and placid, amid incidents that would discompose the others. In fact, you might

“Search the whole world in vain to find
A cot so easy as her mind.”

But to return to the objects of her attraction. The cavaliers drew near, who were expected to alight at the gate ; but they rode on, and Captain Dumont was seen to look wistfully towards the cottage as he passed.

“Pass on, noble captain,” thought Maria ; “I am glad your love has not beguiled you from the discharge of your duty this time,” —still thinking of the enigmatical manner in which he had, formerly, contrasted them. Yet, her eye involuntarily followed the object of her soliloquy, until a turn in the road hid them from her view ; and she then stood reflecting on the imperfection of the most faultless characters. The generous enthusiasm of Captain Dumont had associated him, in her mind, with the most perfect heroes of whom she had read in romances ; and his devotion to his country, together with the valorous intrepidity with which he assisted to repel her foes at the time of the invasion of her rights, had assimilated him, in her imagination, to Tell, Bruce, and many other worthies chronicled in history, as well as to the immortal hero of the American revolution, who had acted so conspicuous a part in the splendid achievements which determined the destiny of a nation, and

who now was almost the object of adoration to a happy people. "But these romantic heroes," thought she; "must keep at a distance, if they would dazzle us with the splendor of their deeds. The brightest gold may be found to be mixed with some alloy, if submitted to the scrutiny of a skilful chemist. His patriotism will do well to get the better of his love, with which it is fighting such wondrous battles; for I find his devotion to our sex is not quite so constant nor consistent as his devotion to his country. But perhaps he considers our sex so fickle, that he thinks himself justified in attempting to flatter our vanity by his courtier-like attentions one moment, and then to treat us with reserve and cold neglect the next; but he will find I shall not dance attendance to his caprice, however I may admire and revere his sterling qualities."

Charlotte, happy as a Calmuc Tartar, and light-hearted as a Frenchman, now burst into the room; and, finding Maria in a reverie, standing in the self-same place in which she had left her, said:

"Maria, has the sight of Captain Dumont chained you to this spot? Fie, fie, upon the charm that binds you! If you deplore the loss of the living as Emma does the dead, I shall be indeed alone, and mayhap shall marry outright. I do not think I shall ever become abstracted enough to love, and become spell-bound." She struck into a light air, at the conclusion of this medley, following the bent of an erratic fancy:

"O, Cupid forever,
I fear not thy quiver,
Nor do I regard thy bright bow;
Thine arrows can't hit me,
Nor warriors outwit me,
I am free from all sorrow and woe.'"

She substituted the word *warriors* for *women*, in the fifth line, as she sung.

"Charlotte," said Maria, "your jests are ill-timed, and your conclusions unjust. I was not deploring the loss of any one person, but the frailty of human nature in general. And love, dear sister, has not taken possession of my heart, as you would insinuate, unless it be the love of consistency."

"It has only '*carried the outworks*,' and is in vain '*invading the citadel*,'" she rejoined. "*Inconsistency*," she added, "I presume, is defending that; and I think the prospect is, that he will prove an able general."

They were but just joined by the rest of the family, when the returning cavaliers, Captain Dumont and a stranger, were seen alighting in front of the courtyard. Maria instantly retired, and Emma sighed as the gentle being passed by her.

CHAPTER V.

“Love
Is that delightful passion we can feel,
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
Nor any art we know of can conceal.”

THE gentleman that accompanied Captain Dumont, in his morning excursion, was Mr. Gabbiani, an Italian, to whom the captain had become very much attached, and begged leave to introduce him to the family. A slight fall of snow the preceding night had covered the ground, and this was succeeded by rain and sleet, which froze as it fell, covering every object around with crystal beauty. The morning was clear and frosty, and the sunbeams, reflected back from the forest trees, through this visible and transparent icy medium, gave an enchantment to the scenery, that was seldom witnessed in that southern climate. To Mr. Gabbiani, it was entirely new; and he almost fancied himself in some fairy region which the imagination often pictures. He curbed his restive courser to dwell upon the picturesque beauty around him, and seemed carried away with the brilliance of the prospect. “Tread softly, tread softly, my good steed,” he said; for, by the tomb of Virgil, virgin purity is not whiter than this carpet which dame Nature has spread for us.”

But to return to the cottage. The stranger was

received with that ingenuous hospitality, so natural to an Englishman of rank, which makes a person feel at once that he is not among strangers. The conversation passed from general subjects to the engrossing topic of the day, American independence.

"America," said Mr. Erwin, addressing Mr. Gabbiani, "must have had peculiar attractions, to call you from the citron groves of Italy to this wild and uncultured country."

"The splendor of her deeds, sir," he replied, "is calculated to attract adventurers from the ends of the earth. The eyes of the world are upon her; and I look upon this young republic as a phoenix, newly risen from the smouldering ashes, on the desecrated altar of freedom, in my unhappy country. And you know, sir, this new world will probably prove the asylum of many daring spirits from abroad, who have been disappointed in their ambitious projects at home; and of some, perhaps, whose expectations have been blasted, or who have failed in the accomplishment of milder schemes."

Mr. Erwin felt the truth of the remark, as applied to his own case, though he had imbibed the spirit of equality and independence. His mind seemed to have comprehended the principles upon which the republic was founded, almost intuitively; and he venerated the wisdom that dictated the adoption of such a constitution, and had a high respect for the framers of its laws. And the change in his situation, which was at first the effect of necessity, was now rendered permanent from choice; for he would not have returned to England, could he have been reinstated in all his former honors and heritage.

"True, true," said Mr. Erwin, replying to Mr. Gabbiani's remark ; "and the halo of glory that surrounds the brow of General Washington has made the gems in King George's crown fade like stars before the sunrising."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Gabbiani, "and the reflection of that glory by his youthful colleagues, has made me regret that I did not arrive in time to fight under the banner of liberty. And after all," he added humorously, turning to Captain Dumont, "you Americans are not so partial to liberty as one would expect ; for as soon as you extricate yourselves from one kind of thralldom, you immediately involve yourselves in another ; and there are sometimes exactions in the court of love, paramount to those in the courts of kings. And, indeed, we ought never to win, till we lose, in this campaign." As he finished the sentence he glanced towards the ladies to see if he could discover an answering blush in either of them, and thereby be enabled to distinguish the captain's favorite. But he saw no responding look from any one present, and he felt that he was treading on forbidden ground.

Captain Dumont was unusually silent, even his favorite theme seemed to awaken no glow of patriotism in his bosom. Indeed he began to fear that his love of freedom was becoming merged in a more selfish passion. Maria's absence pained him exceedingly ; for he felt assured that his altered conduct towards her must have generated prejudices against him in her bosom ; and for her love he would sacrifice everything dear on earth consistent with his honor. That, forbade his thoughts to dwell on the felicity of being near the only object he had ever thus loved, until he had fulfilled a

higher duty ; consequently he would one day struggle with a passion that seemed to be enfibring itself with every feeling of the heart ; the next, would cherish it as the only consideration worthy of his care. He now felt like an isolated being among friends with whom he had spent some of the happiest hours of his manhood, and almost wished to be among the clangor of arms, and the braying of trumpets, to banish these reflections from his mind.

Mr. Gabbiani observing a geranium in the window, crisped and blackened by the frost, said : "The genii that ornamented nature with this fairy frost-work last night, must have envied this delicate plant, Miss Erwin."

"Yes," she replied, "and to one accustomed to a constant succession of flowers, winter must appear unfeeling."

"Indeed," he said, "I was so delighted with the splendor of the dazzling crystallizations without, that I did not consider that the same agent that embellished the earth with so much beauty, must of necessity, at the same time despoil almost all inanimate nature of apparent life. But change forms the key to all our happiness on earth. We soon weary of beholding the most beautiful picture, but a human face, when it is the representative of an intelligent mind, always delights, because the expression is ever varying with every new emotion of the soul."

"I have been told that sculpture has been carried to such perfection in Italy," said Emma, "that one can easily imagine the statue to be intelligent."

"In Rome," he said, "are found the *chef-d'œuvres* of art in sculpture, painting, and architecture. Her vast columns and obelisks, too, are calculated to inter-

est the beholder deeply. But popish supremacy, popish supremacy," he said, shaking his head, while a shade of melancholy passed over his features, "has spread a pall over the fairest city in the world, and wrung with anguish some of the best hearts in Italy. Happy are the people whose actions are unfettered, and their consciences free."

"Bigotry," said Mr. Erwin, "is one of the most cruel and accursed tyrants; but the human mind seems dull in comprehending the true nature of the freedom of the will. I am often reminded of the fable of the 'Fox and the Cat.' We moralize gravely on the injustice of persecution, yet the weak no sooner become strong, than they prey upon the weaker. The Puritans, in many respects a noble band of pilgrims, flee from English persecution, praise God for liberty of conscience, and hang the unoffending Quakers for not subscribing to their platform."

"Yes," replied Mr. Gabbiani, "but here science has lighted her torch at the altar of freedom, and human nature will soon blush at the superstition and bigotry found in her dark places. But the Roman priesthood keep themselves and their religion enveloped in such a thick mist, that nothing but the all-seeing eye of Heaven can penetrate it, and the resplendence of such a light seems to have perfectly blinded them. Alas! how many hearts bleed," added he, mournfully, "for their influence over the pure and innocent!"

Captain Dumont felt solitary even in the midst of such a social circle, without the presence of Maria; and made an apology, and took leave at an early hour. As soon as they were in the saddle, Mr. Gabbiani began to rally his comrade. "You do not submit to a surrender,

my brave friend, "said he, "with a very good grace, and still seem determined not to cry for quarter. If Captain Dumont had displayed no more gallantry in the field, than he practised in the parlor this morning, I fear America would have owed her liberation to braver spirits than his. But "be of good cheer," for the captor is apparently of gentle blood, and the chains imposed upon the captive, I augur, will be light. But of which of the fair auditors at the cottage have I so often heard you speak?"

"A truce to your raillery, my good friend, I entreat you: Neither, neither," he replied, as an expression of unhappiness passed over features that were usually lighted up with cheerfulness; "the angel of my happiness has departed."

"Dead!" asked his friend with emotion.

"No, but lost."

"How? speak."

"Mr. Gabbiani, you cannot enter into my feelings, but your friendship will excuse my weakness," he said, as he tried to suppress his overwrought feelings. "My happiness is in the power of Maria Erwin, a sweet, gentle creature, whom you did not see this morning. I love her more than words can express; and yet I have been vacillating between love and duty, till I have lost her forever! She now shuns my society, as an unfeeling and capricious man."

"Allow me to ask, my dear sir, since you have honored me with your confidence, in what manner your duty interferes with your attachment to this young lady?"

"During the American campaign," he replied, "I became acquainted with Count Pulaski and Kosciuszko,

two brave Polanders, whom you must know well by report. The former fell in battle, and is enjoying the meed of the brave ; the latter caught the emanations of the spirit of liberty, from the master-mover in this great drama, and is resolved to risk all in a desperate effort to burst the bonds of oppression, and set Poland free. I have pledged myself to lend the weight of my arm to this glorious undertaking ; but, I must retract."

The dilemma in which his friend was placed, awoke painful recollections in the mind of Mr. Gabbiani, and the excitement of the morning gave place to serious reflections.

The inmates of the cottage meditated on the circumstances that had occasioned Maria to absent herself, and feared lest the neglect of one, who had ingratiated himself into her esteem by all those delicate attentions, which are so often felt, but cannot be described, should chill the generous sympathies of her nature. But Maria possessed more strength of mind than they had given her credit for, and more prudence than is generally laid in store at her tender age. She was very sensitive, was mild as a moonbeam, and possessed a warm and affectionate heart ; and, had her sensibility been deeply wounded, she would have pined like Narcissus. But her pride was most strongly touched by Captain Dumont's distant civilities ; and be assured when that string alone, in the female bosom is rudely swept, there is no danger of her weeping herself into a daffodil.

Maria entered the room. " You know not what you have lost, my love," said Mr. Erwin, addressing her, " in depriving us of the pleasure of your society this morning. Mr. Gabbiani, the gentleman that accompanied the captain, is almost as devoted a patriot as Captain Dumont himself."

"And as devoted to our sex?" asked she, good-naturedly.

Mr. Erwin bit his lips, though he could not forbear smiling at her question.

"If Captain Dumont ever marry," said Charlotte, "he ought to choose a Xantippe for a wife, for the din of arms, or some like excitement, is alone able to arouse his energies. I think acids would agree with him; he sat so mum this morning, that he constantly reminded me of an eye-stone, and I had a mind to get some vinegar to bring him to life."

"Charlotte," said Mr. Erwin somewhat sharply, "you do Captain Dumont injustice. He is a high-minded and honorable man, depend upon it, though appearances, at present, I confess are against him. There is some mystery about him that we cannot penetrate; but let us suspend our judgment; time will unveil."

Maria's countenance showed how much she thanked her father for this defence, though she spoke not.

Ones-ate still lingered around the white stone, where, she said lay the bones of her fathers, and came occasionally to the cottage. They questioned her concerning the danger of which she had warned Emma in the wood; but all the answer they could draw from her, was, "that timid animals came not out of their covert, when the wolf was prowling for his prey;" and she would relapse again into silence. When questioned about the war, she resumed her story.

"Our white father, General Washington," she said, "sent us presents, and called us his red children; but all the Indians were not his children; the Sacs-ees, by the big lakes towards the setting sun joined the red-

coats, who fought against the pale faces ; and our white father told us to dig up the hatchet and drive them from his lands. We went, but the winds from the big waters were sharper than our arrows ; many of our tribe became cold and stiff, as the transparent spears that are suspended from the overhanging rocks, when the Great Spirit spreads the white blanket over the earth. But we drove the red-coats and the Sacs-ées away ; we buried the hatchet deep ; we smoked the pipe of peace. The wolves had eaten the flesh of our brethren, but we gathered up their bones to bury them in the graves of our fathers ; then the Sacs-ées crept forth in the night, like subtle serpents from the thicket, and scalped most of the remainder of our tribe. The Great Spirit spread a thick cloud over the earth, that he might not behold the deed ! Then Onelatare-o, son of Long Bow, the strong-armed chief, swore revenge, deep, deep, and strong, as the thunder-water* of the big river yonder," (pointing to the north-west) "which pours down into the chasm below ; it foams and lashes with rage, but it still thunders, *revenge!* — the earth trembles at the sight, but it still says, *revenge!* — the stars stop forever to listen and gaze upon it ; the bow that smiles upon it is bright as the sun, and more beautiful than the tail of the Wakon bird. We brought the bones of our brethren, and buried them in the graves of our fathers, where the pale maiden weeps ; Onelatare-o returned to scalp the foe ; thirteen moons have passed, but he comes not back — Onelatare-o will never be revenged."

She paused, and they asked her where she had learned the language of the pale-faces, and how they

* Niagara.

had made her heart soft? To the former question she would make no reply; in answer to the second, she said:

"A pale-faced man came smiling to our wigwam in the forest; he bowed down and carried a pack upon his back like a tortoise; he opened his pack and swapped with the red men for furs; he gave Ones-ate beads and went away; he came again to swap, and gave her brooches; he went away and came again; he hung pendants in her ears, and said her eyes were bright; he went to the city of the whites to fill his pack, and came again; he brought no presents to her father to swap for Ones-ate; he sung not around the wigwam at night, that Ones-ate might hear; but he whispered in her ear; his words were sweet as the voice of the winds when the trees are hushed to listen; Ones-ate heard his words and loved him; he said she should be his squaw, and live in his wigwam; he went away again, and he came not back! Ones-ate watched by the wigwams of the pale faces, but he came not back! She sung like the dove that has lost his mate, but he came not back! Then her arm became weak, that has so often strung the bow of the strong-armed chief! her heart, that never quailed with fear, became soft! the spirits of her fathers speak to her in the winds; they call her to their hunting-grounds afar."

Ones-ate seemed overpowered with the high-wrought feelings occasioned by the recital of her history; and for a short time sunk into a state of lassitude. When she aroused herself she looked at Emma with a pitiful expression of countenance, and in a low, plaintive tone, said:

"Has the white man made the pale maiden's heart

soft, that weeps by the white stone, among the graves of my fathers?"

Emma blushed and hesitated; "The hearts of the pale faces are always soft," she at length said, "and the bones of my kindred repose by the white stone too."

The evening was beguiled by remarks on the Indian girl, and time glided by so insensibly that it was quite late before they retired. The full moon had thrown her silver beams on the incrustated earth, and gave a chastened brilliance to the view. A window from Maria's room looked out upon the river, that was winding slowly and silently to the main. She sat down in its recess and watched the changeful stream; here the queen of night seemed to rest upon its bosom in tranquil loveliness; there the dark forest trees cast a sullen aspect on the scene; light flying clouds now swept across, while fitful glimmerings of light were seen between; now all was bright again.

"Such is human life," thought she, "ever varying and subject to vicissitude. And how prone are we, to view the roses in our path, without seeing the thorns that are among them; to fix our eyes so steadily on the one we are plucking, as to get our fingers pricked by an unexpected sting! But these are warnings which the merciful Ruler of the universe has kindly given, of the mutability of all terrestrial things; of the trivial, unforeseen events by which our most ardent expectations of earthly happiness may be overthrown. Many, it is true, are the calamities of human life; fugitive and precarious are our hopes, volatile and momentary are our pleasures, sudden and deep are often our sorrows. But when we consider the wise and good purposes for

which this state of trial was intended, instead of repining at it, we shall meet its vicissitudes with a devout smile. Being subject to them puts it in our power to exercise patience, compassion, resignation, fear and love of God ; which are all requisite to the promotion of our eternal happiness. Shall we then repine at the lot of humanity, when such changes, in the present state of man, seem to be necessary to prepare us for future glory and felicity ? O, vain and ungrateful man ! Remember the many blessings that every day await thee, and for which thou art wholly dependent."

Her mind still reverted to the friend whose apparent inconstancy had given rise to these reflections ; and " whence are the placid joys of friendship ? " thought she. " It is a sensitive plant, of celestial origin, implanted in the human breast by the beneficent Author of our existence for our mutual happiness. It forms a holy alliance between kindred souls, instils a tender solicitude for each other's welfare, and enables us to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Friendship is the latent spring to acts of benevolence, kindness, and charity ; the solder of society, the sacred ligament that binds man to man, to the influence of which we owe our sweetest comforts and most tender cares."

She retired repeating these words of a poet :

" Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest form, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship, as the candid blush
Of him who strives with nature to be just ;
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes ?
Or the mild majesty of private life,

Where peace, with ever blooming olive
Crowns the gate, where honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene ! ”

But the delusion which slumber often brings, soon brought back the friend, who had elicited these cogitations, attentive and kind as in former days ; to roam with her on the margin of the moonlit stream ; and the dark shadows on its surface dispersed as they approached.

On the succeeding day a vernal sun threw upon the earth his rich but mellowed glances, turning everything on which he looked to golden radiance ; such as he is accustomed to cast, obliquely, ere his visits become more frequent, as if anxious that our prepossession should be favorable. The ladies at the cottage strolled out to enjoy the loveliness of the morning ; which was realized, perhaps from the reflection that the cold breath and fickle smile of winter had but just given place to it.

Mr. Erwin was alone in the parlor, watching their light and buoyant footsteps, until their retreating figures were lost behind the wood. He was indulging in sweet reflections on the solace of his age, and reverting to the happiness of his youthful days, when Captain Dumont was announced, though it was at a much earlier hour than it was usual for him to ride.

Mr. Erwin rose and welcomed him, inquiring, “ What news abroad, my young friend ? ”

“ Nothing, as yet, new,” he replied ; “ but important events are written on the unrolled scroll of fate.”

“ What ! ” said Mr. Erwin, with surprise, noticing the perturbed state of Captain Dumont's mind ; “ none that will affect you unfavorably, I hope ? ”

"Kosciusko," he replied, "is marshalling the bravest and most daring spirits on the globe, to make an attempt to unrivet the chains of despotism, and restore Poland to her rights." *

"The undertaking is a glorious one," said Mr. Erwin; "but it will prove a hard struggle to break the fetters of oppression, and wrest, from the hand of injustice, the spoils which three kingdoms have divided. But I shall never despair of success in the cause of freedom, since the American soldiery, 'unfed, unclothed, and undisciplined' as they were, have driven the pride of England's forces from these shores! Do you, my brave young friend, join the expedition?"

"No," he replied, while the agony of his feelings was apparent; "there are chains stronger than even those imposed on the free-born Poles. Mr. Erwin," he said, after a pause, "I respect your gray hairs; but you have been young. Can you feel any commiseration for me, when I tell you they are the fetters of *love*, and that I am bound in these chains?"

"Noble-minded man!" he said, grasping his hand with fervor; "I can. A seraph, now in heaven, can witness what I say. But why this wretchedness? has some parental alliance bound you to one to whom you are indifferent?"

"No, no," he replied, with much emphasis; "God forbid! But it was my intention to have aided these intrepid Poles; and, in consequence, I have been fluctuating between two opposing currents of thought

* The reader will perceive that romance, as usual, is displacing reality, in fixing the struggle in Poland so near the peace, subsequent to the American revolution; for it will be remembered that the troops were disbanded in the United States in 1792. Poland took up arms in 1794.

and action. But love has bound me in too strong cords for destiny to break, even while I have been treating Maria with such coldness and indifference that I have forfeited her esteem; and she now shuns me, as an unstable-minded man, unworthy of her notice!"

"Peace, peace, my young friend," rejoined Mr. Erwin. "Maria, I trust, will prove a less inexorable judge upon your conduct than you think her. It is not impossible but you may yet find an able, though subtle advocate in her own bosom. She could bear, with maiden pride, your indifference to herself; but when your unhappiness, yesterday, was dwelt upon, I saw too plainly that it affected her peace."

"Noble and generous girl!" he said, a light beaming in on the troubled surface of his mind which he had expected never to have seen more; "it shall be the business of my life to atone for this unkindness."

The gentlemen were enjoying a pleasant *tête-à-tête* when the young ladies returned from a long walk, their faces glowing with the effects of a fine morning air, and healthful exercise. But we shall not attempt to describe their surprise at seeing Captain Dumont restored to his former vivacity; nor the pleasure experienced by them, in witnessing the gallantry displayed by him in the self-accusations, apologies, protestations, devotion, and proffers made to Maria. Neither shall we venture on a description of the eloquence of her feelings, which betrayed itself more by her mien than words, in her exculpation, her forgiveness, and her blushing acceptance.

The conversation at length became general, and Charlotte, who delighted to test the captain's skill at

a sortie, asked him why he had not brought his friend, Mr. Gabbiani, along with him; though she plainly saw, from the good understanding between her father and his guest, and the altered appearance of the latter, that no third person could have added to the interest of their meeting.

"Mr. Gabbiani was indulging himself in the society of the muses when I left, and I forbore to interrupt him," he replied. "Indeed, he was not in his usual spirits this morning, and I could not have prevailed upon him to accompany me, if I would."

"Is it *love*, or *patriotism*, that renders him sad?" asked she, smiling significantly.

"I know not," he said. "Italy has been the scene of much political strife; but he now considers this country as his home. I have conjectured that his affections have been blasted, and his youthful hopes blighted, from some words he has occasionally let fall; but he has never spoken explicitly upon the subject. He is evidently a Protestant in his religious creed, yet he wears a gold crucifix suspended from his neck, which I have frequently seen him kiss, with much fervency; and, at these seasons, his mind seems absorbed in recurring to early disappointments. And, at times, I have noticed a wildness in his look, and have heard him utter some abrupt maledictions, that have led me to fear that his reason had suffered in the conflict. Yet there are sterling qualities in his nature, and I can but hope that time will soften his misfortunes."

"I will invoke Fortuna that it may," said Charlotte; "particularly as he belongs to the court of Apollo. I think you said he was wooing the Nine; and I am solicitous to see the effects of his inspiration."

"I mentioned his devoting his morning hours to the muse; but he will not allow me to call him a poet, though his talents as such are by no means despicable. He says he writes verses to indulge a vagrant fancy, and soothe unquiet spirits; and will suffer no one to dignify his reveries by the name of inspiration."

"Have you ever seen any of his poetry, Captain Dumont?" asked Maria.

"O, yes, often," he replied. "He takes no pains to preserve his writings. I think I have one piece, written by him after the first fall of snow. You know such a scene was new to him, and he seemed entranced with its appearance." He read —

I saw the Genius of the sky,
With burnished wings of varied dye,
Softly descend, while sombre night
Spread sable curtains o'er the light;
And, with a robe as pure as ether,
White as the snowdrop on the heather,
He dressed fair Nature; decked her hair
With pearls and diamonds queens might wear;
With pendants rich adorned her crown;
And trimmed her robes with softest down.

And, in the morning, when the sun
Looked on his child he left so dun,
He smiled to see his rays reflected
From richest gems, so well selected,
That beam met beam in radiance dancing, —
Like soul-lit eyes, with true love glancing, —
And mounted higher, to behold
Her brightness, tinged with rays of gold;
Then stooped to gaze, and, while he blessed
With benedictions, sunk to rest.

"Here is another piece," he said, as he finished the first, "that I was not aware I had about me; but I must tell you the circumstances that dictated it. In

one of our equestrian expeditions through the country, Mr. Gabbiani's horse took fright, at a riotous drove of blacks, and threw him. He was much injured by the fall, and was carried into the house of a rich planter near, where he remained nearly two weeks, before his surgeon would allow him to ride. During his stay there, I called upon him every day, and the lady of the house treated us with much politeness. When Mr. Gabbiani found himself able to return to his lodgings, and we were taking leave, the lady, to whom Mr. Gabbiani felt himself much indebted, insisted upon our attendance at a party she was to give the next week, to celebrate the birth-day of her daughter who was just blushing into womanhood. We accepted the invitation, though it evidently cost my friend much self-denial; for he seems to have renounced the gay world. On our arrival, we found a much larger circle of ladies than he had expected; and there was a peculiar delicacy and grace in the manners and appearance of most of them. But one carriage was later than the rest. The driver hauled up at the gate and a lovely female alighted. She was of a slight figure, and dressed with much taste, with a cluster of natural flowers in her hair. It seems she was an associate of the young lady, but was unacquainted with the mother and others of the company; for she took the arm of the daughter, as she entered the drawing-room, and was introduced to the lady of the house; but as the daughter was about to make her acquainted with some of her associates who sat near her mother, she gave a disdainful toss of the head, turned abruptly on her heel, and sailed away to another part of the room. Mr. Gabbiani gave me a quizzing look at the time, and the next day, I found the following lines on my table:

"Young, fresh and blooming as the morn,"
 When huntsmen blithely wind the horn,
 Corinne entered ; formed her train
 Euphrosyne, and sisters twain,
 With sweet Adonis, Venus fair !
 A garland — formed of flowers rare,
 Which Flora nursed in mildest bowers,
 Shielding from winds, invoking showers,
 That zephyrs fanned with studious care,
 Till rich with beauty — graced her hair ;
 Round which the sylphids, sent to guard,
 Were fluttering, aught of ill to ward.
 Her figure Grecian art might trace,
 And sigh when stone, of life, took place ;
 Her step as light as satyr's tread,
 While tripping o'er the harebell's bed.

The assembled group, as near she came,
 Knew not if heaven or earth might claim.
 Now, to the ladies, her devoirs —
 When, lo ! her proud, disdainful airs
 Made lilies blush, and roses pale !
 And violets with fear unveil !
 The sylphids, too in wild affright,
 With lightning's speed now winged their flight !
 Adonis dropped fair Venus' train,
 And with the goddess fled amain !
 The Graces in a hurry sped !
 And Love demurred — *if he should wed ?*

"Mr. Gabbiani has not dwelt on Arno's classic stream
 in vain," said Mr. Erwin, and all the family seemed
 very much interested in his fate, after Captain Dumont
 had given them this insight into his character, and
 begged he would bring him often to the cottage.
 Emma's sympathies were particularly enlisted in the
 imagined story of his blasted affections, and sighed
 when she thought how happy she once was on a distant
 shore, roaming through the park with her youthful
 associate, Charles Bentley ; and she began to school

her heart for cherishing the memory of one whom, she thought probably, seldom thought of her. "Yet it is association," she said to herself, "it is association; that incomprehensible link in the human mind, which like the aerial spider, connects distant objects by almost invisible ties, so mysteriously, that it is difficult to account for the phenomenon. Every heart bears witness to the fond tenacity with which it will invariably cling to youthful scenery; and how is it possible for me to allow my mind to dwell on that endeared spot, without connecting with it the beings who gave life to the prospect?" She reasoned thus, until she became tolerably well satisfied with herself; and then her reflections became lost in commiseration for Mr. Gabbiani.

But we now leave Mr. Erwin's interesting family, together with Captain Dumont, who is enjoying Hyblæan sweets with his beloved Maria, the Italian, Mr. Gabbiani, and Ones-ate, to return to our adventurer on the ocean; while Charlotte sings, —

"None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave
Deserve the fair."

CHAPTER VI.

No, my father's valor, and my mother's love, shall be my coat of arms ;
Heaven, my king — the world, my country — the virtues, my retainers.

LAUNCHED on the sea of adventure, our hero, Charles Bentley, (whom, it will be recollected, we left on the broad Atlantic, entertaining the minions, Love and Hope, while Fear occasionally intruded upon the coterie,) was now revelling on futurity, and now, in retrospection, viewing the time when he rode wildly along on the polished bosom of youth's fair lake; tossed by nought but gentle breezes, threatened by no tempests, and alarmed by no shoals; while he now found himself on the ocean of manhood, subject alike to storms and calms, to sunshine and shipwrecks, seated at the helm with no other compass than his reason, and no other log-book than his judgment. Yet that spirit of independence, which swells with consequence the heart of humanity, made him love his elevated condition, and cling to freedom amid these dangers; and he thus stemmed cheerfully and boldly forward, braving winds and currents, with an eye of faith on all his projects, and an anchor of hope for every undertaking.

But these reveries were disturbed by the stentorian voice of a tar, who sung —

"How Fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,
And the port where she dwelt was in view;
But the wished nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anna, I hurried from you."

The words fell on Mr. Bentley's ears like those of an oracle, and he was endeavoring in vain to banish the impression they had made upon his mind, when the cry of "Land! land! land!" changed the current of his thoughts.

All on board, for a short time, was excitement and hilarity. The mariners shouted huzza, and cracked their jokes, while the captain encouraged the hearts of his crew for future voyages. When the noise ceased, Charles thought he heard a sullen growl upon the water. He looked around for some threatening cloud, that was about to pour its fury on the main. All was serene as when the "morning stars sang together." Again it burst upon the ear, still more distinctly than before, pealing at intervals, then almost dying on the ear. The passengers and crew looked fearfully in each other's faces, as if expecting some subterranean explosion, until one shouted, "Independence forever! Independence forever! Hail, Columbia, land of the free!"

"By the stars and stripes!" said the captain; "I had forgotten this was freedom's holyday."

They entered Boston harbor while the joyful acclamations of a grateful people fell upon the ear and reached the soul. For what heart can remain untouched during a national jubilee? It will find its way to the case-hardened soul of the stoic, and almost arouse stupidity from his lethargy. Mr. Bentley felt a responsive chord of joy in his own bosom, though

humiliation to his native country was borne on every blast.

Midway between the island and the wharf, they perceived a small craft at a distance, which resembled a bark that the Maldivians annually launch, laden with odoriferous wood, perfumes, and flowers, and turn adrift to the mercy of the waves, as an offering to the spirit of the sea and winds. As they neared the object of attraction, it proved to be a sail-boat, freighted with ladies, some elegantly, and some fantastically dressed. Charles gazed with youthful admiration at the lovely group. "By the red rose!" he said; "this must be a good omen."

"Faith, I never knew much good result from the sight of fair ladies when sailors come on shore," muttered a tar.

The sail-boat passed, but not without Mr. Bentley's casting many scrutinizing glances at the bevy of dames, with the distant hope of seeing the fair form of the loved Emma Fitz James among them; but no well-known and cherished image, like that engraven on his heart, was recognized. They made the port. Our adventurer stepped upon the shore, while strangely commingled sounds of the din of revelry fell upon his ear. Carriages were rattling to and fro, as if each were likely to be behind the appointed hour; troops on horseback wheeling and forming with tactic skill, and imbibing, in the mean time; the martial spirit that had so lately animated them in their struggle for liberty; little wagons, filled with fruits, gingerbread, and the delicacies of the season, were wriggling through the crowd. Bursts of patriotic enthusiasm were filling the air with shouts; these were followed

by the thunder of cannon, martial music, and military parade; crowds of boys, at sportive games, were crying huzza! at every new acclaim; and a host of ragamuffins, bawling, swaggering, and swearing, brought up the rear.

Charles gazed upon the medley, felt that he was disconnected with everything around him, and turned and walked along the beach. A boy, ten or twelve years old, attracted his attention, who was whistling, with an air of independence, apart from the crowd, quite unmindful of the bustle around him, and toiling, with the perseverance of Hercules in the stable of Augeas, at an enormous fish, half as large as himself.

"My lad," said Mr. Bentley, "on what do you keep your fish in America, that they grow so large?"

"Well, I do n't know," he replied, raising himself from a stooping posture, and scratching his head; "I guess they kill one another, like the Yankees and British; and we give them a cup of tea, sometimes, when King George sends us more 'n we want."

"You are a clever boy," said Mr. Bentley. "Would you not like to be a king yourself, and wear a crown?"

"No, sir," he promptly replied; "I should rather be Gineral Washington."

"Why so?" asked our hero.

"'Cause Gineral Washington understands shellin' the corn from Lord Cobwallis; and if the king should come here himself, I guess he would n't fare much better in a tussle with the 'Mericans."

Mr. Bentley threw him a piece of money, and continued his ramble. The thought of a letter of introduction, and other papers, with which he had been entrusted by a British officer, who had served in Ame-

rica, to a gentleman in Boston, struck him; and he procured a guide, and sought out the residence of the person in question. The Bostonian received him with that uncereemonious hospitality peculiar to the New England States, and invited him to partake of a public dinner, which was shortly to be served; remarking, "We have not forgotten that England is our mother country, though she regard us as unmanageable children."

The idea of fellowship in a strange city was too grateful to Mr. Bentley's feelings for him to decline the invitation; and he accompanied him to the festal board, at which Colonel Benton, the gentleman we have mentioned, was to preside. After the usual ceremonies on such occasions had been passed through, and the regular toasts drunk, Colonel Benton called on his English friend for a sentiment. Mr. Bentley was taken by surprise, for he considered himself rather as a spectator than a participant in the scene; but, without much hesitation, gave the following:

"*Washington*, the hero of the revolution; who, to the stern and unyielding duties of a warrior, unites the generous tear of sensibility for a brave and fallen foe." Alluding to the well-known fact of his having shed tears when he signed the death-warrant for the execution of the unfortunate Major André.

The gentlemen adjourned, at an early hour, to the island opposite the town, where the ladies had made preparation for a pic-nic. Our adventurer accompanied them thither, and, on his arrival, found the scene before him as fantastic as the combined ingenuity of many ladies could design.

A circle of females, interesting in their appearance,

whom Mr. Bentley had passed in the pleasure-boat in the morning, were seated under a bower, and formed almost a complete ring. The area was strewn with flowers; and near the centre were two little seraphic-looking beings, one bearing the cap of liberty, the other waving the olive-branch of peace. They were tastefully dressed in white, with wreaths of natural flowers fastened on one shoulder, and falling nearly to the bottom of the dress on the opposite side. Clusters of roses were fastened amid their golden tresses, and seemed to droop, as if anxious to steal the bloom from the cheek below them. The goddess of peace had a white feather fan fastened to each shoulder, in such a manner as to resemble wings half raised for flight; while the varying color of her cheek, and the timid glance of bashful modesty, made one imagine her a being descended from another sphere, who was unaccustomed to the gaze of admiration from mortals like ourselves. Musicians were stationed around this magic ring, who were pouring the language of heaven into mortal ears; for it was accompanied by no words from man's polluted lips. And who shall say that the immaculate breath of heaven is tainted by mortality, when speaking in transport to the soul from a musical instrument? No; it is only when it becomes the vehicle of the depraved passions of the human heart, that it partakes of the nature of earth. The gentlemen unconsciously stepped to the measured cadence of the music, as they marshalled themselves around the circle, as safeguards to the place. The broad Atlantic smiled upon the scene, and Neptune, bearing his trident, rose from his watery bed, and looked benignantly upon it! The Nereides, unwatched, now

peered above the surface of the deep, now sunk into the wave, then looked again to see this fairy group! At least, if it were not so, it was imagination pictured it.

The music ceased, when the little nymph who bore the cap of liberty came forward, and, approaching the goddess of peace, said —

“Hark!” and, after listening intensely for a few minutes, added —

“No, the dread thunders, crashing from afar,
Of war, with horrid crest and iron car!
With comet eye and head with bayonets crowned,
Gnashing his fangs with direful menace round!
With heart of adamant, and death his shield,
Blood, carnage, vengeance, strewing o’er the field!
Has left our shores.*

And Peace, with gentle sway,
Now smiles on those who chased the fiend away;
With downy plumage she now spreads
Her dove-like pinions o’er our heads,
With lambent flight the olive bearing,
And nations with the emblem cheering.”

The band of music struck into a sweet interlude, as she concluded; and when that was finished, the goddess of peace, with benign countenance, addressed the speaker in the following words:

Hail, Liberty, thou goddess sweet,
A grateful throng thy presence greet:
Thrice gracious fair, to thee, to thee,
All would, adoring, bend the knee.
Where’er thou art, within thy sphere,
Success and enterprise appear.

* A celebrated contemporary author will excuse the liberty a goddess has taken with his writings, in her description of war.

See each beneath his clustering vine,
In blest contentment, now recline,
The fig-tree offering grateful shades
When liberty its soil pervades.

Science now soars with eagle wings,
From earth and heaven her treasure brings.
Commerce spreads wide her whitened sail,
To catch the impulse of the gale,
And wafts her odoriferous load,
Successful, o'er the trackless road,
Blessing the nations with her wealth,
Diffusing knowledge, nurturing health,
While heart to heart, and mind to mind,
Thy heavenly influence soon must bind ;
Thy flag, sweet Liberty, unfurled,
Must wave in splendor o'er the world.

Now art, the ultimate of mind,
Instructs the subtle, yielding wind,
To speak in transport to the soul,
When sweet, harmonious sounds control.
Art steals from nature mimic grace,
And then adorns her to replace.
And minerals, moulded by her skill,
Are taught utility at will.
By her the gems in yonder mine
Are made, for ornament, to shine ;
Towns, castles, cities, all conspire,
By her through clouds to point the spire,
These, these, existence, owe to thee,
Thou heaven-born goddess, Liberty !

The musicians again struck loudly into a martial air, and every spirit present, for a few minutes, was apparently carried with it to brighter regions than this vale of tears. Mr. Bentley felt proud that the brave patriots by whom he was surrounded, sprung from the same noble stock as England's heroes ; and he realized how little high-sounding titles were needed, to gain for them respect from foreign courts.

The tea was now served, and little painted banners of stripes and stars were seen floating in the breeze from every plate of butter, showing how much the ladies appreciated the prowess of their husbands and lovers. Each gentleman seemed emulous to rival his neighbor in his attention to the little goddesses; and our hero, though a stranger, ventured to accost them. Addressing himself to the nymph who personated the goddess of liberty, he said:

"Since mortals are allowed to address the divinities, may I ask, fair goddess, if this happy country be your native place?"

"No, courteous stranger," she replied, "I was born in Greece, and nurtured in Rome, where I was for a time, cherished as the choicest gift of the gods. But I at length grew into disfavor with those who had paid me the highest adoration; and luxury and effeminacy became favorites in my stead. I was, at length, cast out as a foundling; and, for a long time, dwelt among the caverns in the mountains of Algidus! Every day I climbed their summit, to see if there were no country that would adopt me; and hope grew sick as I daily returned, disappointed, to my cell. At length a glory in the western sky told me my home was here! and I immediately came to preside over the destinies of this happy people."

"How long do you purpose to remain here?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Till the holy city, the New Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven," she replied; "my reign will then be universal."

"But why so partial now, sweet sylph?" he said; "why not extend your protection to other countries?"

“My protection, sir, is extended to all countries, where the inhabitants assert their rights and have strength and valor to maintain them,” she again replied; “and I hope soon to embrace unhappy Poland under the wing of my protection. Indeed, gallant sir, my anticipations are, that the time is not far distant, when all the nations of the earth will court my favor.”

Mr. Bentley smiled on the little eloquent enthusiast, and assured her that he should not be the last one to pay her his devoirs, and greet her extended reign with joy. And then turning to the goddess of peace, whose cerulean eye looked mild as the character she represented, he said:

“Will you allow me to ask, beautiful Concordia, if I address an inhabitant of earth, or some winged messenger of another sphere?”

“My highest home is heaven,” she replied, “though I now dwell on earth. I have a downy nest, in a sweet valley at the foot of some elevated heights, which have become the mountain shrines of freedom in liberty’s domain, where I hope to spend the remainder of my days on earth, free from the turmoil of war and strife.”

“And how do you expect this republic will be benefited, sweet visiter, by your presence?” said our adventurer, “since you have built your nest so low, as to be unable to overlook its concerns?”

“The eyry of the eagle is on the mountain height, sir,” she said, while her eye kindled with enthusiasm, “and even the lion, that kingly beast, cowers beneath his glance. And the appearance of the smiling vales, over which I preside, will answer your question more conclusively than I can. To be sure I have not been

able, as yet, to efface all the traces of bloodshed that Bellona has left, but I have an enterprising agent who is fast effecting it."

"May I be permitted to ask who this agent is, of whom you speak, fair goddess?"

"O, certainly, sir," she said; "in a country like this, we employ no secret emissaries to effect our beneficent purposes:

" 'Tis Industry, by toil embrowned,
For hardy cheerfulness renowned;
A useful citizen — for health
Attends him e'er, and often wealth.
The vernal sun sees him at toil,
With shining share to break the soil;
The golden sheaves, with cheerful tune,
He binds, by merry harvest-moon."

"A useful citizen, indeed," remarked Mr. Bentley. "Are you acquainted with Health, his attendant?" interrogated he, unwilling to close the conversation.

"Yes," she replied, pointing to a blooming young lady, with mischief in her eye.

"There's Health, with bright and rosy garlands crowned,
Casting the choicest sweets of life around;
With buoyant steps, and visage wreathed in smiles,
Hope lights her path, and cheerfulness beguiles.
Nature, for her, still brighter hues assumes,
And earth, and sky, with lustre new, illumines.
The morning air, evaporating dews,
Afford her vigor, and delights diffuse."

The rose on the maiden's cheek to whom attention had been directed, assumed a deeper die, as they looked at her; and she cast a bashful glance towards a sturdy yeoman who stood near her. He approached

and said, "I object to the word 'attendant,' Miss Emmonds."

"Do you reside alone in the quiet vale you mentioned?" asked Mr. Bentley, still addressing the goddess of peace.

"No," she said, "I have four sisters :

Contentment, blest, retired from strife and care,
There plays her lute, to some sweet, touching air ;
The stilly lake, when winds are all at rest,
Is not more tranquil than her peaceful breast.
With smiles resigned, she meets vicissitude,
And thinks all changes working for her good.

And *Chastity*, with angel charms,
There woos the Graces to her arms,
Who form a wreath of lilies fair,
To twine around her flowing hair.
Her robes are of the purest white,
Such as are worn by maids of light.
She loves, beneath fair Cynthia's ray,
To send excursive thought away,
Where, from all earthly dross refined,
Will soar the pure, unsullied mind ;
Or sit beside some liquid wave,
When the proud swan descends to bathe
Her snowy plumage in the stream ;
Or read Lucretia's tragic theme ;
Or watch the turtle to her nest,
Where love and constancy find rest."

Some incident occasioned a little commotion among the ladies, and interrupted the speaker ; but Mr. Bentley, anxious to become acquainted with the other sisters in this interesting family, begged her to continue.

"My third sister," she said, "is

Humility, with down-cast eyes ; while grace
Mantles her form ; and meekness in her face

Sheds o'er each feature such expression mild,
 As proves her origin, as Heaven's own child.
 She asks for counsel with attentive ear,
 Nor e'er disdains it from the meanest near,
 But sits in bending posture, at the feet
 Of Goodness, and enjoys communion sweet,
 With words, in such a mild expression fraught,
 As crowds of auditors, one would have thought,
 Would gather round, won by persuasion's power ;
 Yet, they're unnoticed in the violet's bower !

My fourth sister," she added, "is more interesting than either of us ; at least, her smiles are more courted, and her qualities are more brilliant. Her name is *Hope*.

She moves around with flambeau bright,
 To cheer the darkest, dreariest night ;
 Casting around
 That dark profound,
 Futurity,
 A light,
 So bright,
 That, by reflection, e'en surrounds
 Futurity's unmeasured bounds ;
 With eagle-eye to penetrate
 The darkest web e'er wove by fate ;
 With almost universal sway,
 Pointing, through mists, to realms of day ;
 Lighting the prisoner's living tomb ;
 Consoling slavery's wretched doom ;
 Pouring her balsam in the heart,
 Wounded by Cupid's rankling dart ;
 Cheering despondence with her smile,
 Elating penury the while ;
 And prompting faith, with powerful wings,
 To soar where reigns the King of kings."

Mr. Bentley complimented her on her sisterhood, and hoped she might never be disturbed in her vale of

quietude. He then cast his eyes around him to ascertain if he had not engrossed too much of the attention of one of the most interesting personages in the group ; for he had been so taken up with the little, fascinating fairy, with whom he had been conversing, that the idea had not before occurred to him. But the company was divided into little separate circles, and all appeared as much engaged as he had been himself. All? not all, there was one exception. The owner of the sail-boat, who had an appointment with a club in the city, was impatiently waiting to take them back to town ; and swore that the sun had lingered a full hour, on the verge of the horizon, to look at the monkey mimicry ; but that he had now put his night-cap on and gone to bed. Most of the persons composing the assemblage present, thought he retired unusually early, but still felt that it was high time to embark ; for they were now three miles from the main land, and an evening breeze from the ocean was rendering the surface of the bay somewhat rough.

They landed without any disaster to tincture the cup of pleasure, which they had so richly quaffed, with gall ; and our hero retired to his lodgings to reflect upon the *nouvelle* reception he had met with in the new world. Nor was the object of his search forgotten during this time. He had made strict inquiry of Colonel Benton, after the family of Sir Graham Fitz James, to no effect ; and feeling convinced that so distinguished a gentleman could not have resided, for any length of time, in this infant city without his knowledge ; he felt at a loss whither he should next direct his course. Ignorant of the name of the vessel in which his friends had sailed, and also, of their port of

destination, did not his search partake a little of the vagueness and uncertainty pertaining to quixotic chivalry? and yet, to obtain the object of pursuit, he felt would well repay the toil of a pilgrimage to Mecca. With these reflections he fell asleep; and Morpheus proved a sweeter comforter than sad reality; for he fancied himself transported to a beautiful island on the bosom of the main, of which Emma Fitz James was the queen; and Peace, Contentment, Chastity, Humility and Hope were her maids of honor. He thought she wore a diadem studded with resplendent gems, which but reflected the brightness of her face; and when he approached to do her homage, she immediately threw away her sceptre, and her crown was instantly transformed into the wreath of sea-shells he had previously placed upon her head! As he sprang forward to embrace her, he awoke; and nought but a town clock, telling, with lazy clang, the hours of the night, was to be heard. The voice of no beldame was ever more unwelcome than the iron tongue that dispelled this sweet illusion. He tried to woo the enchantress Sleep again, that fancy might again fly unfettered in quest of adventure, and, like the dove to the ark, return with some cherished hostage of hope. But who ever courted Sleep with success? To most, she proves an accomplished coquette, and keeps her devotee dancing on the threshold of vacuity, without enjoying either the crumbs of comfort reality might offer, or the revel in her regions of fiction.

But Aurora soon looked in at the casement, and reminded our adventurer that active enterprise would do more towards the attainment of his object than the siren whom he would win. He rose and descended

to the sitting-room, and began to look over some public journals that lay upon the table; but a spirited conversation from an adjoining room drew his attention from them.

"His sentiment, at least, spoke no hostility," said one, "but was rather complimentary to our immortal leader."

"No," replied his comrade; "but I think Colonel Benton might have found better guests than these lately-landed Englishmen, with their mushroom democracy. They, with our American Tories, are like Abbas, the uncle of Mahomet, who opposed his nephew in all his undertakings, until defeated at Bedr; when he became reconciled to him, embraced his religion, and thanked God for the grace and prosperity he enjoyed as a Mussulman. They like our 'loaves and fishes,' but not the toil by which we gain them. I have not forgotten the perfidy of General Gage, who received from me my arms upon condition that myself and comrades, with our starving families, might leave this besieged city, but, upon securing them, denied the promised boon; and may the curse of the destitute be upon him till he is hungry enough to gnaw a dog's bone! If the shot and bombs from Dorchester Point had obliged him, instead of Howe, to abandon the town, I should have been half revenged."

"True," rejoined the first speaker, "there is enough to aggravate our antipathies; but let us dwell upon the bright side of the picture, now peace is restored, and think of Washington's triumphal entry into the city in '76. That was a proud day for Boston, and the thoughts of it serve to lessen our prejudices against the vanquished. However, I consider your

remarks just to a certain extent; but you know we had some very able advocates in the British Parliament; and who so likely to enjoy the privileges of freemen as those who espoused their cause, in opposition to a majority with old King George at their head? At any rate, British pride is so humbled, that they will not expect to become masters of the feast, if they partake of our 'loaves and fishes;' and it would show a want of courtesy in the conquerors, to refuse the hand of fellowship to the conquered, since they have come to our own terms of reconciliation.

"But what bully is this in the street, who is holding a *pas d'armes* against every country market-man? One would suppose, from his challenging air, that he was a cock on his own dunghill; but I think he must be a foreigner, from his woodpecker plumage."

"One of your '*able advocates*,' probably," resumed his comrade; "at least, an Englishman, who verily believes that he has superseded Archimedes in turning the earth round with a lever. He has but lately arrived in this country, and the aristocratic air within him is beginning to expand, and will certainly burst him, unless there be some way to let off the gas."

Mr. Bentley looked into the street, and, with mortification, saw that it was his servant, Jack Hughes, who, by his self-important air, had elicited these remarks. Jack had distinguished himself on the previous day, by his swelling consequence, even amidst a crowd. Addressing himself to a ragged carman, who was peddling fruit, he said—

"Fine fruit for July, Mr. Yankee; how do you preserve them?"

"I preserve 'em under ground, in air of liberty which British oppression has never tainted," replied the carman, indifferent alike to the lace-coat and pomposity of the querist.

"What do you ask for them, sirrah?" asked Jack.

"Sixpence apiece, sir; but call no names."

"Sixpence apiece!" said Jack, drawing himself up; "you need n't think to umpose 'pon Englishmen by such a price; for though they are in pay of the rich, and have uccess to their coffers, they know better than to throw away their money."

"You can keep it, then," said the carman, with the same careless air, "and put it upon your back instead of lining your belly."

"I should think, Mr. Yankee," said Jack, in great dudgeon, "*you* could afford to wear a better coat, in a land of freedom, where peasants ~~are~~ on a par with their lords."

"Upstart!" said the carman, (the pride of a free-man giving energy to his words and manner;) "*who* are you, that dares talk of *lords* and *peasants* here? If British fops has n't larnt to respect a ragged coat yet, I can soon make one dance to the tune of Yankee Doodle." As he said this, he came towards him with a threatening aspect, when Jack skulked, like a prating hen at sight of birds of prey, and was lost in the surrounding multitude.

Mr. Bentley had discovered that self-conceit had sprung up in the shallow-marshes of his servant's mind, which was likely to root out everything less rank by its rapid growth; though he had affected humility and devotion to his master's service, since the first few days of their passage across the Atlantic.

He had become top-heavy with his newly-acquired importance as a valet, and Mr. Bentley saw the necessity of restoring him to the menial situation from which he had taken him, in order to restore his equilibrium again. Consequently, they had not been a week in Boston, when Mr. Bentley, pointing to a ship in the harbor, that was soon to sail for England, said —

“Jack, do you wish to embark in yonder gallant vessel, and return to your native country?”

“If my lord return, it will be my duty to follow in his wake,” he replied.

“I return not.”

“Why does your lordship wish his humble servant to go?” asked he, coweringly.

“All exotics will not bear transplanting; they become overgrown in the luxurious soil of freedom,” said Mr. Bentley, fixing a look of sternness on his crest-fallen valet. “I have no longer occasion for your service; and, if you wish to return, here is money that will pay your charges.”

Jack hesitated a few minutes, in great confusion, and then said — “I will go, your honor, if I have been so unfortunate as to forfeit my place; but I should like much to follow you in your travels in this land of liberty, for I like these freemen well.”

“Were it possible for us to travel away from ourselves,” replied Mr. Bentley, “rogues and fools should ever be peregrinating, while the wise and good should ever remain stationary, in the heavenly sphere which their own virtues would form around them. But vices will ever dog the heels of those who start in their company, while the virtues, like faithful retainers, will

never desert those who have entered into a league with them in weal and woe. Captain Cook took a goose with him, when he circumnavigated the globe; and, after all this circuit, she remained a simple goose still, without being at all inflated with self-conceit, however, which other ignorant bipeds are apt to acquire by visiting foreign countries. The Britannia will sail in a few hours. Take this purse. Go back to your native country, and there, with humility and faithfulness, practise those duties which have justly given English servants so high a reputation. To God and my country I commend you. Farewell."

With many protestations of his faithful attachment to the house of Bentley, Jack took his leave; though not before he had apprized some of his new comrades, that so great a personage as himself had thoughts of exchanging continents! As he was making his way to the wharf, one of his new associates called out to him, "Unbutton your jacket, Jack, or you'll bust the woosted." Another one added, "Do n't fly too high, Mr. Icarus, lest you melt the wax in your wings, and fall into the sea." But their butt of ridicule sneaked out of sight as soon as possible, turning from them first one ear and then the other, to evade the sound, resolving within himself, that, the more they talked to him, the more he would not hear. And Mr. Bentley soon saw the Britannia breasting the waves, with the presumption that his servant was on board.

CHAPTER VII.

"The cause and spring of motion from above
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was the effect, and high was the intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Time, flood and earth, and air by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crowned.
The chain still holds; for though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away."

DRYDEN.

O, love, love! thou glory of heaven and riddle on earth, how hast thou reigned supreme in human hearts, and made even wild ambition bow to thee! Whence is thy power to tame the savage mind, and polish the stern virtues of our race? to solder souls that time can ne'er unloose, and elevate the weaker by thy wand? to lead the strongest in thy captive chains, and turn earth's wilderness to Eden's bliss? How often dost thou buckle on the armor of the brave, and nerve the soldier in the field of strife! How often dost thou save the foundering bark from final shipwreck mid disappointment's towering billows on the sea of life, and guide the tempest-tossed to ports of peace! Thou art a skilful diver in the human breast, and bringest pearls to light that long lay hid 'neath stormy passions and the weeds of self-neglect!

Yes, the quality of true affection, like the philosopher's stone, can neither be sought nor ascertained by mathematical calculation. It is a pearl that lies hid

in the heart, and its beauties are never seen till reflected in the light of a similar gem, when beaming from the depths of some congenial bosom. He that seeks on the surface for pearls must content himself with the common pebble; while he who dives deep into the pure fountain of feeling may there find a treasure more rare than the diamond, and more brilliant than its blaze. The beauties of love are the pearls of the soul, and are never beheld till they have purchased the heart.

"Ah! did I but know that the heart of Emma Fitz James was mine," thought Mr. Bentley, "to meet at last would compensate for years of fruitless search; but perhaps some fortunate rival has appreciated this neglected treasure at first sight, and is now reaping the fruit of his sagacity by indisputable possession." The idea spurred him on to activity; and, having satisfied himself that Sir Graham Fitz James was not in the vicinity of Boston, he determined to direct his course to New York; considering that as the most probable place of landing, it being the principal emporium in the United States.

He therefore purchased a spirited animal, and sprang into the saddle, to pursue his journey, just as the sun threw his first bright beams across the Atlantic. Casting a lingering look towards those eastern shores, so dear to memory, on which the sun was smiling,— "Blest luminary," he said, "guide my doubtful steps, that my sun set not in gloom."

The confused din of the city was soon succeeded by more distinct and rural sounds as our hero proceeded. These were the lowing of herds from a neighboring pasture, coming to meet their expecting

young; the voice of the buxom milkmaid, with her white and foaming pail, carolling a ditty of the soldier's safe return; the bleating of flocks that spread themselves over the verdant hillocks, which arose on each side of the way; the music of the sunburnt ploughman, whistling as he yoked his steers for toil; the reveille of the dunghill coxcomb, blowing his clarion to his listening wives, mingled with the jargon of the flocks of ducks and geese, cackling and waddling to the nearest pool.

Next came the umbrageous forest, with darkened aspect, taunting in vain the god of day to look into the dell; the trees firm and collected stood, like marshalled soldiers at their posts, waiting the word to lead them forth to action; while the matin songsters broke the deathlike trance with varied harmony. Then, emerging from the foggy vale, his panting steed would climb the rugged steep that overlooked the smiling prospect round; while, mid the morning exhalations, the glittering windows, from the distant hamlet, reflected back their borrowed splendor through this humid medium.

There was so much wildness and originality in this country scenery, unlike the prim and cultured nooks, and proud mementos of the past in Britain's realm, that it excited the imagination of our hero, and he gave full play to a lively, youthful fancy. Consequently, on yonder distant height he saw Æolus, holding the impatient winds; now sending them in circling eddies through the vale, and now confining them in rocky caves; here Agenoria, blessing the yeoman as he whets his scythe to lay the bright and fragrant clover prostrate on the ground; there Ceres, walking with the farmer

in his fields, filling his hopes with golden sheaves, and heart with joy. In the next quiet vale, in pensive solitude, sat mute Angerona with her finger on her lip, cautioning the traveller against transgressing the laws immutable of her domain ; and, by her side sat poor Arachne, doomed mutely to spin her web of gossamer, in which she rivals the most acute mathematician with her parallels and curves, as much as she excelled the Lydian princess in spinning ; Collina sat on yonder mountain summit, while fleecy clouds half hid her perfect form ; and, in a dark cloud near her, stood bronze-fronted Brontes, making the thunders for Jupiter's demand. That height attained, he viewed Autumnus, shading with taste the ripening fruit in yonder field, dipping her pencil alternately into vermilion, crimson, gold ; while lofty branches bowed at her command. And underneath them smiling sat, sweet Flora, nurturing the modest violet ; while Zephyrus flew stealthily along and stole a kiss ! in the mean time, from out a neighboring copse, the fauns and dryads peeped, to see the skilful artists at their toil. Then

“ The goddess Diana called out for the chase ;
and our hero wished he could add :

“ For the huntsman is winding his horn.”

In yonder verdant meadow he watched the Lemniades, dancing on the greensward ; while Horus curbed his restive steeds to view the sport.

The novelty of the scene around him, combined with the freshness of the morning air, laden with the fragrance of the newly-mowed hay, together with the exhilarating exercise of riding on horseback, raised the spirits of our adventurer to an unusual height, and hope

smiled so brightly on his undertaking, that he almost fancied he saw Emma Fitz James, conversing with Vallonia in a little area on the right, with her hands full of blooming wild-flowers, glowing with youth and beauty, as he was wont to see her at Bentley castle. But a horseman coming up put a stop to these sweet, delusive reveries ; and after some stale remarks on the state of the weather, the stranger began to interrogate Mr. Bentley.

"Are you journeyin fur, sir ; if I may be so bold ?"

"It is uncertain where or when my journey will terminate," replied he.

"Your business is of a difficult natur I persume," remarked the stranger, "or do you ride for pleasure ?"

"It would be with *difficulty* that I should describe it to a stranger ; therefore it is my *pleasure* to conceal it," said Mr. Bentley, wishing his comrade had remained in the rear, and left him to his meditations.

"I hear you are lately from England," he said, still trying to render himself companionable.

Mr. Bentley bowed an affirmative, wondering where he had obtained this information respecting him.

"Well, what does king George think of us, Yankees now ?" asked the stranger, placing himself in a self-satisfactory manner in his saddle, and reining his horse a little nearer to the person addressed.

"He thinks you very inquisitive, sir," replied Mr. Bentley, weary of his impertinence.

"The king is mistaken," said the stranger with interest. "I have hearn of the inquisition, but it was in some foreign parts. No sir, no sir, the king is as much mistaken in that as he was in our bravery and strength ; he sposed we should knuckle to him like a

whipped child, but he had to guess agin. In this inquisitive business they punish with the or-to-do-fe, don't they?"

"Yes," replied our hero, smiling at the happy mistake his comrade had made; and thought one ought to receive fees for conversing with such a thick-skulled fellow; and that he ought to be subjected to the au-to-da-fe for his inquisitiveness. A pause ensued, and Mr. Bentley, seeing that two roads forked at a little distance in advance of them, hoped he should no longer be bored with his company. But he continued the same route, and soon began to interrogate him again.

"You started from Boston this mornin sir, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What time did you start?"

"At sunrise."

"You have rid very fast," said the stranger, "for I started jest at the crack of day, and ha'nt been but a leetle out of my way, and I thought I rid a perty good jog."

"I should have ridden faster still," said Mr. Bentley, "had I known as much as I now do when I set out."

"Well, aint it strange now, how much information some folks will git on the road," he said, "while others will travel from Varmount to the Bay state or the Jar-seys, and not know nothin about how the world wags around them. But I should think you was one that noticed matters and things as you pass along. Did you see the grave of the beautiful Charlestown as you come along?"

"Of whom?"

"Of Charlestown, back here, lain in her ashes like

a burnt foller. O, what havoc them British did make ; though the year past has done much towards repairin her desolation ! ”

“ Yes, I noticed it,” said Mr. Bentley, with some interest, wishing to learn something of the localities where the war had been carried on. “ Were there many towns that shared the same fate ? ”

“ Yes,” rejoined he, “ the large town or city of Norfolk, Virginy, was burnt by Dunmore, the royal governor, as they called him ; but the Lord knows he was a royal rascal. The British admiral ordered Falmouth, down in the deestrick of Maine, to be burnt ; and General Vaughan set the Dutch a flyin from the flames in Kingston, on the Hudson. Tryon and Collier burnt the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk in Connecticut ; and Danbury too was mostly burnt, with the military stores, but that was nothin ; the wust of all was, the brave Ginerall Wooster fell a martyr to his valor in followin the inemy as they were backin out. In ’78, a party of British burnt the stores and shippin in Bedford, too, in this state. But the red flag has wound up its woosted,” he added, with a satisfied air, “ in the United States, I guess ; if the British should ever want to try our spunk agin, they’ll find the ’Merican banner has *stripes* as well as stars.”

Mr. Bentley became interested in his companion, notwithstanding the incivility of his introduction ; and finding that war was his hobby, asked “ Where the first battle was fought ? ”

“ The fust blood that was spilt in this glorious struggle was at Lexinton. Eight of our men was killed in attemptin to stop some British troops on their way to Concord.”

"Did they succeed?"

"No," he replied, "the devil was in the luck; the militia were routed and the British went on, burnt some stores and cut up a few rustics and returned. But they had to take it on their way back; for the fences and houses were lined with indignant 'Mericans, and they let fly at 'um, and followed 'um back to Boston."

"Who commanded the British in this incursion?"

"Major Pitcairn and Colonel Smith, I guess," said he, after rubbing his forehead for the thought; "and their depredations stirred up the dander and raised the resentment of our people to such a pitch that it roused the energies of the whole nation. For we had no notion of trembling in the paws of the lion, like a scart rabbit, without makin any resistance. And in a few days Boston was surrounded by twenty thousand men!"

"Who had the command in Boston at this time?" asked our adventurer, who had himself become the interrogator instead of his comrade.

"General Gage was there with a body of troops," he replied, "tryin to enforce the unjust laws of the British parliament. But king George didn't know what Yankee spunk was made on; he might as well try to make these pine trees bend down to him, as to make these colonists bow their necks to oppression, and fill his coffers with an extortionous duty on every cud of tobacker." As he concluded he took out an enormous quid from the side of his face, and replaced another from his iron box.

"What did they do in this dilemma?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Humph! they undertook to fortify Bunker Hill

under General Gage's very nose, and threw up a breast-work during a night in June, that sheltered them from the British cannon. The next morning the red-coats were sent to drive them from their strong hold, and landing under cover of their cannon, they set Charlestown in a blaze, and then attacked our troops in the entrenchments. Our men drove 'um back twice like flocks of sheep; but after all they carried the fortification, though they paid perty dear for't."

"This must have been a bloody encounter," remarked our hero.

"I don't exactly know the number of lives lost," he replied, "but death was on the side of liberty this time, I believe, for he took his prey mostly from the British; I'm sure their loss was great compared to ourn. Still death took one of the bravest and the best. General Warren's blood sanctified the sod at this place, for he fell in defence of his country. But the king's hirelins must answer for his death."

The stranger spoke of the deaths of Generals Wooster and Warren with so much feeling and reverence, that Mr. Bentley half forgave him for the antipathy he had manifested to every English officer of whom he had spoken; and wishing to learn more of his views on a subject in which he appeared so much interested, he remarked:

"Indeed, your prospects, at this juncture, must have worn rather a desponding aspect."

"In other quarters the fortunes of war was in our favor," he replied; "Colonel Easton and Allen stole a march on the British garrison at old fort Ti, and took it without the loss of a single man! That's the way the Yankee boys sarved 'um when they could kitch 'um

nappin ; and the same fall, Gíneral Montgomery took the garrisons at St. John and Montreal ! I tell you, sir, there's no danger of despondency among sodiers in a good cause, with Gíneral Washington at their head ; he is a kind of palladium to the valor of his men, and they become invincible in believin him to be so."

" True, Washington is a man of whom the world can boast but seldomly, the savior of his country and the conservator of her rights ;" said Mr. Bentley, admiring the enthusiasm enkindled in his comrade at the mention of his leader's name. " But General Montgomery lost his life in the midst of his successes."

" Yes, brave man as he was, he was killed in tryin to scale the walls of Quebec, as well as his aid. Two of the divisions that attacked the city was driven back, and the third got in, only to wish themselves out agin. But rust will gather on the burnished arms of old England's troops afore they use 'um to crush the liberties of a free people in 'Merica agin."

The conversation was here broken off. Two roads diverging nearly at right angles, took our travellers on different routes ; and it was not without regret that Mr. Bentley parted with his comrade, whom but a few hours before he had wished in the river Styx. As he pursued his journey alone, his thoughts inadvertently recurred to the object of his search, that star of destiny that ruled his affections, marked out his path, and like Venus mild, dawned so brightly, yet so shortly on the morning of his life. But a rude enclosure, with upright stones at spaced intervals, marking out the final extent of the proudest man's domain on earth, called his mind home to his dear and sainted mother. He

gazed upon her picture and pressed it to his lips as he heaved an unconscious sigh. Memory alone supplied the place of the one, and hope, the other. "Ethereal substitutes," thought Charles, "and inefficient to fill the vacuum in the heart. My honored parents—both have passed beyond the ken of mortal sight. No counsel from the one, can e'er again direct my wayward steps, nor soothing voice from her who hushed the sorrows of my infancy speak peace to the wild turmoil of more manly years! Then will I cling to hope, to guide me through the dark meanderings of uncertainty, and to restore that lost, lost object of my cherished love, my lovely Emma."

In the midst of his meditations he found the shades of evening suddenly closing around him, and the gathering clouds foretold a dubious night. A lowly inn soon met his view, and the neatness and regularity apparent around the tenement indicated cleanliness and comfort within. He alighted, and giving his horse to a lad in attendance, walked into the house. A woman in middle life, of a grave aspect and tidily attired, was the only person within; and our traveller accosting her, asked if the landlord were at home.

"The landlord has gone to his long home," she replied, "and the mourners go about the streets; but the lad will unsaddle your ass and give him some provender, if so be you wish it."

Mr. Bentley told her he had already done so, and asked if he could have some refreshment for himself.

"Yes," she said, heaving a sigh and looking very demurely, "life is a weary journey, and though it is said, 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' yet it

is said also, 'give ye them to eat lest they faint by the way.'"

Mr. Bentley sat mute, expecting a long sermon from so many texts; but she busied herself in preparing his meal without disturbing his quiet by farther comment.

The boy soon returned from the stable, when the hostess, addressing him, said, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you, have you given the gentleman's horse of the 'grass that groweth for cattle,' and water to slake his thirst?"

Mr. Bentley cast a scrutinizing glance at his landlady, at this disjointed injunction and question, to see if he were in the keeping of a religious lunatic; but the boy immediately replied, "Yes, and a lickin tu," added he, in an under tone, "for the darn'd hos keeked me."

The suppressed voice in which the latter part of his reply was spoken did not escape the ear of the mother, and turning on him a look of reproof said, "Resist, 'let your moderation be known unto all men,' and remember it is said of the horse, 'God hath clothed his neck with thunder.'"

"I hope thunder'll strike him 'fore mornin'," muttered the lad.

Mr. Bentley inquired of the boy, if he were much hurt by the kick from his horse.

"A slight bruise," returned the dame; "but the 'bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench, until he bring forth judgment to victory.' It is emblematical," she added, with a long-drawn sigh, "of the 'wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores' that cover us 'from the crown of our head to the soles of our feet.'"

Our traveller was now summoned to a simple repast, which consisted principally of some fine trout, potatoes, bread, and a mammoth pumpkin pie. A cup of tea, too, graced this frugal meal, which at that early period after the war, was deemed a delicacy. Mr. Bentley found his day's exercise had rendered luxuries superfluous, for a keen appetite made every dish savory.

"Where do you take such delicious fish?" inquired he of the lady who sat in attendance.

"Resist the Devil and he will flee from you, caught them in the brook Kedron that runs back of the house," she replied; "and though it is said 'the fishes are taken in an evil net,' yet 'Christ and his disciples ate thereof,' and we are commanded 'not to be forgetful to entertain strangers, for some thereby have entertained angels unawares.'"

Mr. Bentley caring little whether he were deemed an inhabitant of this world or a better by this strange being, finished his repast in silence, and desired to be showed to his lodgings. He was conducted to a small apartment, neatly hung round with checked domestic of blue and white, and on a stand at the head of the bed, lay a Bible, a Westminster Catechism, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Refreshing sleep, the sworn ally of active enterprise, soon came at our hero's call, and merged the various texts he had heard into a sort of mental chaos; and then in the distance he dreamed he saw Bunyan's pilgrim, still oppressed with a weight upon his back, and as he drew near he heard him rehearsing the following texts as he passed along:

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the

floods drown it ; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon : for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions ? O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs ; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon : look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's den, from the mountains of the leopards."

Our dreamer was watching the pilgrim's success with much interest, when the voice of prayer from an adjoining room awoke him. It was his hostess, who was offering up her thanksgiving for the deliverance of the nation from 'worse than Egyptian bondage,' as she expressed it.

The door of Mr. Bentley's room had unwittingly been left ajar, and a noise, that grated harshly on the ear of devotion, directed his attention to the place from whence the sounds proceeded. And he saw "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you" on his knees holding a cat by the tail, and occasionally pinching it with force enough to make poor Grimalkin cry for quarter and create this disturbance. But the mother prayed long, and fervently, and then mildly expostulated with her son for his untimely sport.

The morning dawned deceitfully, and our hero breakfasted, and made preparation to resume his journey. The bill which the good lady presented made

him suspect that her conscience possessed one property of gum elastic ; for it seemed to have stretched to an enormous length on the present occasion, and was apparently contracted habitually within the strictest rules of the most rigid piety. But he presumed she was making provision beforehand for the entertainment of "angels unawares ;" and satisfied her demand with the consolation that bounty to the widow and fatherless was a special virtue. As he was adjusting himself in the saddle, a lad, whom he took to be a schoolboy, from his loitering gait, his satchel, book and inkstand, called out to his young groom :

"Resist the Devil, the master says you must come to school to-day, and he'll settle with you for putting a frog in Baky Mather's bosom." But Mr. Bentley pursued his way, leaving the devil to settle his accounts the best way he could. He had not been two hours on the road before the bright and prepossessing smiles of morn were veiled and darkened by dense and angry clouds. The winds piped loudly around the peaks of the precipitous elevations around his path, and echoed wildly from the thickly-wooded vale. The rain began to fall in torrents from the frowning heavens, lightnings flashed menacingly from cloud to cloud, and thunders, after an appalling crash, rolled on sublimely through the realms of space. He urged forward his mettled steed, and tried in vain to penetrate the gloom to find some shelter from the pelting storm. At length the sight of a farm-house on the left, sent a current of genial feeling round his heart. It proved one of those sweet resting-places in the pilgrimage of life, where the social virtues cluster round the household goddesses, and constitute the peculiar magic in the word *home*.

The ladies were much engrossed in the perusal of "Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination," a new work which they had just received ; and seemed rapt with the spirit of poesy that had inspired the youthful writer. They laid aside the volume on Mr. Bentley's entrance, and discussed the merits of the poet with such eloquence that our hero almost envied the son of a butcher his talismanic power of transporting his genius to the most retired quarters of the globe, and of drowning the discord of the elements without, with the sweetest melody of the soul, by touching skilfully the chords of the human heart.

Toward evening the sun came out of his pavilion where he had been moodily ensconced during the day, and as he looked penetratingly on the intruding vapors they, awe-struck, hastily resigned their usurped dominion. This reminded our adventurer that the sunshine of life depended wholly on the recovery of the enshrined treasure, Emma Fitz James ; and though he was informed that it was eight miles to the nearest inn, without a human habitation in the interval, yet he plead urgent business and took leave. By dint of spur he conjectured six of the eight miles must have been passed, when the sun went down ; and no sooner had he disappeared, than the clouds, which had held a doughty contest through the day, like cowardly troops when no foe is near, marshalled their dark-visaged forces with much display of mock heroism, and seemed to challenge the return of the gorgeous conqueror. But he moved off sublimely in his triumphal car, without even deigning to look back on the bullying foe !

Not so unconcerned was our cavalier. For dark-

ness like that of Egypt was shrouding every object around him in impenetrable gloom, the road was rough and hilly, and his horse, from his altered gait, he conjectured must have been lamed. He could no longer distinguish aught around him, and he gave his horse the rein, and left the direction of their route to his sagacity and eye-sight to make his way to the abode of man, if it were possible that the sense of seeing could avail him in so dark a night. The intercepting branches of trees on both sides of the way made him sometimes suspect that his beast had left the road and was wandering in the pathless wood. But a glimmer of light now shot athwart the gloom, which was like a beacon to the sea-worn mariner! Our traveller soon reached the point of attraction, and perceived it was not a house of entertainment, but a lowly and secluded hut. He dismounted and rapped at the door; voices were hushed within, but no response was heard but the clattering boards of which the door was formed. Again he repeated the knock; a stir was heard within, and at length an overgrown boy appeared with a lighted splinter in his hand; but he started back as the light fell on the cavalier. Mr. Bentley soon reassured him by saying he was a benighted traveller, and asked if he should tax their hospitality for a shelter for himself and beast during the night.

"We have no hos-stable," said the boy, with a vacant look.

"No matter; can I shelter myself from the storm under your roof?"

The boy stepped back a few paces, and Mr. Bentley heard some one within, in a piping voice, say: "If it aint the beast that has 'seven heads and ten horns,' let

him in ; but I don't know who but the ' prince of the power of the air,' or the cow-boys should be ganging to night."

The words that Mr. Bentley had heard from the interior of the cot gave him to understand what a gracious reception he was to meet with, and fearing lest he should lose even this small vantage ground by delay, ushered himself into the apartment. But the good lady that gave him a conditional admittance requires a separate chapter ; and, for a description of her, we refer the reader to the following one.

CHAPTER VIII.

“O, the lover may
Distrust the look that steals his soul away ;
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow ; alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out ;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.”

THERE were but three occupants in the house : the boy mentioned before, still holding a torchlight in his hand, and gazing at the drenched stranger before him ; a meagre-looking maiden of sixteen or eighteen ; and an old lady, completely dried and shrivelled by age and smoke ; which last, however, in deference to age, should have been first. Two little, black, fiery eyes were restlessly peeping from out their withered casements, as if dissatisfied at the manifest decay around them ; the teeth had deserted their ranks, which brought the nose and chin almost in contact ; a long, bony neck was bared to the view, and the head that was perched upon it, from some palsied affection, probably, was constantly in motion. Her appearance, altogether, was very original ; nor less so was everything around her. The little circular table, or stand, by which she sat, was made of the dark, English oak, with hieroglyphics on the surface, and large claw-feet for its support ; on it stood a saucer of lard, within which was a steel thimble, filled with lighted wicking

which served as a lamp. Four panes of stained glass, in the walls of the house, looked as if they had sacrilegiously eloped from some transatlantic church, and were undecided whether to hide themselves entirely, or boldly woo the light of day. Several dingy-looking pictures, intended for ornament no doubt, were hanging on the opposite side of the room from the window. One of them represented an enormous dragon, watching the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, with Hercules hard by with his uplifted club. The next was Perseus, with the Gorgon's head upon his shield; beneath which were several serpents, springing into life. And in the middle of the picture were the words *Algenib* and *Algol*. The third represented two hounds chasing a bear; and underneath them was written, "*Asterian et chara*."

On inquiring for the public house, Mr. Bentley found he had left the main road some three or four miles back, and that he was now a mile and a half from the inn at which he had intended to stop. But his inquiries were interrupted by the granddaughter, who, with fear depicted in her countenance, and trembling with agitation, cried out, "O, gran-mother, gran-mother, here's another windin'-sheet in the candle!" For a candle had been lighted, in compliment to their new guest.

"Heaven befriend us!" said the old lady, raising her hands at the sight of the ominous tallow. "I do n't know what is to happen to us; my lamp has burnt blue and wany this two weeks! I see a Jack-o'-lantern last night out towards the graveyard! and I see all sorts of shapes in the nothern lights! But the decrees of God must be fulfilled," added she, sancti-

moniously; "and my old man allers told me I was born under an unfortunate star. Mephibosheth," she said, after a pause of a few minutes, addressing the boy, "go and see if the cow-boys are coming. I'm afeard they 're all taken, and your daddy with 'em."

"Granny," said the young woman, "you forget the war is over now, and there's no danger of their bein' taken."

"Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tis; but they ha' n't forgot to parsecute the tories, for all that," she replied. "And Heaven befriend us! only see how this windin'-sheet rolls!"

Mr. Bentley saw the affright these omens had given the old lady, and, feeling commiseration for the consequent unhappiness of her age, endeavored to reason her out of these superstitious notions.

"Wait, young man," she replied, "till you've seen as many years as I have, and your hair's as gray as mine is; and then you'll know more about these things. But the decrees of God must be fulfilled; and my old man (God rest his soul) allers told me I was born under an unfortunate star."

Our traveller retired to rest, and neither the thoughts of Jack-with-a-lantern and winding-sheets, nor northern lights and unfortunate stars, disturbed his slumbers; for he slept soundly, until awakened by strange voices and the screams of the old lady in the next room. He hastily attired himself, and rushed into the other apartment to her aid; but he found she was in the hands of civil officers, legally authorized to arrest her and bring her to trial, for some offence which, they told her, would be explained in a court of justice.

Mr. Bentley mounted his steed, and made his way

to the main road, which he had lost during the darkness of the preceding night. He came out in a little village near the southern boundaries of Connecticut, but found his horse too lame to proceed farther without having his shoes reset. This detention was too trying to a lover's patience to be easily borne; but the tedious interim was to be relieved by the trial of the old lady in the immediate neighborhood, which was to take place that day. And Mr. Bentley felt not a little interest to know what crime could be brought against the prisoner, who seemed to be in her dotage, and was apparently tottering on the brink of eternity.

By ten o'clock, A. M., the whole village was in motion. Men, women, and children were flocking together to witness the trial, besides many pedestrians and horsemen from the surrounding country. When the prisoner was brought to the bar, many were seen to draw back aghast, as if afraid of some contagion in being near her! The judge told her that her alleged crime was that of witchcraft; and then proceeded to ask the usual question of "Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Massy tu us!" said the suspected witch; "I knew for sartin somethin' was goin' to happen; for I dreamed the strangest dream the livelong night; and I remember my old man told me, the last time he consulted his horoscope, that evil would come upon me in my latter days, and mebbe death! but I never thought to come to this."

"Yes," replied the judge; "your husband was suspected of having too much to do with the 'prince of the power of the air' in foretelling future events;

but justice was too tardy with him, for death snatched him from our hands ere we could give him his deserts. But no matter; he is no doubt receiving the just retribution of his fellowship in another world, 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' and we, in our responsible, official capacity, have only to punish the living; and we will proceed to the examination of *your crime* before it be too late."

The first witness called testified thus: "My cows have allers been as good as ever cropped grass, till within the last six weeks. But, lately, Molly has churned full five hours, without makin' the cream curdle. But, by heatin' a horseshoe red hot, and puttin' it into the churn, the butter come in fifteen minutes; and, on sendin' one of the young-uns over to old Mis Broomstick's, she was found to be lame! And I have no mortal doubt of her bein' burnt with the horseshoe."

"Is there no other evidence you can adduce in proof of her crime?" asked an attorney.

"Yes, to be sure there is," replied the dame, quite positively. "Old Grindle has been jest as much bewitched as ever a cretur was; for she has had spells of givin' bloody milk all summer; and we have given her garget root, time and agin, without doin' one single bit of good!"

"Are you certain, witness," asked the judge, rising with much dignity, "that the boys have not killed swallows in the mean time? and that the girls have not sung while they were milking? Either of which is supposed to make cows give bloody milk."

"Yes," said witness, "I'm sure they ha' n't; for they've been larnt better than that. And I guess

you 'll find, if Mis Broomstick is disposed of, there 'll be no trouble arter this."

The second witness that was sworn stated that her darter, *Grace massy and peace*, had been turned into a hos every night for a long time, saddled, bridled, and rid by some witch, over hills and through swamps, till near daylight! That she riz in the morning pale and fagged out; and that the only way to get rid of this sarvitude was by placing a piece of silver money under her piller! which was proof enough that it was some witch who had dragged her from her bed, and she had no idee but old Mis Broomstick was the one. That furthermore her darter had lost all her flesh, and become sulky in her temper, which was likely to break off a match between her and Jo Bunker! All of which she attributed to the same cause.

The third person called to the stand was a man, who gave in testimony that he had been to Mrs. Broomstick's house, and that he there saw sundry dark-looking pictures of snakes, and all sorts of fierce and voracious beasts, which no one would keep, unless they had dealings with that "old serpent, the devil;" that he saw the prisoner looking intently on some heathenish-looking figures on her work-stand; and when she arose to walk across the room, upon his sticking a penknife in her track, she immediately stopped!

A clergyman present here took the liberty to observe, that he had been to examine the pictures in question, and that he thought they could not go directly to substantiate the crime of *witchcraft*, though they went to prove that she was not a good Christian; they being fabulous representations of a people who

believed in a great number of gods and goddesses, — which was nothing short of pagan idolatry, — such as Mars, Jove, &c.; the latter of whom got mad at his sister, and pulled off his nightcap in a rage and threw it in the fire! That the hieroglyphics on the stand were unintelligible to a profound scholar, and, he feared, to every one but those who consulted spirits as dark as their complexion. And that the stained glass savored much of popery, which he considered a crime as heinous, in the abstract, as witchcraft itself; because unlimited confidence in a son of Belial, who “exalteth himself that he is God,” must be considered in the same light as a more direct communication with the prince of darkness himself.

The counsel for the defendant rose, while Humanity poured her emollients round the heart, and half subdued the hardened case in which superstition had enveloped some of the finest feelings of the human soul. He spoke sympathetically of the weight of years that must very soon, of itself, unavoidably bring down “dust to dust, ashes to ashes;” and of the cruelty of forestalling a natural death from mere circumstantial evidence. That extreme old age craved commiseration for the follies of second childhood, and great allowance for actions culpable in themselves in middle life. That mercy was an attribute on which the eternal happiness or misery of all of us must sooner or later depend; and that, when justice was placed in a doubtful balance, as in the present case, it was always safer to lean to the side of forgiveness, and thus secure the blessing of the merciful, promised in holy writ.

He spoke not, however, with the confidence of one

who is conscious of being supported in his opinions by those around him ; for the lowering countenances of those around told him, too plainly to be misunderstood, that he was stemming the tide of popular feeling unaided. Superstition was the tyrant of the day. And never were cosmetics more needed, than at the period of which we write ; for an old and ugly woman was almost sure to be branded as a witch, and to her was attributed all the mischief and mishaps of the surrounding neighborhoods. The uncultured minds of the period, —and, indeed, some who had drunk deeply at the Pierian springs, —imbued with religious fanaticism, seemed to take a hue from the wild and rude scenery around them, and reasoned as logically upon matters of mystery and miracle as the notable and venerated Dutch progenitor of the good city of Gotham, on the justice of expelling the natives.

But life and death were at stake in the decision of the court. The audience opened their mouths with wonder and expectation as the judge arose from the bench ; and after having summed up the evidences of the case, and duly weighed the merit of each, he said :

“ It is with reluctance that we inflict punishment, even where the proofs of guilt are clear and indisputable ; and with still more, where the testimony is merely circumstantial. But witchcraft has become so common, that, to let a culprit pass unpunished against whom the evidences are so concatenated and convincing, we expose ourselves to be subjected to the condition of the beasts ; to be bitted, saddled, and ridden at pleasure, by every old hag who may choose to mount us !

and they must therefore know that we bear not the sword of justice in vain. Consequently we decree that the prisoner be immersed in yonder stream, and if she swim, (an indisputable proof of the crime of which she is accused,) she be hung for a witch."

The spectators involuntarily drew back from the prisoner as the judge concluded, and looked terror into each other's faces! And even the civil officers, whose duty it was to impose the penalty adjudged, advanced cautiously towards her as they would to an incensed tigress. And when two of the most courageous grappled each an arm to lead her to the river, she gazed wildly around her, tried to raise her hands, and exclaimed:

"The decrees of God, and the destiny which the stars have predicted, must be fulfilled! but the curse of the innocent be upon you, ye cravens of injustice. May the water ye drink be bitter, and may ye have no butter for your bread; may your milk turn to blood as ye raise it to your lips, and may you have no horses to carry your laggard limbs; may your darters prove sulky and cross, and may serpents hiss continually about your path; may no priest ever pray your souls out of purgatory, and may saint Peter shet the gate of heaven against you, should you ever rise so high."

This malediction was scarcely ended, when she was thrust into a boat and shoved from the shore. The parting waves received her emaciated form, and then gathered around, smiling and pure, as if anxious to caress a victim who had been driven from her kind. But to the surprise of nearly all the multitude that gazed at the outcast dame, instead of floating on the surface, as all witches invariably do, she sunk from

their view, as if diving for truth ; which by the ancients was thought to lie deep in the sparkling liquid in which it was hidden ! At length she emerged from the watery depth ; again disappeared ! Intensity of feeling was manifested in the crowd, and a murmur of dissatisfaction was heard ; again she arose from her dark and grassy bed to look once more upon the light of day, when the cry of "*save her, save her,*" was simultaneously made by the by-standers. It was with difficulty the officers seized her floating garb, just as she was leaving this world with its "*trouble and care,*" to rest securely from the persecutions of a deluded people. By the use of restoratives and warm applications, she opened her eyes languidly on a retreating world for a few days, and then passed peacefully into another sphere, where "*justice and judgment, righteousness and peace*" are never at variance.

Mr. Bentley's education and acquaintance with the world had enabled him to see how superstition had accumulated power to chain down the noble aspirations of the soul, to hoodwink the judgment, and circumscribe the range of the mental faculties. And its power over minds possessed of natural strength and energy, in the investigation of the case he had just witnessed, made him reflect on the frailty of human nature, and adopt the language of a rhymer :

O, poor human nature ! no wonder that one
Thought thee "*pitiful bundles of scraps and old rags,*"
(Whom misfortune had taught that life's heights were but crags,) "*Which the gods out of heaven threw down !*"
For though friendship no dart,
Nor affection has smart,
Yet, how oft do their counterfeits stab to the heart !

Is there no balm in Gilead found ?
No healing physician is there ?
No pure cleansing fount in which Judah may lave ?
If there is, thou wouldst often descend there to bathe,
Did thy mirror not flatter thee *fair*.
For surely thou art
Very sick at the heart !
And thy medical friends shake the head when they part.

By a natural and easy transition, Mr. Bentley's mind passed from the unfortunate old lady and her conscientious and well-meaning persecutors, to a being whom he considered almost exempt from the imperfections inseparable from humanity ; and the substitution was like

Glancing sunbeams, from the fanes and spires,
Lighting up ether with ethereal fires,
Or Iris smiling from a cloudy sky,
Guiding from earth to heaven the wandering eye ;
For retrospection brought those hours to view,—
Those hours that swift on pleasure's pinions flew.

And anticipation took sketches of future bliss, when love's chaplet should take the place of the wreath of sea-shells he had placed upon her brow, and no dark web of fate should cloud their blissful prospects.

The morning rose bright as his hopes, and his steed appeared fresh as the morning, and all journeyed on joyously together. The smiling hills and dales of Connecticut seemed to welcome their approach, and the day closed in a sweet reverie as it began. Mr. Bentley stopped at the sign of the "Deer's horns," and found a group of yeomen who had just returned from a raising, making merry over a can of ale. The subject of their mirth was a *bon mot* of the son of a clergyman in the parish, which was this :

A society of Puritans some years previous, had contributed of their earthly substance, and therewith erected a frame for a house of public worship. "But when the sons of God came together, Satan came also among them," and sowed the seeds of discord; so that they were unable to cover it. And decay soon came with rapacious tooth, and gnawed upon it, till it fell to the ground! But as time passed by, he softened the asperities of selfishness, so that this petty dissonance had been merged and lost in the national quarrel, that had shaken these infant colonies to their foundation, and made them strengthen the cords that bound them. And since they had become an independent nation, this little society harmonized in a second exertion to build a house of God; and this day, on the evening of which our traveller had put up at the "Deer's horns," had witnessed its erection. When raised, according to custom, they wished to sing praise to God; but the psalm book had been forgotten. The clergyman's son volunteered to line a psalm from memory. And repeated:

"Except the Lord doth build the house,
The workmen toil in vain;"

which was sung as usual; he then added:

*"Except the Lord doth finish it,
'T will tumble down again!"*

The succeeding day was one of rest, and whether devotion or necessity curbed the doves that drew the chariot of Venus, we pretend not to say. Suffice it, that the priest and doctor were the only privileged persons on the highway, and our cavalier lay by at the inn.

If *restraint* imposed his uneasy fetters on him, he was not a partial victim ; for everything around gave signs of sympathy. A restive brood of little ones in an adjoining room, were nestling about on their stools of penitence, scarcely daring to speak louder than a whisper. Each had his catechism in his hand, which he was obliged to con over, and commit such a portion to memory, or submit to the wholesome discipline of the birch ; for parents and wards, at this time, confined not the rod to the "*fool's back* ;" but availed themselves of the words of Solomon : "*The rod and reproof give wisdom,*" in their most extended signification. The little urchins, every now and then, crept slyly to the door to see if the sun were nearly down ; and the eldest said, he believed "Joshua had set it ten degrees backward again !" But the day wore wearily away, and toward evening the mother, having returned from a distant church, came to hear them repeat the Westminster Catechism, and lecture them on God and heaven. On being asked, by a little girl, what was heaven ? she replied : "*It is one eternal sabbath.*"

"Then," said the ingenuous child, "*I do not want to go there.*"

At length the sun set, — which was considered a termination of holy time, — and the children seemed in an ecstasy. It was of short duration, however, to most of them ; for all but the eldest were compelled to retire. He had attained the privileged age of twelve, and was allowed to come to the table with the family at meals, and sit up till dark ; and this evening proved an era in his existence, on account of his seeing, for the first time in his life, a star ! The evening was clear, and the twinkling luminaries were uncom-

monly brilliant for the season; and the boy jumped up, his eyes sparkling with delight, spatted his hands, and demonstrated as much joy as Pythagoras, when he cried "*Eureka*," Columbus, on finding a world, or Newton, at the discovered harmony of the heavenly spheres.

But Mr. Bentley had little opportunity of judging of the disciplinarian method adopted by the early settlers in Connecticut; for no man was churched for kissing his wife on Sunday, no unfortunate beer-barrel happened to get whipped for working during holy time, but two men were prosecuted for riding on a day of rest, the tobacco restrictions were faithfully observed, and but three of the seven children at the inn were flagellated on Monday morning for misbehavior while he was there. He witnessed enough, however, to convince him that the wise man could not have foreseen the improvements that were to be made in piety, when he said of wisdom, "*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace*;" and dreamed not that the memory of "*Plymouth Rock*" would be hallowed by succeeding generations, and that the old-fashioned virtues of industry, economy, sincerity, and truth, practised by the "*pilgrim fathers*," would prove beacons to their adventurous progenitors, to save them from final shipwreck on the shoals in the wave-broken ocean of speculation.

CHAPTER IX.

"Those who are married are sure to wear horns,
Those who are single live happy ;
Those who are married they lie upon thorns,
And always go ragged and shabby."

OLD SONG.

"DREAMING sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence was all forgot," Mr. Bentley pursued his journey to New York. His way was sometimes beguiled by an accompanying cavalier, and sometimes by the more pleasant companions of his own bright hopes and brilliant anticipations. The last night, previous to his reaching the city, came upon him without providing a very inviting shelter. But the landlord had exerted himself for the entertainment of the *literary* portion of his customers, if one might judge by his sign-board, which bore this inscription :

"I put this board up here,
To let you know I keep good beer ;
And I have made it somewhat wider,
To tell you that I keep good cider."

Indeed, everything about the establishment bespoke a follower of Diogenes, rather than Epicurus ; and our traveller thought that the cynic's tub, could he avail himself of it, would be preferable to the squalid tenement before him. But he was spared the pain of indecision, for "Hobson's choice" alone remained

to him; and, summoning his philosophy, he walked into the house. A traveller, "half seas over," was sipping the last-mentioned beverage which the sign-board named, indulging in bursts of *spirited* patriotism, and cursing the traitor Arnold, and his associate in flight, Major André, when he entered.

"I tell you," replied the host, "if you had seen the young British officer approach the gallows as I saw him, you would have felt for him pity, instead of hatred; there was something in his bold carriage and meek resignation that touched a soldier's heart who had been accustomed to see the dead and dying. A spy stakes his life and reputation in his adventure; if he succeed, undiscovered, he is a hero; if detected, a wretch that must swing betwixt earth and sky. But a traitor puts every manly feeling to the blush, when he attempts to surrender the liberty of his country and her valiant sons into the hands of a sworn foe; and Arnold merits all the obloquy that can be heaped upon him."

The wife, who had been trying in vain to hush a crying child, raised her voice still above it, and said, "Jemes, you're forever tryin' to sculplate the British vagabond. But *I say*, whoever comes to spy out our liberties desarves to be hung, let 'em be who they will; and Ginerall Arnold is a gallant man, and forts can't allers be guarded."

"No doubt," said the husband, sarcastically, "you have very good reasons for not wishing a spy upon *your* liberties; and, if forts were always guarded by Arnolds and women, I imagine there would be more breaches made in the fortifications than were ever effected in one siege. But a sacked fort is not worth

the keeping ; so still your child, and leave matters of war to the faithful."

"You may tend your own brats," she replied, dashing the babe into his arms in great fury ; "I did n't marry you to be forever luggin' a varlet in my arms ; and there's many a brave sodier who would be glad to be in your place."

"If they had the privilege of getting out of it as quick as the ball leaves the cannon when touched off, perhaps they might."

"You need n't think to taunt a patient woman so," she replied, petulantly ; "they would have been glad to have me for a wife."

"Would to Heaven they had," retorted the husband, losing all patience, "or a mistress either, so I had not been tied to you ; for I envy Ixion his fate upon the wheel."

Here the *patient* dame burst into a torrent of invectives against her spouse, children, the British ; and even the cat and dog shared her notice, and felt the weight, or rather the velocity, of her *understanding* ; while her husband sat, like a "goose in a storm," waiting for a treacherous calm to come over his linked Xantippe.

Association sometimes, in her vagrant moods, delights to connect opposites and chain absurdities. She did so in the present instance ; for Mr. Bentley sat revolving in his mind —

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

"These are the charming agonies of love
Whose misery delights.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

"Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart,
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

"Th' immortal power that formed the mind,
One mould for every two designed,
And blessed the new-born pair ;
This be a match for that, he said ;
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here."

"Who that has realized," thought Mr. Bentley, as
he retired for the night, "that

'From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man ;'

who that has felt Nature's loveliest scenes steal over
the heart, giving it a foretaste of heaven,—been en-
tranced with her wildness, or awed into adoration by
her sublimity,—has not turned from the contemplation
of such a domestic bedlam as this, and felt the con-
viction of truth fasten inseparably on the mind, that
man has 'fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from his
high estate?' and, moreover, been convinced of the
necessity of guarding the avenues to the heart as
strictly as a sentinel does the sally-port, a miser his
bag of gold, the mufti his harem, or a Chinese his
wife? and not only act on the defensive, but daily
strengthen the armor-clad guards of this heaven-gifted
domain, that it may be irrigated by repentance, sowed

with the seeds of immortal virtues, moistened by the dews of divine grace, and refreshed by breezes of the Holy Spirit; that the genial influences of the light of science may enlighten, soften, and refine; and that the Sun of righteousness may sublimate, spiritualize, and exalt; that the condition of the sterner virtues may be ameliorated by the presence of the triune sisterhood, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' ever bearing in mind which is greatest; that the fruits of the Spirit may abound; and that Immortality may smile on the embryo minion of his future realm? For, on the one hand, Pleasure spreads her seductive blandishments, and holds out her Circean cup to the inexperienced pilgrim; on the other, Plutus exhibits his yellow stores, bright as the sunbeam to the avaricious eye, drowning, with low, earth-born eloquence, the voice of conscience, that upbraids the means of attainment. Yonder, the nodding plumes of Ambition—so lofty that they seem, to the self-engrossed aspirant, to have caught the radiance of a brighter world—captivate the senses, and they see not that his robes are clotted with human gore, and that a thousand victims are crushed at every stride! Here, Sloth, with her poppy opiates, spreads her downy couch, and invites us to repose. There stands Revenge, holding out his swords and pistols, and, with selfish sophistry, urging retaliation, and bartering life for honor's counterfeit. While, behind, comes squint-eyed Envy, offering the narrow soul a draught of gall;—a strong temptation, one would think! but yet, how many quaff!"

Our hero arose ere the sun, and exchanged this mental lazar-house for the heaven-canopied tent, of which

man is the lord. The breath of morning came wooingly, laden with the sweets of a thousand shrouded flowers, where human footsteps never trod. The new-fledged butterfly, that sporting philosopher, who, from the very brevity of his span, is in a constant flutter of enjoyment, was sipping sweets from flower to flower, anxious to taste of every nectar-tinctured cup of existence, ere death should fold his gaudy wings. The bird was charming Aurora with her sweetest matin song, while the bee was bearing his innocent theft to his hive lined with the rarest stucco-work. But

The bee, nor the bird, nor the butterfly gay,
Nor the fragrance the zephyr was wafting away,

had power to arrest the attention of our cavalier, for his thoughts were absorbed by a being with whom was associated everything lovely in nature, art, and heaven. And at every remove from the bright isle of the ocean that gave him birth, he found his affections enfibring closer and closer around one, whose "local habitation," if she possessed one, he knew not where to direct even his thoughts, to find ; and from this very circumstance, perhaps, his devotion to her had become more spiritual by being thus assimilated in his mind, to some heavenly inhabitant that is not subject to the laws of time or space.

But time had nearly flown off with the day ; Mr. Bentley knew neither when, nor whither, for it had been passed in a reverie ! The smokes of the pent-up city began to rise and curl visibly, against an illumined sky ; carriages, horsemen and pedestrians came and went like his fluctuating hopes ; cottages, villas and churches began to cluster round, like his thronging

fancies, and he soon found himself in the midst of the principal mart in the new world.

But no familiar face met his view ; no well-known voice awoke the melody of the heart ; he was a stranger in a strange land, and he felt more alone than when the rocks and the trees of the uninhabited forest alone congregated around his path ! Even the " Traveller's Home," suspended on hinges, conveyed rather an abstract idea to his mind. He stopped at a commodious hotel, and impatiently waited for the departure of hearse-like Nox, that he might find one person at least to whom he was not entirely unknown. This was *Monsieur Pierre Antonie Albert*, with whom he became slightly acquainted on the continent. He was received by him with that courtesy which forms such a pleasing characteristic in the Frenchman ; and his offer of assistance in search of the family of Sir Graham Fitz James, was gratefully accepted by Mr. Bentley. But each evening witnessed the immolation of the morning's expectations, as inquiries through the city proved fruitless ; and marble-hearted disappointment, with the spirit of an iceberg, breathed on some of the most impassioned feelings of the human heart ! For directory, and the records of the arrivals of foreigners, had been rummaged in vain. But, " disappointment in youth is but the renewal of hope," and Mr. Bentley again saw her cheering taper gleaming across his darkened prospects.

As he resolved on a new expedition, and vaulted into the saddle to renew his enterprise ; " Hope," thought he, " has had but sorry painters ; for she is so faithful an attendant on human life, and even at death, when the soul, without her support, must ' shrink back

upon herself, and startle at destruction,' that she ought to be represented with a chandelier, instead of a solitary lamp or taper; for though the fates 'steal along with silent tread,' and successively extinguish her brilliant beacons, yet she leaves not the wretch in gloom; but, with the benevolence of genii, and the vigilance of the wise virgins, she is sure to keep at least, one lamp trimmed, and its light burning."

To the queen-like city, around which sweep, in crystal beauty, the Delaware and Schuylkill, in which the naiads dance in the sunshine, or sport in the shade, our hero next directed his steps, his heart palpitating with deferred hope; and the high claims the object of his pursuit had upon his heart, (though he would have been puzzled to say by what tenure they were held) rendering every sacrifice for her sake as nought, and all exertion to arrest this evanescent solacer of life as comparatively easy. Indeed, he looked upon his adventures as a pilgrimage of penance for his former insensibility.

"My heart," thought he, "must have been as flinty as the rock at Horeb, to remain untouched when bliss thus personified bade me adieu, and it needed the wand of love, like Moses's rod, to smite it rudely ere the rills of affection could gush out. No! that were an impossibility; I could not see, nor think of her, and still undervalue the rarest gift of Heaven to earth! I was overwhelmed with filial grief for the loss of my honored parents; (peace be to their ashes, and to the green isle of Albion,) and my senses were steeped in forgetfulness! But no Lethean drops have rendered the sensibilities of my heart quiescent now; no! no! an accusing spirit, Promethean-like, has long since rent

the veil that hid those dormant faculties which long lay cushioned on my heart with something like stupidity ; (I blush to own it,) and showed a bleeding one ! And now, this heart I dedicate to thee, thou angel of my peace. Angel ? alas ! perhaps in heaven ! My angel ; yes, to thee, be earth or heaven thy home."

CHAPTER X.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe."

COWPER.

IN the mean time, vicissitude was changing the aspect of affairs in the south. The surcharged heart of Emma Erwin, like a long-pent fountain, at length found vent in a gush of sympathy for an afflicted friend ; while Captain Dumont, notwithstanding the *delices* which Venus prepares for her most favored votaries, fancied the grave of every fallen hero, an oracle exhorting him not to let the cause of freedom sleep, while godlike man struggled in the grasp of oppressive tyrants. He heard the call for help, too, from the transatlantic brave, echoing from cliff to cliff, amid the disenthralled monuments of immutability and strength in his own beloved country, and lay with inquietude on his couch of inglorious ease.

But the declining health of his Italian friend, Mr. Gabbiani, occupied his more immediate attention ; and to watch the ebbing tide of life until swallowed up in the ocean of eternity, became the deeply interesting, but painful duty of himself and the inmates of Erwin Cottage. During the previous winter, the current of life sparkled with foreboding brilliancy from beneath

the fetters that earth imposes ; and now, almost released from thralldom, seemed hurrying back to its unfathomable source. And though far from those whom nature kindly imbues with qualities to interpret the speaking glance when the tongue ceases to act as an organ of the mind ; to watch the intermitting pulse ; to administer the cordials of consolation to the passing spirit, and smooth the pillow of death ; yet Mr. Erwin had solicited his continuance with him while earth should be his home, and every balm which friendship could offer was soothingly felt by the grateful invalid.

His mind was wandering at times, and at such seasons it always reverted to Italy, and to an unfortunate attachment of his youth. He often gazed wistfully at his gold crucifix, and pressed it to his lips ; and then he would invoke some ideal shade ; or, for aught we know, some bright reality that watched around his bed.

"Sweet spirit," he said, gazing upwards with a placid smile ; "thy trials now are o'er ; earth's thorny road is passed ; thy gentle soul is no longer bowed down beneath a cross more weighty than that which Simon the Cyrenian bore ! a crown, a palm, and vestments white are thine ! 'Twas always thus ; thou wert immaculate ; and yet thy father was unkind — unkind ? yea, cruel. And that wily priest, too, denounced thee for thy love ! Vile hypocrite," he added, his features gathering sternness and looking reproachfully ; "what shall wash the Stygian stains from sacerdotal robes ? *She* knelt on a stone, *he* on a downy cushion ! *She* watched beside her vestal lamp within the abbess's cell ! *He*, cursed voluptuary, hugged licentiousness till her

putrid breath tainted the air around him ! But, in eternity, hypocrisy's wide cloak will fall — hypocrisy —

Hypocrisy, all muffled round
With cloak long trailing on the ground,
With sanctimonious groan and sigh,
Lifts up to Heaven his hollow eye.

: : : : : :

The passing winds his robes now part,
And, lo ! the monster has no heart !
— Ay, the monster has no heart ! ”

Maria inadvertently touched the chords of her harp, when Mr. Gabbiani started, and looking wildly around, said :

“ Hark ! her knell — No, no, it was heavenly music that tunes the soul to peace. Join you ? — Yes, yes, my Ariadne, thy Omar soon will come.”

Emma now entered the room, and Mr. Gabbiani gazed at her a few minutes, and then smiling benignantly, and extending his hand to her, said :

“ Come near, my Ariadne ; I fear thee not, though thou hast looked on God and lived ! I had thought thou wert far, far from me ; but our heavenly Father has permitted us to meet, in consideration of a bruised reed. Yes, thou art come, my Ariadne, to guide me through the deep waters, that they o'erflow me not. We have lived but a short time, my love, in this cold world ; yet long enough to know that misery is the heritage of man. But love will survive the tomb. Ah, it had made us blest on earth, but for the bigotry that has usurped the place of religion. Yes,

With implements of torture, fire and chains,
Cursed *Bigotry*, a wilful tyrant, reigns,

With mail-clad garments, reason to impede,
 Stuck o'er with ignorance and error's creed,
 His altars reeking with the martyr's blood ;
 Hell lights his fire, while persecution's goad
 Scourges his victims to the fagot's blaze —"

.

After a pause he added :

" But he shall yet affrighted know,
 Hell trembles for his overthrow ! "

He seemed exhausted with talking, and fell into a sound sleep ; but upon awaking, he started up and said :

Whence is the splendor of that light
 That beams upon the moral night ?
 And who with crown of morning stars,
 A radiant robe of sunlight wears ?
 For whom is Luna, queen of heaven,
 As faith's broad base, a footstool given ?
 This crowning church from heaven came,
 The *New Jerusalem*, her name.

Her coat of arms, the Bible, cross ;
 Earth's proudest boast she counts but dross.
 Her accents, mild as mercy spoke
 When first redemption's harp awoke,
 Pure as the dew from Vesper's urn,
 Her tears when she entreats — *return*.

" And she shall guide me through the ' dark valley and the shadow of death ; ' and then I will soothe the sorrows of my Ariadne, and — sorrow — sorrow ? No, sorrow dwells not in heaven ; that weeping maid must yet remain on earth."

The following day he was perfectly rational, and seemed to retain some recollection of what he had said during his wandering moments the day before.

"My friends," he said, "I find I have unintentionally elicited your sympathies for my personal griefs, and may therefore speak of them in my lucid moments. These," he said, handing them a crucifix and a folded manuscript, "are all the visible mementos that remain to me of my Ariadne, daughter of the Count Braccio-lini. She was brought up under the eye of a bigoted and licentious priest, yet was she the purest inhabitant that ever dwelt on earth, save one, our blessed Saviour, Jehovah Jesus. We became mutually attached to each other, but were opposed by her father, and persecuted, on account of our attachment, by the Romish priesthood. Those stanzas, which I handed you, were written by Ariadne, in Italian, while confined in a nunnery by the instigation of her confessor, father Polito; who had the address to retain the confidence of the count, though his deeds were black as the tunic that covered a treacherous heart. They have suffered, I fear, in the translation; but you will find them in the original language with other papers of my own, written after our separation.

The following is a copy of the stanzas he handed them for perusal, which he requested them to read aloud, that he might learn a lesson of resignation from her pen:

The echoes through these walls
Answer the vesper bell;
Ah! why should sounds that call for prayers,
That raise our hopes and quell our fears,
Of woe and sorrow tell!
Since life is brief,
And fraught with grief,
My soul, why not resigned, to seek in God relief?

E'en while I plead for grace
 To overcome my love,
 Thoughts of the past will hover round,
 And all my piety confound —
 Nor can I look above.
 Alas! that Heaven
 Should me have given
 A heart, intense to feel, and yet by love be riven!

But though these marble walls
 Confine this house of clay;
 Yet, blest affection still can wing
 Her airy flight, imagining,
 And greet him on the way!
 Yes, he shall dwell
 In feeling's cell:
 They cannot chain the mind, nor ardent passions quell.

Ye flowers, near his path,
 I envy you your lot;
 Ye brightly bloom one little day,
 And breathe sweet fragrance while ye stay,
 Then fade, and are forgot.
 Whilst I, in prayer,
 For vigils care,
 Debarred from mingling woes, till love in heaven we share!

They say the world is false,
 Its pleasures but a dream,
 That prayer and penance only give
 The joys for which we bear to live,
 Or, worthy of esteem;
 That false as fair
 Earth's splendors are,
 And those who first renounce will richest treasures heir.

But could I pass these walls,
 And view sweet Nature's charms, —
 Could Omar's accents soothe to rest,
 And tranquillize this troubled breast, —
 From whence could come alarms!

I then could raise
 A song of praise,
 Without distracted thought, to Him who crowned my days.

But since, thus shrouded, doomed
 To wear my life away,
 Aid me, O God, that world t' explore,
 Where sorrows cease, and sighs — no more,
 Nor night succeeds to day;
 Where heart meets heart,
 No more to part;
 Where friends in transport meet, and love without the smart!

For God himself is *love*,
 And angels Him adore;
Love is the burden of their song,
 Who, harping harps, the strain prolong,
 And praise Him evermore:
 "Holy the Lord,
 Our God adored;
 Holy the Lord, our God," in harmony is heard.

When they had concluded, Mr. Gabbiani repeated, "Debarred from mingling woes, till love in heaven we share," and then added, "Immortality is the inheritance of love; and the union of hearts shall be solemnized in the presence of the 'King of kings.' This crucifix," he said, fondly gazing upon it, and pressing it to his bosom, "must be buried on my heart; as an emblem that I have borne it to my grave."

He soon became delirious again, and talked incoherently of a reunion with his Ariadne—a throne of love and angels bright—until death stole, by insensible degrees, over his exhausted tenement.

The morning of the interment of Mr. Gabbiani's remains rose bright and cheerful; but, ere the funeral service had been concluded, the sun was shrouded in mourning, and Nature let fall a few pearly drops, as if

in sympathy for the sad fate of him on whose deserted form they now fell insensibly. His request, that his golden cross should remain upon his heart, was complied with, though they doubted of his perfect sanity when it was made. And many tears of disinterested affection were shed over the fate of the young Italian, by his newly-acquired friends in Mr. Erwin's family, with whom was associated Captain Dumont.

The following effusions of his muse were found among some papers left at their disposal, a part of which appears to have been written in anguish of spirit during the freshness of his disappointment. They were dated at Rome, with the signature of "Omar Gabbiani."

This tranquil lake, remote from strife and noise,
Once the pure emblem of my sun-lit joys ;
These towering bluffs, those cloud-capped heights afar, —
Scenes that combine the grand with beauty rare, —
Now sad recall, to my desponding heart,
Hopes once so bright, yet nought but grief impart.
But still I linger, and my wayward feet
Lead me, unconscious, to this loved retreat.

Here Ariadne walked — fair Luna smiled,
In sweet complaisance, on this heavenly child.
Here, too, I saw — to love was but to see —
And won her heart of artless purity ;
Pure as the spirits of the blest above,
Too pure to sacrifice her faith to love —
Love strong as ours, engrossing every thought,
Save those on heaven, to holy fervor wrought.

How would she tremble lest her father's ire,
And maledictions of a selfish friar,
Should rouse Heaven's wrath against a devotee,
Half to religion's shrine, and half to me !
Now count her beads in prayer, till earth was dross,
Now fervent kiss the consecrated cross ;

Invoke Heaven's mercy on the stricken dove,
Whose only crime — a Protestant to love!
Then call on Nature to attest her faith,
Firm as the beetling cliffs above her path!
Then would she mourn man's imbecility,
That differing creeds should thwart felicity
Of harmonized affections — whence alone,
Springs all the happiness on earth is known;
Then would she bring to mind her father's woe,
That thus his child should fervent love bestow
On a schismatic from the Popish creed, —
His withering curses, should she e'er accede
T' abandon tyranny, and me to wed;
Then would she pray for love to break those ties
That love had twined with tenderest sympathies,
Yet find them strengthened, and in transport cry,
"Does he not love his God, as well as I?
And the same Saviour's unexampled love
Melt to contrition — to devotion move?
His heart as pure with gratitude to Heaven
Glow for the mercies to frail mortals given?
Why should I, then, renounce my life — my love?
No; yet compassion may my father move."

Alas! the stony hardness of a heart,
That to a daughter's peace could aim the dart!
Could meet, unmoved, her supplicating woe!
Quench sensibility's best, softest glow!
Such goodness, sweetness, to the cloister doom,
Where love and hope must sicken in the gloom!

Yet, Ariadne, yet methinks I see
Love weaving garlands, through the gloom, for me;
Yes, thou wilt cherish — love so pure as thine
Will, like the diamond's blaze, in darkness shine.
Yet, in the morn of life, when all was fair,
Thy heart unstained by ill, or cankering care, —
When love's Elysian sweetness just had stole,
In thrilling transport, to the expanding soul, —
When hope was buoyant, nature a parterre,
And all was life and love in earth and air, —
Thus to be shrouded from the light of heaven,
To tell thy rosary from morn till even;

The nether stone thy altar, where the prayer
 Ascends for those who, cruel, placed thee there ;
 And Disappointment, with her chilling breath,
 To poison life and make thee welcome death,
 Casting around thee gloom of deepest shade,
 O'er such a heart such ardor to pervade ;
 And blasted hopes, dimming, by slow degrees,
 Life's subtle fires, and all thy fervor freeze ; —
 Combine more ills, to pour upon thy head,
 Than faith like mine can to strict justice wed.

O, Ariadne ! while I muse, thy woes
 O'er life, o'er all, a darkened shadow throws.
 Could I but clasp to my devoted heart
 My Ariadne, never more to part,
 How blest to shield her from the blasts of time,
 And guide her, joyful, to a happier clime !
 But, lost to me, the world, and the few hours
 Of bliss that time on earth so briefly showers,
 She pines in solitude ; and cankering grief
 Will bring decay, then death, to her relief !

O, Source of goodness ! teach me how to bear
 Accumulated ills, and spare, O, spare
 Reason, my guide through mazes dark as large,
 Till the great leveller shall grant discharge !
 For Ariadne in the stars I see,
 Weeping the pearls that fall into the sea !
 My Ariadne in fair Luna's light,
 Plaining her sorrows in the ear of Night !
 I hear her mourning, in the impervious wood,
 The tribulations of the just and good, —
 Her murmurs in the hollow-sounding wave,
 Which Echo answers from her gloomy cave !
 I see a seraph beckoning, from above,
 To Ariadne, whispering, "*Heaven is love !*"

But hark ! that peal. How plainly does the death-knell speak
 of immortality ! Heaven's portals open to receive the good, and
 all is peace. But O, the mockery of earth's dim lamps guiding
 the soul to heaven ! Let them bring a taper to light the noonday
 sun shining in all his splendor, but not a candle to illumine a soul
 that peers into eternity ! O, the mummary ! the mummary !

Yet the pure spirit may smile upon the scene surrounding the poor carcass. Heavens! 't is the cold remains of my own Ariadne! —

Ha! passing gale,
A funeral wail!
The tolling bells, too, tell the mournful tale!
My love then sleeps;
And he that weeps
Will seek the grassy turf where love his vigil keeps.

List! she is blest,
And whispers rest;
Can aught in heaven, then, calm the troubled breast!
Hark! the sweet dove
Still sings of love!
I thought that thou and she had soared to realms above.

Hush, howling blast!
No, it is past;
Now thou mayest rage till Nature stands aghast!
I need not fear, —
She dwells not here;
But hark! — she calls! — soon, soon, my love! I hear.

Why should we cling to earth! *
At best a shadowy scene,
Where Hope, an *ignis-fatuus* sprite,
Allures the wanderer by her light,
Though marshes intervene;
And every day
But steals away
Some vestige of our joy, that mocks our own delay!

Why should we cling to earth!
Where sickness and decay,
With stealthy step and pallid hue,
Dash the sweet cup of life with rue,
And warn us of delay;

* This, with a few other miscellaneous pieces of poetry in this work, have been published in a periodical of the day, over the signature of E. H. S.

And cast around
Life's mazy bound
A shadow tinged with gloom — a plaintive, solemn sound !

Why should we cling to earth ?
Since some we loved so dear,
Bidding farewell to all in this,
Have soared to realms of endless bliss,
(And left us mourning here,)
Where, robed in white,
From worlds of light
Faith sees them downward bend, and woo our upward flight.

Why do we cling to earth ?
When o'er the lover's tomb
The maiden scarce the floweret strews, —
Recounts in solitude her woes, —
Ere death arrests her gloom.
The floweret dies —
The maiden lies,
An emblem of the wreath, affection's sacrifice !

Why should we cling to earth ?
Since all life's gilded toys
Fleet, like the summer cloud, away,
Or like the rainbow's brilliant ray,
Brief as earth's boasted joys ;
The bubble's swell,
Its bursting knell,
To man (his life on earth) a striking parallel !

Why do we cling to earth ?
The friends that bind us here —
Who scatter, in life's thorny road,
All that is bright, and blest, and good —
Soon, soon must disappear ;
The gathering crowd,
The burial shroud,
Their tenements enclose, and earth's bright prospects cloud.

Why do we cling to earth ?
Since Jesus, o'er the tomb

In mercy shed a radiance bright,
 Brought immortality to light,
 And erst dispelled the gloom ;
 Called us in love
 To realms above,
 Where sorrow, sigh, nor tear, our sympathies will move.

Why do we cling to earth !
 For Heaven, in His word,
 Vouchsafes us, through this valley dark,
 When with contrition we embark,
 His comfort, staff, and rod.
 At Jordan why
 Then start, and sigh ?
 O, who would cling to life, but such as fear to die ?

The Misses Erwin repeatedly turned aside their heads, under pretence of seeing some passer-by, or glided softly to an *escritoire* or work-stand, that they might, unnoticed, brush away the tears that gathered, though repressed, as Captain Dumont proceeded with Mr. Gabbiani's manuscripts; and they feared they had been wanting in some of those soothing attentions to the invalid, whose youth seemed to have been passed in a furnace of affliction. Mr. Erwin, proud of his lovely offspring, smiled affectionately upon them at this proof of their sensibility, and silently thanked his God that no fatal attachment had destroyed their peace; little thinking that the same passion that darkened the morning of life to Mr. Gabbiani, was insidiously giving too deep a shade to the picture which Hope drew of his eldest daughter's prospects. Captain Dumont looked with congratulation on Maria, contrasting, at the same time, his happy fate with the unfortunate Italian's; and then proceeded to the perusal of "The Dramatists," a short poem of a later date:

THE DRAMATISTS.

When all the dissonance within the breast
 Is lulled by solitude and soothed to rest ;
 When all the frailties that encompass round,
 And chain the spirit to a grovelling bound,
 Are awed by Meditation's holy trance, —
 Who stands aloof, and sees the crowds advance,
 In giddy thoughtlessness, to time's last surge,
 Where dread eternity its waves submerge,
 And casts her eyes to Heaven in trembling hope,
 And takes in man immortal in his scope, —
 How vain, how futile, and how brief the span,
 Appears the toil, the aim, the life of man !

Some swayed by passion, some by impulse caught,
 Dancing like meteors — as void of thought ;
 Some now by principle, and now caprice,
 Governed by turns, yet sighing for release ;
 To-day the saint, exemplary and civil,
 To-morrow Jew, Mahometan, or devil ;
 While others, firm, with wisdom for their guide,
 Stem vice' stiff torrent, and in God confide ;
 Rich, in the hidden coffers of their breast,
 Lies hope, still pointing to their heavenly rest.

Then what the first ! what, in this farce below
 But figures dancing at a puppet show ;
 Where all the moving powers lie concealed,
 That sway so artfully and movements wield ?

Thus from the loop-hole of seclusion's dell
 But mark the throng, and all their follies tell ;
 And, 'midst the medley of this tinsel show,
 Observe the sterling gems there seen to glow.
 Meantime let us reverse the moving scene,
 And draw the *real* actors from the screen ;
 Then, not to each, a separate part assigned,
 But each, his swarm of votaries combined.

Here *Pride*, with lofty look and pompous mien,
 Elbows whoe'er presumes to intervene ;
 Striding like Nimrod, o'er the plebeian crowd,
 His words strut out bombastic, stiff and loud

Puffed with his own importance ; like the frog
That aped the ox — engrossing *self*, the vogue.

And *Vanity*, with prattling lore, is heard
Claiming in argument the final word ;
Casting around her, now, a furtive glance,
To mark her power ; her hearers to entrance,
Now, to herself, she looks almost divine,
And doubts not others worship at this shrine,

See *Love*,* of origin divine,
Whose brow, bright wreaths of myrtle twine ;
Stolen by Hope, while but a child,
And with Arcadian strains beguiled,
With forehead smooth, and smiling air,
And voice of music, varied, rare,
Now soft and winning, now pathetic ;
Now persuasive, analeptic ;
Soothing sad despondence' woes ;
O'er indigence bright roses strews ;
Giving the thirsty nectar sweet ;
To some ambrosia while they greet ;
Yet weeps the while, since not below
Is Joy, his plighted spouse. O ! no ;
But Sorrow, with her sunken eye,
Her wrinkled brow, and heavy sigh ;
Heaving her breast at every breath ;
With cypress and a wormwood wreath ;
Whose tears in constant anguish roll,
To chill the ardor of his soul ;
Is doomed, by Jupiter's decree,
On earth his destined bride to be !

Yon weeping virgin, of expression mild,
Is *Pity*, Love and Sorrow's only child ;
Her hair loose floating in the breeze of morn,
Her bosom bare, her garments sadly torn ;
Her father's myrtle, and a cypress bough,
Form, intertwined, a garland for her brow.

* See *Pity*, an allegory.

Her voice is plaintive, yet so passing sweet,
 Woe and misfortune smile if she but greet :
 Sometimes she lies by a sequestered stream,
 Sings to her lute some wild and touching theme.
 Once, it is said, while musing at the fount
 Of Helicon, where she would oft recount
 The woes of earth, some tears by chance fell in,
 Where the infusion ever since has been.
 And while an infant, on her snowy breast,
 From a rapacious hawk, a dove found rest.
 Hearts broke by sorrow, are to her assigned
 By Jupiter, to soothe, and then to bind ;
 Her mother's footsteps ever to pursue,
 And pour in balm where'er she pours in rue.
 Her feet, so wounded, reeking with her blood,
 Bespeak her pilgrimage and thorny road.

See *Hatred*, with averted face,
 And scowling brow, and sour grimace ;
 With lip drawn up in base disdain ;
 With eye asquint, the passion's vane ;
 Watching a chance to thrust his dart
 Through an opponent's feeling heart ;
 E'er meditating foul misdeeds ;
 Plucking the rose, and planting weeds ;
 Disseminating ills and strife,
 To friendship kill, and poison life.

See *Mirth*, with glee,
 And jollity,
 And Laughter, with her mouth stretched wide,
 Convulsed, and hands clasped to her side.
 The jest, the song,
 The strain prolong,
 And Folly's "quips and quanks" detain the giddy throng.
 A louder strain now echoes round,
 And clapping hands, with gleeful bound ;
 Yet when sweet Pity saw the group,
 And heard the notes of transport loud,
 She stopped one moment on the road,
 And wept the giddy, thoughtless crowd.

There 's *Melancholy*, maid of deepest gloom,
In sable robes, devoid of health and bloom,
With swollen eye, and pallid hue sh' appears,
Dimming each floweret with her falling tears.
With slow and solemn pace she moves along,
Nor heeds fair nature, nor the busy throng ;
But with her wand, she casts deep, sombre shades
O'er all things bright and fair which it pervades.

Here 's *Pleasure*, with voluptuous breath,
From tainted air inhaling death ;
Her wine-cups red, to which pertain
The ills that form Pandora's train.
Her music, while it charms, deceives,
And drowns the whispers conscience breathes.
Obscenity, with artful smile,
And dance, and revelry beguile.
Joy rules her court, to outward show,
Yet, superficial as the glow
That gilds decaying wood by night,
When quite withdrawn from real light.
As well the traveller, to illume
His mazy path, and light the gloom,
Might, by this false, faint lamp abide,
As trust to Pleasure for his guide !

See *Courage*, with erect and graceful air,
Collected, firm, mid danger, death or war ;
His accents strong, articulate and full,
Unmoved, though blustering boasting gain the rule.
Determinate in purpose, and in deed,
Calmness and victory his only meed.

And *Fear* 's there trembling with dismay,
Pale as old Neptune's foaming spray ;
With staring eyes, and hands upraised,
Quite incoherent with amaze !
Shrieking by turns, with trembling sobs,
Her beating heart convulsive throbs.
She turns to flee from danger's spell,
Yet stops, some phantom to repel.

Lo, *Beauty*, with cerulean eye,
 Half hid by lashes that could vie
 With rays of light from Venus fair,
 When vanquished day retreats afar ;
 Those auburn locks, that cluster round
 A brow, with Love's own circlet crowned ;
 A cheek, where white and red still vie
 For empire 'neath the expressive eye ;
 Those lips, that Troy might justly fear
 Would prove a second Helen near ;
 That neck and figure, formed by grace,
 Where symmetry itself found place.

Such blended charms, at virtue's shrine
 When seen, appear all but divine ;
 But Vanity, with secret sway,
 The palm of beauty bears away !

There 's poor *Deformity*, with limping pace,
 Distorted lineaments, and wrinkled face ;
 Limbs disproportioned which, if seen disjointed,
 Would look like parts, from various frames purloined ;
 A form at which e'en Vulcan's self might sigh,
 And draw the tears from Cyclops' lonely eye.
 An offspring strange, that in confusion's van,
 Might seem an animal, or seem a man,
 But for the splendor of a godlike mind,
 That proves him brother to the human kind ;
 For Heaven, in justice to our race below,
 Oft gives in substance, what we want in show.

Now fell *Despair's* red eye-balls frightful roll,
 Speaking the anguish of a wretched soul ;
 With clouded brow, and head depending low,
 And groaning sad, unutterable woe ;
 Gnashing her teeth in wild and frantic grief ;
 In death oft seeking from her woe, relief !

Behold *Licentiousness*, with wanton gaze,
 Ogling the fool into corruption's maze ;
 With patch and rouge, striving to hide the stain,
 Which bartered virtue ever must retain ;

Tricked off with ornaments, and robed in shame,
 Yet half undressed, the unguarded to inflame,
 She stands exposed to every passer by,
 To charm the wayward with her serpent eye.
 But 'midst her perfumes, woe and sorrow dwell ;
 Her ways are dark ; "*Her steps take hold on hell !*"

See *Justice*, with her flowing veil,
 Lifting aloft her equal scale ;
 In mercy sent to dwell below,
 Until oppression's overthrow.
 Returning oft the pledge received,
 From injured innocence, aggrieved ;
 Listening to injured innocence ;
 The orphan's stay, the weak's defence.
 Dispensing blessings wheresoe'er she goes,
 Diffusing good, and less'ning human woes.

See base *Iniquity*, with serpent wife,
 And *Fraud*, his agent, with no less of guile,
 By artful means and crooked policy,
 Coz'ning Credulity and Honesty ;
 Gaining their confidence with flatt'ry rife,
 Yet, like the reptile, when restored to life,
 In the same bosom that restored his breath,
 With vile ingratitude, he stings to death !

Here *Confidence*, in downy ease reposes,
 On Friendship's breast, as on a bed of roses ;
 And though the tattler, Rumor, loud declaim,
 A deaf ear turns when she her friends would blame.
 She knows not envy, but content in trust,
 Not time, one link of Friendship's chain will rust.
 In sweet dependence and reliance blest,
 That love reciprocal is Heaven's behest.

There restless *Jealousy* appears,
 Now swayed by hope, and now by fears ;
 With thoughtful and abstracted mien ;
 Yet now a transient smile is seen,
 Again o'ercast with gloom and wo,
 In haste he hurries to and fro ;

Again reflects, and fancy paints
 The charms of her whom he laments.
 Then love returns, to chase despair
 Until he thinks her false as fair,
 When all the furies in his heart
 Start up, and horrid thoughts impart,
 Until, with fiend-like rage possessed,
 He stabs the trait'ress through the breast !

And *Avarice*, with parsimonious toil,
 Grudging the seed he scatters o'er the soil ;
 Gleaning the fields with a rapacious hand,
 While care and hunger wait on his command ;
 Counting his coin with watchfulness and fear,
 For conscience now upbraids him with the tear,
 The mendicant, in obvious misery shed,
 Whom, unrelieved, he from his presence sped:
 Spending his nights in forming schemes for gain,
 With heart to covet what he can't attain.

See *Prodigality* and *Waste*,
 Scatt'ring around, in careless haste,
 The wealth their ancestors amassed,
 And which these spendthrifts think so vast,
 With Mirth and Fashion in their train,
 They, such large coffers, ne'er can drain ;
 Yet oft, while Pleasure chains the gay,
 Riches take wings and fly away !

There's lynx-eyed *Scrutiny*, with bended form,
 Searching each nook and substance multiform ;
 Peering with quizzing-glass around the stage,
 Eyeing, askance, the maid, the youth, the sage ;
 Viewing each object with a critic's eye,
 Nor earth alone, but water, air and sky.

Passive *Indifference* jogs along,
 Nor heeds the sigh, nor yet the song ;
 In listless, negative content,
 Unmoved by joy or incident.
 Earth's splendours all by him unsought,
 "He whistles on for want of thought."

Lo ! *Sensibility*, with tearful eye,
In eloquence appealing to the sky,
Mid storms and tempests of this lower sphere,
She roams half clad, and oft uncherished, here ;
Her tender form, from winds so rude,
Shrinks oft resigned, but not subdued.
Though haughty Ignorance and Pride,
And dull Conceit this maid deride ;
Though poignant sorrow she endure,
Yet, source of joy refined and pure,
With moistened eye and bleeding heart,
Virtue will ever take her part.

See *Caution*, with a prudent, wary heed,
Shaking the marshy turf ere she proceed ;
Watching the veering winds and varying tide,
Ere she embark and spread her canvass wide ;
Providing for repairs midst tempests dark,
Lest Neptune rage and crush her well-trimmed bark.

Temerity, with careless stride,
There views the crater gaping wide,
While livid masses round his head,
Destruction, death and ruin spread !
Or guides his bark near whirlpools deep,
Where terror strides and dangers creep !
Or glides swift down, of time, the tide,
When Death's in chase in rapid stride,
Without invoking Heaven's aid
To guide him through Death's gloomy shade !

See sore *Disease*, with hectic bloom,
And wasted form, enwrapped in gloom,
And Pain unfeeling, with his dart,
Goading the frame in every part ;
With bitter groans and falt'ring breath,
Weary of life, he sighs for death !

See " full-eyed *Truth* " march on with progress slow,
Surveying all the ground she treads below,
Casting around a scrutinizing glance,
Lest Error on his zigzag route advance ;

Bold, not presumptuous, with open face,
Marching to blissful realms, her native place,
No fiery pillar needs to guide by night,
The Sun of righteousness her constant light.

Here's *Falsehood*, with her double tongue ;
Equivocation from her sprung,
Who sometimes borrows wayward youth,
The garments of immortal truth !
Yet, being rickety and lame,
And quite deformed throughout her frame,
She still is known at every fair,
To be base Falsehood's only heir.

See blest *Forbearance*, heaping coals of fire
On heads that fain would rouse the maid to ire,
By overlooking injuries received,
And doing good to those who have aggrieved.

Revenge, with eyeballs flashing fire,
And Malice, Anger all conspire,
To pour fell vengeance on the foe,
And plot, like fiends, his overthrow.
With trepidation in each word,
They gnash their teeth and draw the sword ;
With muscles strained, they brandish round,
To fell opponents to the ground.

Faith now soars upward in her eagle flight,
With Hope and Charity, all maids of light ;
Handmaids to Truth, they look beyond this maze,
And sing Te Deums sweet to notes of praise.
" The substance of things hoped, of things unseen
The evidence." And from this mortal scene,
She gives us glimpses of that world of bliss,
And a rich foretaste while we dwell in this.

See *Doubt*, through darkness groping on,
Rubbing her forehead, and anon
She tacks about, but mazy still,
Her footsteps turn which way she will ;

Restless through thickets doomed to roam,
And never reach her final home.

Here *Gluttony*, a caterer for disease,
With bloated visage, and a sluggish ease,
Sits gormandizing, till his mind disdains
Its tenement, and folly o'er him reigns.
He sits with fat stupidity at meat,
And craves the dishes that he cannot eat.

There's *Temperance*, the spouse of Health,
Blessing the poor, enjoying wealth ;
A firm, undeviating friend
To Chastity, whose interests blend.
He heeds not pleasure's siren song,
Nor mingles in old Bacchus' throng ;
But, with domestic joys engrossed,
He counts not Folly's pleasures lost.

See *Satire* keen, with two-edged sword and dart ;
See Vice and Folly writhe beneath his smart.
Yet, though sore scourged, and oft chastised with skill,
Vice will be vicious — Folly, foolish still.

Forgetfulness, light-fingered maid,
Whose territories, Thought, invade,
Purloins fall oft from Memory's store,
To Lethe's stream consigning o'er ;
Or else Oblivion hides the theft
So artfully, that the bereft
Ne'er dreams this filcher, day by day,
In piecemeal steals her store away.

See *Memory* o'er spoils in vigils pore,
Won from old Time, a consecrated store.
The key of science from her belt depends.
Before her lay engravings of her friends.
Her magic glass, to nature ever true,
Brings bright phantasmas of the past to view,
O'er which the twilight of departed years
Steals with a witchery that but endears.
She guides the aged pilgrim joyful back
O'er scenes of youth, in talismanic track ;

Friend after friend she brings before his eye,
Till the rapt soul is lost in ecstasy.

Ambition, in a stripling form,
Strives feats of manhood to perform.
Manhood attained, he sighs for power ;
With crowns and sceptres e'en would tower.
Through seas of blood he wins a crown ;
He then would pull the angels down ;
In lost and fallen spirits known,
Then the Almighty would dethrone !

Benevolence, whom Rumor vain assaults,
Weaves a fair veil to cast o'er others' faults.
Retired from tumult, splendor, and parade,
Love, Peace, and Joy her works of mercy aid.
Her face and form of angel grace possessed,
And Heaven's own signet stamped upon her breast.

Hypocrisy, all muffled round,
His cloak long-trailing on the ground,
With sanctimonious groan and sigh,
Lifts up to Heaven his hollow eye.
Now, with base Flattery by his side,
He fain fair Virtue would misguide ;
The passing winds his robes now part,
And lo, the monster has no heart !
A cloven foot, too ! Let the fair
Of him and Flattery beware.

See yonder sweet, ingenuous maid,
In robes of innocence arrayed ;
Her name, *Sincerity*, the child
Of Truth, whom Falsehood ne'er beguiled ;
Candor, her partner on the road,
Through friendship, claims the same abode.

Who yonder comes in chains, with groans and gloom,
Offering Despair a human hecatomb ?
Blush, human nature, blush, and hide thy face !
'T is *Slavery* ! on earth a foul disgrace.
Lo, Mercy weeps, when, in life's narrow span,
She sees enslaved, man, by his brother man !

Here squalid *Slack* in dirty hut is seen,
 With Ignorance, and Poverty, and Spleen ;
 Like the Dead Sea, with stagnant poison rife,
 Devoid of all that zest can give to life.

See poor *Insanity*, a moonstruck maid,
 Invoking impotence, and grasping shade ;
 Dishevelled tresses floating in the wind,
 And frantic eye, true emblem of the mind ;
 Now seeking *Echo* in the cavern rude,
 Now in a throng she stands, in moody mood ;
 Now Mirth, and Wit, and Saraband beguile,
 And Sorrow cheats her with a pensive smile.

Lo, *Reason* o'er a knotty subject plies ;
 Deduces propositions as they rise ;
 From premises to consequences climbs,
 And views below the mazes of the times.

Despondence' harp, on willows hung,
 Its chords untouched, its theme unsung,
 Is sighing to the breeze ;
 While she sits weeping by the streams,
 And mourns that Zion's heavenly themes
 Are mute, and songs must cease.

See *Superstition*, wizard-bound,
 With spookes and elves encompassed round.
 She, trembling, shrinks with dire affright,
 If but blue burn her waning light.
 In every glen a ghost she sees,
 And hears Apollyon on the breeze.
 When a religious garb she wears,
 Her gods as numerous as the stars, —
 Beasts, birds, and monsters of the main ;
 And snakes and toads her homage gain !

With implements of torture, fire and chains,
 Cursed *Bigotry* a wilful despot reigns.
 With mail-clad garments, reason to impede,
 Stuck o'er with Ignorance and Error's creed,
 His altars reeking with the martyrs' blood,
 Hell lights his fire, while Persecution's road

Scourges the victims to the fagot's blaze,
Who thwart his ire, and oft expire in praise.

Credulity, confiding fool,
The sport and jest of Ridicule,
Believes a whale drank up the sea ;
That Prejudice has eyes to see ;
Flattery is true, and Truth unsound ;
And happiness on earth is found.

Strange *Infidelity* against the wind
Once spit,* when back it flew, and struck him blind ;
And ever since this wrangler lost his sight,
Has wrought at *blinds* t' exclude the moral light,
Or labyrinths with mazy darkness fraught,
Or crooked passages that lead to nought,
While theories and speculations round,
Bespeak his search, and dogmas, (*how profound!*)
To prove necessity and vagrant chance
Guide systematic worlds in their advance ;
To rob th' all-glorious Architect divine
Of glories that through earth, and heaven, and nature shine.

Whence is the splendor of that light
That beams upon the moral night ?
And who, with crown of morning stars,
A radiant robe of sunlight wears ?
For whom is Luna, queen of heaven,
Firm base of faith, a footstool given ?
This crowning church from heaven came,
The *New Jerusalem* her name.
Her coat of arms, the Bible, cross ;
Earth's proudest boast she counts but dross ;
Her accents, mild as Mercy spoke,
When first redemption's harp awoke ;
Pure as the dew from Vesper's urn
Her tears, when she entreats, "*Return.*"
Yet, though to man she speaks of love
That brought this vestal from above,

* See Franklin's Reply to Tom Paine's Letters.

And, of those truths her diadem,
With light clear as the crystal gem,
Whose city gold like unto glass,
With walls not jasper can surpass ;
Garnished with sapphire, chrysolite,
The beryl, chrysoprasus bright,
Where jacinth, topaz, emerald green,
And lustrous sardonyx, are seen,
Where calcedony, amethyst,
And sardius's bright gleams assist,
To splendor cast, on gates of pearl ;
Where streams of life, in music purl,
A tree of life, which, by its leaves,
Healing to all the nations gives :
Where tears, nor sighing e'er deform,
God and the Lamb the temple form ;
No sun, no moon is there, no night ;
God and the Lamb the only light ;
Though she a crown of righteousness
Holds out, and everlasting peace,
In these bright realms where, by his grace,
Mortals their God see face to face ;
And by that dread and awful doom,
That man awaits beyond the tomb,
She warns him to repentance seek,
Enlist a soldier of the meek
And lowly Jesus — lest he say,
“ I know you not ; depart away ; ”
Yet poor, blind man oft disregards
Her threat'nings and her rich rewards !
But, Maid of heaven, not always thus
Will thy pure themes seem fabulous,
Not always will the eye of scorn
Leer on the cross thou e'er hast borne,
For God's own hand shall aid thy sway,
Till congregated worlds obey.
Crest-fallen Pride shall bow the knee,
To thy sweet child Humility,
And Vanity, in pools of grace,
Shall all her self-conceit efface,

And Love and Joy shall reunite,
And dwell in uncreated light ;
Sorrow shall wash her crimes away,
And smiling, look to realms of day ;
Thy hand shall wipe sweet Pity's tears,
And Hatred change, till he endears ;
And circumcised, yet frolic Mirth
Shall sing the dear Redeemer's birth ;
While Melancholy joins the song,
And chastened Pleasure's strains prolong.
Bold Courage, taught by thee, shall quell
His only foes — the foes of hell.
Fear, reassured, shall sweetly rest,
Untroubled, on thy tranquil breast ;
Beauty, reclining in thy arms,
Shall then forget to view her charms ;
Deformity, no more repine,
In robes of righteousness shall shine.
Then Hope no more shall man deceive ;
Despair shall smile, forget to grieve.
Licentiousness, with putrid breath,
Shall be consigned to hell and death,
While Chastity shall greet thy car,
And hail thy coming from afar ;
Justice extend her influence wide,
Iniquity and Fraud shall hide.
Blest Confidence shall then repose
On love sincere, secure from foes ;
And Jealousy no more upbraid,
But woo and win this peaceful maid.
Then Avarice shall feed the poor,
And Prodigality secure
The pearl of price, nor miss the store
That moth and rust could canker o'er.
Then Scrutiny shall search for Truth
In God's own word, and there find ruth.
Indifference, with energy,
Shall seek and find felicity.
Sweet Sensibility's pierced heart
Shall feel no more cursed Envy's dart,

And Caution shall obtain his meed,
The road where "he that runs may read."
Temerity, at sin's dread brink,
Shall start, and in perdition sink.
Then blooming Health shall at thy shrine
Bow down, and bless thy reign divine.
Disease shall smile, while round his bed,
Immortal hopes their halo shed.
Truth, travelling to her blest abode,
Shall meet with Mercy on the road,
While Falsehood, Fraud and Treachery,
Shall, at thy coming, flee away.
Then blest forbearance, in defence,
Shall wash her hands in innocence ;
Revenge shall sit with Meekness down,
And blest Forgiveness, him shall crown.
With no dense clouds to dim her sight,
Faith then shall look to realms of light.
Doubt, when her mazes light pervades,
Shall wander off to Limbo's shades,
And gouty Gluttony begin
To practise penance for his sin,
Till, by repentance, Temperance
The hand of fellowship advance.
Then shall keen Satire sheathe his sword ;
Forgetfulness shall cease to hoard
Aught but the injuries received,
And Memory shall be relieved.
Ambition, sated erst with blood,
Shall only aim at doing good ;
And sweet Contentment, maid of rest,
A true friend find in every breast.
Base Envy shall, with jaundiced eye
At others' joys repining, die.
Benevolence shall sing, in strains
Sweet as are heard on heav'nly plains,
That God our only Lord is love ;
And angels aid with harps above.
Hypocrisy's wide cloak shall fall,
And he shall flee to dwell in thrall.

Sincerity shall joy to greet
Thy coming, and shall haste to meet ;
And War shall quake in dread alarms,
And hush his thund'ring din of arms ;
Peace all his bloodshed shall efface,
While she and Righteousness embrace.
Slav'ry his chains away shall throw
And kneel in penitential woe.
And Liberty's bright flag unfurled
Shall wave in splendor o'er the world.
Sloth shall arise and dress in haste,
And run with speed the Christian race ;
While Industry, through grace devout,
Shall work his own salvation out.
Insanity shall sit resigned,
By Reason clad in her right mind.
Friendship with silken bonds unite
Heart unto heart in holy rite ;
Despondence shall resume her lyre,
With hallelujah's join the choir.
Her gods shall Superstition cast
To " moles and bats," and flee in haste ;
And Bigotry, affrighted, know
Hell trembles at his overthrow ;
Credulity shall learn of thee,
To trust alone in Deity.
His web of sophistry shall break,
And Infidelity shall quake,
To find an omnipresent Cause
Sways worlds innumerable by his laws !
Voracious wolves thy reign shall quell,
Till, with the lamb they meekly dwell ;
The poisonous asp his bane shall lose,
The leopard with the kid repose,
The cow and bear together feed,
A lion fierce a child shall lead,
And a new song shall Zion sing :
" Our city strong and God our King,
Who his salvation e'en will send,
For walls and bulwarks to defend ;

Open, ye gates, and nations win,
Who keep the truth may enter in."
These triumphs shall the church accord,
The second advent of our Lord!

Then sing, O ye heavens, be joyful, O earth!
Break forth into music, O mountains, with mirth!
Ye redeemed, come to Zion, with shouting and joy,
For throughout the Lord's mountain nought aught shall destroy!

Let Jehovah, the Lord, be thy strength and thy song,
Lift a banner on high, and rejoicings prolong.
Since the arm of th' Almighty thy foes shall destroy,
From the wells of salvation draw water with joy.

As at gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done,
Or the olive tree shaken, the harvest begun,
Shall they lift up their voice, for the glory around;
For joy to the righteous, on earth now is found.

Then sing, O ye heavens, be joyful, O earth!
Break forth into music, O mountains, with mirth!
He comes — thy Redeemer; all nations draw near;
His word is unsealed — the Shekinah is here!

These sad mementos of the unfortunate Mr. Gabbiani elicited many speculations, with regard to his early history, in the sympathizing family of Mr. Erwin, and each one claimed some one of his manuscripts as a keepsake of departed worth.

Charlotte requested permission to keep "The Dramatists;" "For I intend," she said, "to effect a divorce between Love and Sorrow, if possible."

Emma solicited the lamentation of the imprisoned Ariadne; and while she read her plaintive numbers, she could but ask herself: "Why should Love's arrows be so barbed, yet so bright?" And when she thought of her youthful friend, Mr. Bentley, whom she expected never to see more — her mother in the spirit

world, and Mr. Gabbiani, her feelings were in unison with the following beautiful apostrophe :

“Souls of the departed ! if ye have attained that heaven where the storm beateth not, where tears are wiped from all eyes forever ; if from that clime of bliss, ye behold us, compassed with infirmity and woe, O, teach how slight all the thorns, the tempests of this pilgrimage, seem, now ye are at rest.”

CHAPTER XI.

"Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit ;
For, whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steered by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits."

BUTLER.

MR. VANCOUR, Emma Erwin's rejected lover, visited the cottage almost daily during Mr. Gabbiani's illness, under pretence of friendship for the sick ; though his attention was evidently more engrossed by the family than the invalid. And, now the sufferer was removed to another sphere, he still seemed disposed to continue his visits, though he was too well bred not to know that his presence was irksome to one, whose society he most valued. Like a skilful general, in consequence of one failure to compass his ends, he changed his mode of attack ; and, instead of that *hauteur* that characterized his first advances, he now assumed the sycophant. But Cupid understands well the *ruse de guerre*, and neither divides his kingdom between two claimants, nor accepts a hostage for the rightful owner.

Besides Emma's aversion to his general character, recent circumstances had prejudiced her mind still more strongly against him. He had lately taken a foreigner into his service as negro-driver on his plantation ; and, notwithstanding his barbarous cruelty in

that capacity was notorious, he still continued a great favorite with his employer. Mr. Erwin took occasion to commiserate the fate of the unfortunate enslaved in Mr. Vancour's presence, when he replied —

"Severity is as necessary for the black rascals as food and sleep. True, Jack puts on the lash with a weighty hand, and makes great allowance for the thickness of their skins; but the fellow is puffed up with a little brief authority just at present, and has not looked down to see whether he stands on a rock or a mushroom. When he shall have ascertained, I think his honors will sit more easy upon him. He will then give up his position that, as 'all flesh is grass,' the mildewed part of it is made to be cut down as such."

"Were he in my employment, I should soon make him find out 'on what footing he stood,'" said Mr. Erwin; "and, if the former were his support, I should teach him that, until his heart became less hard than the flinty rock, my soil could not support him; if the latter, I should bid him fly off with his *champignons* instantly. You may deem me intrusive, in my warmth, Mr. Vancour; but I cannot think you know the extent of this Hamilton's cruelty."

"Perhaps *Sir Graham Fitz James* would not think so," said Mr. Vancour, fixing his eyes knowingly on Mr. Erwin. "Men in power sometimes find it necessary to employ agents of whom they cannot wholly approve."

"If titles were at variance with correct principles, or encouragers of inhumanity," remarked Mr. Erwin, "I could never wish one attached to my name."

Mr. Vancour had several times intimated a know-

ledge of Mr. Erwin's rank and former expectations in England; and now incidentally mentioned, that recent letters from thence informed him that Mr. Charles Bentley had left the kingdom for foreign service. Emma fancied he watched her changing color, which she was conscious betrayed evident emotion; and, resolving that his curiosity to read her heart should prove as ineffectual as his proffered love, she rose and left the room. Mr. Vancour, piqued and angry at her indifference to himself, soon took his leave, and left the family to wonder at his sources of information. The next day, however, found the persevering lover at his post, resolving not to consider himself vanquished, so long as one tenable position remained to him. As he drew near the cottage, he heard Emma singing her favorite song, in an arbor near the avenue to the cottage. He stopped to listen, while she sung —

A whispering voice, in the wantoning wind,
Tells me of him whom I left behind;
For o'er hills, through dales, wherever I roam,
My affections still cling to that dear spot, my home;
And wherever thou art, my love, there is my home.

There is joy in greeting the friend of truth;
There is joy in beholding the scenes of youth;
But, midst friends or foes, wherever I roam,
My affections still centre in that spot, my home;
And wherever thou art, my love, there is my home.

There is joy in hope that soon the main
Will cease to stretch love's magic chain;
But on ocean or land, wherever I roam,
My affections still cluster around my dear home;
And wherever thou art, my love, there is my home.

And though sometimes the silent tear may flow,
'T is the tear of feeling, not of woe;

For, life of my life, wherever I roam,
You should know my heart dwells in that dear spot, my home;
And wherever thou art, my love, there is my home.

Mr. Vancour was meditating revenge on a rival in Miss Erwin's affections, to whom, he imagined, she alluded in her song, as he alighted. "I'll break this 'magic chain,' or sink it in the sea till its links shall be dissevered by rust," said he to himself, as he walked to the house, "or my name is not William Vancour."

He there met with a reception from Mr. Erwin that spoke much of the gentleman, and little of the friend. Mr. Erwin inquired more of the destination of his young friend, Mr. Bentley, of whom Mr. Vancour had spoken, and remarked, "It was expected, when I left England, that some important post would be assigned him in the army; and, if he inherit his father's virtues and valor, which his youth promised, he will confer honor on any station, however high, in which he may be placed. But in what expedition is he engaged?"

"I came, sir, to correct the information I gave you yesterday concerning him," said Mr. Vancour, his eyes betraying the unrest of dissimulation as he spoke. "Mr. Bentley was drowned ere he reached the destined port."

"Drowned!" said Mr. Erwin, with surprise.

"Ah! he was dear to you, then? Pardon the abruptness of my communication."

"Dear? his father was my brother; not by consanguinity, but by ties that hearts like his alone can feel. Alas! that noble house—" He checked himself, and walked the room in silence.

Emma, shocked at Mr. Vancour's information, immediately retired to her room, ere eyes of affection

or curiosity could read the anguish of her heart. The family were all so deeply interested in this event, the mention of which had occasioned Emma to withdraw, that her absence had not been noticed by any one except Mr. Vancour, when an alarm of fire caused the greatest hurry and consternation. The flames had just burst out from an enclosed room, with the long-pent force of a subterranean fire; and the staircase was already enveloped in fearful wreaths of the destroying element. Mr. Vancour immediately erected a ladder to an upper window, and flew to the rescue of Emma, ere, in the tumult, she had been missed. He was descried descending the ladder, with her apparently lifeless form in his arms, just as hope was darkening into despair, at the discovery that she was not among the group surrounding the falling tenement. Mr. Erwin received her to his bosom with a heart too full of gratitude for utterance. He stooped to kiss her polished forehead, and, to his surprise, found it was garlanded with her wreath of sea-shells, with which Mr. Bentley had crowned her at parting! She awoke to consciousness as her father was loosening it from her brow; and her pallid cheek suffused with crimson as her eye fell upon it.

"Ah, my daughter," sighed Mr. Erwin, "I fear, to secure this treasure had well nigh cost us a wreath of cypress, and proved a garland for a sacrifice."

Emma's eye fell beneath his, and a suppressed tear, trembling and gleaming from its fountain, awoke a new train of reflections in a father's bosom.

Mr. Vancour returned dissatisfied to his lordly mansion, and paced his hall alone and moody. "Curse on that wreath!" he muttered; "'tis doomed to

thwart my brightest hopes! A pledge of love, given at the hour of parting! By heavens!" he said, snatching a pistol from his holsters, "I'll intercept this wandering knight, and end this farce by fair play or by foul. And I will marry English rank; and then I'll teach this proud young prude that William Vancour is her equal."

He then rang the bell furiously, and ordered the black to send up Hamilton. When he appeared, Mr. Vancour said, "Come hither, sirrah; I wish to sound you. Down, base scoundrel!" he roared, turning to the black, "and clean your trenchers!"

The poor African scampered in precipitation, when Mr. Vancour again addressed his negro-driver:

"Hamilton, how is your heart? foul or fair?"

"Fair, fair, sir; no nigger stain upon it."

"Speak you truth, or falsehood?"

"Truth, your honor; you know a man of standing," he said, swelling and strutting like a dunghill cock, "values his fame."

"Circumstances sometimes —— But you speak truth, eh, Hamilton?" said Mr. Vancour, searching his soul with an earnest look, "and never vary?"

"Never, except to serve my master, or suit my own convenience," said Jack.

"There I have you. Can you stick to your text, when once 't is taken?"

"Like any priest; I never swerve from that. 'All flesh is grass' —— He would have proceeded, but Mr. Vancour interrupted him:

"Not a sermon now, but listen. You are faithful at the lash, and I may trust you. I have a hankering to see the quarterings of Sir Fitz James (or that

humble, canting democrat, called Mr. Erwin,) quartered at Vancour Hall. Don't you think they would become my mansion?"

"Indeed, they would, your honor; and a bag of gold should be inserted, and become the brightest feature in them."

"You are certain Sir Fitz James has held rank in England?"

"I am sure of that; as high as Sir George Bentley, my former master. His only heir, Charles Bentley"—

"Hold! name him not!" said Mr. Vancour, wriggling uneasily upon his seat; "I perfectly detest the sound. But mark: if your real name be ever discovered, and inquiries are made concerning Mr. Bentley, swear he was drowned upon his passage across the Atlantic, and that your eyes beheld him sink into the deep. Will you swear fealty to my cause?"

"A price for the good priest that may absolve me," said Hamilton, with a whining tone, and leering look.

"Villain!" said Mr. Vancour, snatching up a pistol that lay near him; "I'll cut your service short, and *pledge* your silence, if you ever think again of a confession. Speak as it were your last;—is the secret safe with you?"

"As safe as money in the locker," said Hamilton, trembling with fear. And, as Mr. Vancour laid aside his pistols, he added, "My honor, sir, would"—

"Enough of that; but mind! If you prove true, and my plan succeed, your purse shall feel the weight of what the locker holds; if not," said he, sternly, "you may fear the weight of my displeasure."

Jack Hamilton then went his way, nicely balancing in his mind the weight of wrath and money, and left

Mr. Vancour to perfect his scheme of uniting rank and wealth; the latter of which, he insisted, was the only firm foundation upon which rank could stand.

Some few days previous to the demolition of his rural cottage, Mr. Erwin received the offer of a lucrative post in a banking establishment in Philadelphia, which he concluded to accept; and, in consequence of the fire, expedited the arrangements for his departure, and speedily embarked at Charleston for Philadelphia, accompanied by Captain Dumont. Emma rejoiced to be out of the reach of Mr. Vancour's officious attentions; for, since the debt of gratitude she had incurred in his having saved her life, (which to acknowledge properly, she felt it was incumbent upon her to reciprocate his civilities,) his visits had become still more annoying. And she sighed for retirement, that she might weep over the early doom of her youthful friend, Charles Bentley.

As she leaned over the railing of the vessel, and gazed into the liquid element, which she supposed had become his shroud, she felt a sort of soothing sorrow in seeing her tears mingling with the briny deep; and realized how sweetly sad his parting present, her polished and pellucid shells, linked each fond passage in his life, and premature and sudden death, with memory's vigils. This wreath was associated with the ramble over the lawn and through the park, on Albion's shores. It was a talisman of joy in bringing back Elysian bliss and nectared sweets, tasted with him in friendship's bower, nearest allied to love. A chord of sorrow now was intertwined with these fond ligatures, and every touch conjured a thousand vagaries from the deep. Her feelings would sometimes

recoil at the idea that that perfect form was swallowed up by the voracious monsters of the deep. Then brighter fantasies would these supplant, and she would fancy the gentle sea-nymphs had, with submarine perfumes that brook decay, embalmed his corse, and laid it in some coral cave, where bright, translucent waves, with placid smiles, glanced back reflected lustre. Perhaps his nervous limbs had dashed away the obtrusive waves ere they embraced in death, and some lone island of the main was now his home, where he was exiled from his kind, to die, perchance, of hunger and despair! It could not be! kind Heaven would not permit that one so formed for love, and all the sweet endearments of a social life, and all the rare endowments of a useful, should thus be doomed.

Mr. Erwin silently sympathized with his daughter in her thoughtful moods, but forebore to touch upon her grief in conversation. For the little romance of her encircled brows, amid the fire, after the mention of Mr. Bentley's death, had opened his eyes to youthful predilection; and there was something in her meek resignation, and abstract devotion, that awed even Charlotte's accustomed vivacity. But Captain Dumont and Maria were quaffing as unmixed a cup of earthly felicity as is presented to mortal lips; which communicated itself, in some measure, to all around them.

A propitious breeze soon wafted them to the city of destination. Her sun-lit domes and spires were beautifully mirrored in the translucent wave which skirted this growing mart, and afforded pleasure to the admirers of taste and symmetry in art as they approached her wharf.

Emma felt in unusually good spirits as she walked

the streets. Her step became more elastic as her heart grew light. Say, ye philosophers of the human mind, was it because her lover, whose remains she fancied cold and deep in the billowy main, was within the precincts of the town? Her friends noticed the exhilarating effects of something on her mind with joy, and augured favorably of her change of residence.

Mr. Vancour, on learning Mr. Erwin's intentions of removing immediately to the North, felt as if the contents of Pandora's box had been let loose upon him at once; with scarcely hope remaining at the bottom. He had circulated the report of Mr. Bentley's death, and rendered them all sad at the cottage on account of it; and now, Emma was going to the very neighborhood where he was in pursuit of her. Should they meet, all hopes of winning her affections and her fame, as an English lady of rank, were not only at an end, but he should be despised and branded as a deceiver. He therefore, cursing the stars that ruled his destiny, and resolving to push his interest with this young aristocrat to the utmost, still clung, like a sun-dog, to their luminous sphere, and arrived at Philadelphia three days after Mr. Erwin.

Captain Dumont's acquaintance in the city procured his friends an immediate introduction to several families of distinction; and, on the evening of Mr. Vancour's arrival, they were invited to attend a masquerade ball, given by Mrs. ———. It was with much reluctance that Emma consented to act as chaperone to her younger sisters; but she at last sacrificed her own feelings, to enhance the happiness of her friends, and decked herself with much elegance for the occasion. She represented a sea-nymph, and dressed in a flowing

robe of sea-green silk, ornamented with pearls ; which set off her delicate figure to peculiar advantage. Her hair was gracefully dishevelled, mingled with a delicate moss and pearls, while the wreath of sea-shells bound her throbbing temples. Charlotte culled some of the choicest flowers, and attired herself like an artless peasant girl ; though the sparkling vivacity of her eye babbled the truth that she had looked beyond the rural scenes of primeval simplicity. Captain Dumont assumed the costume of a Polish officer, and Maria chose the unadorned elegance befitting a lady of a new republic.

Mr. Erwin could not be prevailed upon to accompany them. "It will do for you, my children," he said with a pensive smile, "to masquerade ; but it is long since the world unmasked itself to me, and it is but right that I should be equally ingenuous."

Mr. Vancour, on arriving at Philadelphia, stumbled upon the very man whom, of all others, he most heartily wished to the ends of the earth. This was the young Englishman, Mr. Bentley ! He curbed his wrath while he looked on the fine figure and noble mien of his hated rival, and wandered through the public rooms of his boarding-house, unnoticed and unknown to the object of his hate — meditating his downfall, and devising the means to accomplish it. By circumlocutory inquiries about Mr. Bentley, he at length ascertained that he had not yet found the object of his search, Sir Graham Fitz James ; and that he had equipped himself as a chevalier, and gone to the masquerade.

Breathing vengeance as he passed, Mr. Vancour then flew to the house of Mr. Erwin, situated in a remote part of the city from whence he set out ; and,

to his increased vexation, found that the Misses Erwin had also gone to the masquerade, and that Emma was that night to meet in the same circle with her lover! Mr. Erwin had walked out, and the house was deserted except by the servants. Mr. Vancour did not make himself known, but told them he had called to accompany the ladies to the masquerade, and questioned them particularly about their dresses. The maid, pleased with this attention to herself, as well as the interest the stranger took in being able to recognize the young ladies, was quite as particular in her description of the finery of her young mistress; and began to imagine what token of regard she should receive from Miss Erwin, as a wedding present, for the part she was taking in this love affair. For she thought, sure if he could see the young ladies, he must be smitten with their beautiful dresses if not with their charms; and concluded that a gentleman, who was so gracious and condescending to herself, could not but be acceptable to a young lady. But the disappointed girl was cut short in her description. For, having ascertained that Miss Erwin wore a wreath of shells, Mr. Vancour immediately took his leave. His next step was to procure a mask, and obtrude himself into the motley group! Here a varied scene presented itself, and with lynx-eyed scrutiny, he viewed each passing and surrounding guest, until his eye caught sight of the ill-omened wreath. But he durst not approach the wearer lest his intrusion should be known; and could only gloat at a distance on his intended victim, and make, and unmake his different murky resolves to thwart the purposes of her noble lover.

CHAPTER XII.

"O, what is pleasure, in whose chase,
Life's one brief day is but a race,
Of levity and lightness?"

"Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmannered jeers are blurted in your face."

MR. BENTLEY, after strolling through the suite of rooms in company with a friend, and finding nothing in the fantastic group that had power to break the spell that bound his spirit in consideration of his lost, lost Emma, left his associate in conversation with a favorite fair one, and sat isolated as it were, in the recess of a window. Music struck up, and spoke of joy to many a heavy heart, but not to his. And many a sylph-like foot was moving with grace along the "mazy dance;" but, it is a puppet-show to one who sorrows for a friend. As he gazed on the false show around him, he asked himself,

What is fascinating pleasure?

'T is a bubble, false, though fair;
Rise, my soul, a nobler treasure
Waits thee, worthy of thy care.

Grasp these fleeting phantoms lightly,
Soon they 'll vanish quite away;
But with ardor, active, sprightly,
Seek the joys of endless day.

But, depraved and frail, unstable,
How can man the prize attain?
Read the Word; "Our God is able;
None e'er sought his name in vain."

Mr. Bentley's weary eye at length fell on a wreath of marine shells. He started from his seat — this garland looked familiar — was it possible Miss Fitz James could be the wearer, and that they were to meet in such a place, and thus! The blood rushed back tumultuously on his heart, and then the ebbing tide flowed out, and nature seemed to want some moving spring. He was endeavoring to collect his prostrate energies, to greet his long-lost friend, and pour the language of love into her ear, with which the heart was eloquent; but at that moment a gentleman, tall, and well proportioned, in Polish regimentals, came up, and put her arm familiarly in his. They passed near the place where Mr. Bentley stood. He saw the gentleman bend toward her listening ear, and, in the suppressed voice of confidence and affection, heard him say: "'Tis 'love's communion,' in which the soul tastes of Hyblæan sweets, as if they were immortal."

Mr. Bentley resumed his seat; it could not be his Emma, she must be unappropriated. The height of this fair stranger was the same, but her figure was much too slight. "Yet that raven hair," thought he, that fell in graceful negligence over her perfect bust; "drinks in the light, and falls in glossy radiance much like hers!" That polished wreath, too, looked like a toy of youth; and strangely presented, to the mind's eye, each fond, familiar feature of his native landscape!

He watched this engrossing object of curiosity, while his feelings alternated between hope and fear, until each tender emotion of the mind became intense, and each fond recollection of home and country, vivid. At length he saw her, disengaged from her Polish

friend, apart from the assemblage. He approached, and accosted her.

"Have I the honor of addressing an embassadress from sea to land?" he asked, bowing respectfully.

"Nay, chevalier," she replied; "I came not here on an errand of so much importance. I am merely permitted to roam among mankind; and, notwithstanding the gaily of the scene before me, I find many on the earth who can sympathize in the *change* which is characteristic in the government of the ocean."

"No doubt," rejoined Mr. Bentley; "but though the fluctuating tide of affairs in Neptune's realm manifest his instability; yet that rare wreath upon your brow bespeaks his generosity."

"Yes," she said; "'tis rare, and highly valued, as it forms a connecting link between me and the main. But Neptune's trident is like a miser's key. The stores under the command of each, are beyond the grasp of mortals. Believe me, sir knight, the principal treasures of that cruel god lie irrevocably deep in the briny wave."

"Why not abandon then this cruel god, and make the firmer land your home? Methinks among mortals, that garland from the glassy wave might prove a talisman — as a memento of the past, to youthful love or friendship."

"It would need a motto, chevalier," she replied.

The conversation was here broken off by the approach of the Pole, mentioned before; who told Miss Erwin that his carriage waited, and led her away. But a little boy who personated Cupid, equipped with some puny darts, attracted their attention ere they reached the hall; and Captain Dumont stopped to question him.

“What feats, my young hero, do you expect to perform with such powerful weapons as those?” he said, addressing him.

“To pierce the warrior’s breastplate,” he replied; “until he doffs his plume! throws away his cuirass and his sword, and kneels on beds of roses, and breathes in sighs soft as the passing zephyr!”

Charlotte could not restrain her pleasantry when she brought to mind that Captain Dumont’s zeal in the cause of freedom for Poland’s disenthralment, had pandered to this little god; and as she saw him biting his lips, and hurrying through the hall, she said: “Which think you the more searching, *mon frere*, the missiles of this young god, or truth?”

Captain Dumont was piqued at the boy’s reply, and Charlotte’s question. For though he felt that the attainment of such a treasure as Maria Erwin was worthy almost any sacrifice; yet a thought of the victor’s laurel, won in the field of fame, always made him mingle a feeling of regret with every sigh of love; and he replied:

“I hope the question of *ma sœur* will soon be answered by a shaft from the bow of this *jeune Cupidon*; she will then be able to see to the bottom of the well, where truth lies.”

“Indeed! I thought the tendency of love was to blind, instead of rendering the eye-sight more acute.”

“The god himself is blind; and random shots oft bring the most secluded from their cells, to kneel at altars thronged. And when Miss Charlotte turns the devotee, she may find the tongue a more rebellious organ of the heart, than eyes.”

“Long may it be, ere I am mute with bliss,” she said, sighing, while a smile played upon her features.

"I do not know but I shall be obliged to give up my position, with regard to the ladies," he said, recollecting himself; "for I believe no earthly power has yet been able to lay an embargo on a woman's tongue."

Emma was revolving in her mind the conversation she had held with the young chevalier at the masquerade; and as soon as they were seated in the carriage, inquired of Captain Dumont, if he knew the gentleman?

"Not I; some gallant knight intent upon adventure, I should say, however; for the eyes of an Argus could not keep a stricter watch upon our actions than did this stranger, while we were promenading. And I fear I interrupted an interesting *tete-a-tete* when we took leave."

"A very *singular* one," said Emma thoughtfully.

"Making love à la *Française*, I suppose," said Captain Dumont.

Emma shook her head and remained silent. The last words of the chevalier: "*Methinks among mortals, that garland from the glassy wave might prove a talisman, as a memento of the past to youthful love or friendship,*" reminded her of the endearments of her native country.

Mr. Bentley, after Emma had taken leave, called to remembrance every hue and different combination of the sea-shells he had presented to Emma Fitz James; and, in comparing them with the wreath this stranger wore, he thought he could trace a striking resemblance. The silvery tones of her voice, too, were similar; though a little more subdued. But that tall Polander perplexed him. They were on terms of familiarity — she went at his bidding, and his carriage waited her reception.

This was not Emma — could not be. He had just come to this conclusion when his friend, with whom he had shared the first of the evening in companionship, came up.

“What in the name of all the dolphins of the deep, has that mermaid been saying to you, that you remain here transfixed! Has she been showing you her glass and comb, and auguring storms and shipwrecks on the shore?” asked he, looking him quizzingly in the face.

“No, no, but I should like to know who she is,” said Mr. Bentley.

“And if she prove a sea-nymph in reality, I presume you will act the part of Leander, and try the element she inhabits.”

“I have no such intentions, I assure you; my gallantry to a stranger needs not such a damper, as a cold bath in the salt sea. But to be serious, my friend, do you know her?”

“She with hair like the raven’s wing? glistening with pearls that the sea-birds have wept?”

“Yes.”

“With a robe like the sea-green wave? fringed with downy moss on which Venilia slept?”

“Yes, yes.”

“And a wreath that the Nereides culled from the deep?”

“Yes, provoking man.”

“If it will give my friend pleasure to know, I can assure him that she is a stranger to me. But for your sake,” he said, bowing low; (“I hope you will appreciate the service I have done you,) for your sake, I have made inquiries concerning her, and have ascer-

tained that her name is Miss *Erwin* ; and that she lately arrived in the city from the south."

" Do you know her place of residence ? " asked Mr. Bentley.

" Indeed, I do not. I did not think my friend so deeply implicated ; *pardonnez moi*, I would have said interested ; or I should have asked."

Mr. Bentley returned to his lodgings, puzzled at the similitude between this stranger and Miss Fitz James ; and a circumstance at his boarding-house on his return, tended very little to solve the mystery. A note, with his address upon it, the seal bearing the impress of a fine-looking bust, lay upon the table in his private room. He broke the seal, and read as follows :

" An occurrence at the masquerade, which involves Mr. Bentley, as well as the writer of this note, in difficulty, will, it is presumed, be deemed a sufficient apology for the liberty a stranger has taken in addressing him. And, inasmuch as it requires an explanation, if Mr. Bentley will honor him with an interview on the western bank of the Schuylkill, three miles from this, an hour by sun to-morrow evening, he will very much oblige one who hopes, hereafter, to be in a situation that will interest his affections."

Mr. Bentley revolved the contents of this enigmatical billet in his mind, and, at first, thought he would mention the circumstance to some of his associates at the hotel, and, if possible, trace its origin. But he shrewdly suspected that it had some relation to the young lady, who had occupied so much of his attention at the masquerade ; and, upon second thought, concluded he would repair privately to the place of appointment, in hopes to learn something more of the

fascinating sea-nymph, around whom lingered such a charm, and, possibly, gain some clue to Miss Fitz James.

The Polish officer he thought the most probable person who should consider himself involved in an affair, in connection with himself, which needed an explanation; and, in whatever relation he stood to his innamorata, Mr. Bentley felt confident that he had displayed no excess of gallantry towards her, and secretly enjoyed his imagined dilemma. For he fancied him watching his Panope, as sedulously as the dragon the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, and felt that "surely man disquieteth himself in vain."

He repaired to the place of rendezvous at the time appointed, and, ere reaching it, on entering a wood, saw, through a vista in the impervious forest trees, a thick-set man, unlike the tall Polander, whom he had expected to meet, now walking hurriedly to and fro, and now stopping abruptly. Once he saw him enter a thick underwood; and Mr. Bentley thought he heard the low murmuring of human voices. He dismounted and stepped into a little area, when the stranger emerged from his covert, and, bowing slightly, stood apparently choked and confused.

Mr. Bentley approached him, and said, "Are you the gentleman that requested an audience in this place with Mr. Bentley?"

"I am," was the laconic reply.

"To whom am I indebted for this honor?" The stranger was silent, and seemed trying to master some demoniacal spirit within. "And why?" added Mr. Bentley.

"There is your answer, doughty knight," he said,

as he threw him a glove, while his lip curled with scorn.

"Take back your gage, sir," said Mr. Bentley, with dignity; "I fight not windmills."

"Beware if thou refuse that challenge, thou titled dastard! My honor stands impeached, and blood alone can wash that stain away."

"Some other sword than mine must cleanse your tarnished honor, or it remains still foul," said Mr. Bentley, collectedly.

"Coward! dare you refuse?"

"I dare refuse. Even the epithets you use will not induce me to stoop to spill your blood." Mr. Bentley turned to leave the place as he finished speaking.

"Death and fury! she never shall be yours!" said the stranger, grinding his teeth with rage. "I'll show you, noble miscreant, that power lies in wealth, and not in rank. Though I boast not bloated English blood, yet I have those in pay, that come at my bidding, and go at my command." He then gave a whoop, as Mr. Bentley was adjusting himself in the saddle, and added, "I'll give you time and opportunity to repent, since you are averse to blood."

As Mr. Bentley was turning his course to the city, four savages rushed from the thicket, and seized the rein to his bridle. He spurred his steed, but, instead of breaking their hold, he plunged and threw his rider. Mr. Bentley felt for his sword, but found he was unarmed; and, finding himself unable to make any effectual resistance, suffered himself to be borne along by these ferocious-looking beings into the depths of the trackless forest. He asked an explanation of their conduct, and, by entreaties, signs, and the offer of

such presents as he had about his person, tried to induce them to allow him to return. But they only answered in some unintelligible jargon, and pointed towards the setting sun. They soon motioned him to remount his horse, around which his feet were lashed to prevent his alighting; and then these dark-visaged natives seated themselves on some Indian ponies, equipped with wooden saddles, and journeyed on in silence.

Mr. Bentley felt a thralldom on his spirits like the weight of Atlas. And when boding night came down upon the wood, he felt the blackness of despair gathering around his heart! Was this the end of all the airy castles of his youth; his towering hopes of fame, to win the meed of praise from sages' lips, for lofty-minded purposes and valorous deeds? — of brighter hopes of love, for which this weary pilgrimage? Good God! who could brook this degradation! Bereft of liberty, fettered and hand-cuffed like a slave, dragged beyond the reach of human sympathy, or tongue familiar! to be offered up a human sacrifice, perhaps, by fiend-like savages in human form, with no kind friend to speak assurance, or comfort him in death, but the omniscient One! And all, for what? Some petty jealousy for fear of rivalry by a madcap brother of his kind! Brother? No," thought he; "I can call the worm my brother, and let it squirm within my bosom; but this stormy braggart, blood-thirsty and guileful, deserves not the name of man. Man becomes a brute when he 'shuffles off humanity,' and every noble sentiment peculiar to himself."

Again our hero looked with vain regrets upon the past. Where were the honors that dawned upon his

childhood; which lighted up the path and showed the goal? Where was the being that made life's desert a gay parterre; whose smile was gladness, and whose look was love? He then admitted the possibility of this lady at the masquerade, on whom, in a moment of expectation, he had gazed with ecstasy, being Miss Fitz James; and that the object of this pilgrimage was known to this unknown challenger. "*Titled dastard; noble miscreant, and bloated English blood;*" these expressions indicated that his country and rank were familiar to him. And then in a paroxysm of fury, he had added "*Death and fury, she never shall be yours!*"

But the idea that this braggadocio should have any claim upon one so perfect and so pure as his gentle and angelic Emma, was so revolting to every feeling of his bosom, that he would not dwell for a moment on a thought so harrowing.

Towards dawn the natives with their prisoner halted in a ravine near a limped stream, and offered Mr. Bentley such simple refreshments, of dried meat and roots, as their sacks afforded. But the weary captive felt as if his spirit had triumphed over nature, and that he should never need these "beggarly elements" again! They then spread some skins upon the ground, and motioned him to rest. He threw himself upon them, saying "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return;" and never did his heart cling more fondly to his mother earth, that was eventually to receive his worn-out tenement to her bosom. "And if this be the pilgrimage of life," thought he; "I care not how soon it receives her cold embrace."

Without disturbing the current of his thoughts,

(for he fancied he felt her clay-cold clods come gathering around him,) sleep insensibly stole upon his senses; and when he awoke, the sun was looking down into the dell. The savages were chatting and laughing around a fire which they had struck, and looked much less menacing and ferocious to our hero, than on the evening before.

He recollected that they had previously indicated to him that their journey was toward the setting sun; and knowing the veneration the natives had for that luminary, motioned to proceed toward its rising glories. But they shook their heads, and their countenances gathered darkness at the proposal. Mr. Bentley imagined he saw a gleam of pity flit across the iron features of one of them, however, as they still pointed to the north-west; but it was of short duration, for they soon acquired again their natural rigidity.

They partook of some refreshment, and recommenced their journey; and this day, with Mr. Bentley, like many sad successors, began in weariness and ended in exhaustion. His captors treated him with humanity in every respect, except in persisting to deprive him of his liberty, and keeping such a vigilant watch upon every movement, that scarcely a hope remained of regaining it, even by stratagem.

But still the tense fibres of affliction began to relax their hold. "And since," thought he, "there are secret workings in human affairs, which overrule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our counsels, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavors; and adversity is shared by me in common with millions of my fellow-men, many of whom are

suffering excruciating tortures for no fault or crime of theirs; I cannot consider myself an exclusive mark for the shaft of the Almighty; therefore 'all my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'

"Yet Sterne could not have had the ties, that I have felt, to bind him to social life; neither could he have known the passion, that glows with unabated ardor in my bosom; when he said: 'Were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to; I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection; I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.' No, insensibility would stare me in the face while I should carve my name; and when I paid my vows, it would give me back no kind response to thrill the heart with joy, but coldly would rebound upon my ear, the words myself had spoken! Their glossy leaves, dancing unfettered to the passing breeze, would remind me of my thralldom. Besides, the balm of sympathy can never be distilled from them, howe'er their smiling freshness may gladden the bruised spirit!

"Yet is there One possessing life, soul, love; even in the forests' depths; whose pervading spirit sanctifies the place, and heralds forth the footsteps of a God! — a God who overrules the destinies of man, to teach poor, erring mortals that nought but he should reign supreme in human hearts."

A continuation of hardships and fatigue at length

brought them to the borders of a large sheet of water, so pure and calm that it looked much like the azure heaven. One of the savages disappeared, for a moment, and then came darting back upon the wave, in a fragile bark canoe, frail as a fairy's skiff. Mr. Bentley saw no alternative, and embarked, with the expectation, however, of soon being obliged to buffet the waves; for this tiny bark looked as if made to freight the spirits, rather than the more cumbrous part of man. But the skill displayed by his captors in making her cut her way through this molten sea, soon reassured him; and he found their speed was rapidly wafting them to some western world. Day after day these hardy sons of the forest plied the paddle with untiring assiduity along near the southern shore, resting at night on terra firma, until this inland sea or lake seemed, to our hero, to stretch interminably away in tranquil beauty.

They at length reached its western boundary. When they landed, relays of horses seemed to have been prepared for them by some invisible agent. Mr. Bentley tried in vain to rend the veil of mystery that hung about his path.

"What enchantment rules my destiny?" thought he, "that tribes of distant lands should plot my exile from the face of civilized man, and lovelier woman! Which of the fates beguiles me from the being I adore? O! thou star of youth's bright morn; pride of the noble house of Sir Fitz James; that, with tender radiance, trembled through the lattice of love's bower; shall I never more gaze on thy vestal light? Alas! alas! but for once to say to thee, '*I love,*' and see thy bright beams brighten at the sound; then would we cherish hope to mingle souls in heaven, if not below.

But this is earth, and earth is full of woe, and woe is wandering man's inheritance ; and I am captive man, and man is near allied to woman ; Gracious God ! do what thou wilt with me, but shield my Emma from the rude storms that pelt upon my head."

This soliloquy was interrupted by a call from his savage associates, which he interpreted as a command to mount a dwarf-like horse, and proceed on their journey. There was a visible trail through the wood where they were now travelling, which showed that the path was familiar to the moccasined tribes which roamed through these extensive deserts.

Again each day seemed to Mr. Bentley, a repetition of the former, though the scenery was more variegated than the unbroken forests they had before traversed. Prairies, more beautiful than the wand of cultivation can render earth, occasionally spread out before the view, with herds of deer grazing or bounding o'er these primeval lawns. Again the forest, where the trees, now gradually giving place to light and beauty ; stood respectfully apart ; until the area, for a day's travel, looked like a park for kings ! and both the woodland and the prairie circled limpid lakes, that looked as if they ne'er reflected the dark deeds of man. But nature's loveliness palls on the eye of taste, when no fond friend is near, to whom to say, "how bright, how tranquil, how romantic !" And then base fetters to a noble mind galle'en the spirit, like the Bastile's gloom ; and totally unfit perception for appreciating or admiring aught of beautiful or grand, within creation's bound.

A strait, that apparently connected some mighty waters, was now crossed, and the line of march re-

newed day after day, and week after week. Mr. Bentley felt his spirit bowed, and kept no date of time; nor reckoned space! An endless journey, or an exile's grave was all he saw in prospect. Stung to despair, he watched his ever-wakeful keepers, until, like wearied hounds, they stretched themselves to sleep; and then with a foot-fall light as a falling leaf, he crept from their sides, and endeavored to make his escape. But the rustle of a bough is sufficient to put these human watch-dogs on the chase, when they have aught to guard, even in their soundest sleep; and more restraint, and threatening aspects, were the only results of this ineffectual trial to breathe the blessed air of liberty. He was dragged forward like a bullock to the sacrifice, seated in his saddle, and again compelled to follow the unceasing task of piercing still deeper into the desert, the abodes of savage beasts, and savage men. They occasionally met, or overtook, a few wandering savages, who gazed upon our hero as an object of curiosity; but no eye of pity met his supplicating look; no hand was raised to break his cursed manacles.

After a term of time, which from the still verdant forest, could not have been half as long as Mr. Bentley imagined it; but which made him feel as if old age had stolen a march upon each faculty of body and of mind, they made a final halt. Rugged eminences, and rocky cliffs, presented a bold contrast to the level and unbroken country through which their route had lain. The scenery was wild and picturesque, and aroused emotion even in our captive. After refreshing themselves at the foot of one of these cliffs, two Indians took each an arm of Mr. Bentley and led him midway up the crag. They then entered a narrow aper-

ture, where light with darkness struggled for dominion. Our hero started back aghast! Was he to enter the bowels of the earth, ere death's stern mandate had prepared his lifeless form to mingle with her dust! But they hurried him still onward in the gloomy cave, until he heard a fountain murmuring sweet nature's accents! This was freshness to his soul, for he could, perhaps, trace its source, and see again the azure heaven.

The savages here unhanded him; and quick as thought, turned and hurried toward the mouth of the cave. Mr. Bentley followed them with the energy of despair, but they soon left the enfeebled captive far in the rear; and notwithstanding his cries for help, regardless of entreaties, they rolled a huge stone so as nearly to close the aperture at the mouth of the cave, and departed.

When Mr. Bentley came up and found an immovable barrier to his egress, he felt the granite enter into his soul. Good God! was this his destination? To linger out a wretched life in a lone rocky cave! wild as chaos, and deep as wild, and dark as deep!

These reflections rushed wildly through his brain, as he stood, statue-like, at the mouth of the cavern. But a hope that still some opening in the fissures of the rock might lead to day, glimmered faintly on his mind. He retraced his steps therefore, till the music of the fountain again fell upon his ear. His eyes, now more accustomed to the twilight, saw more plainly whence it came. It sprang from some fountain overhead, and through a crevice in the arched roof, coursed down a large circular body of stone, suspended by a small neck from the roof of the cavern, which had evidently been formed by some properties of the water. A circular

reservoir of stone received the sparkling liquid as it fell ; and as it escaped from the basin, it fell through darkened depths into a fearful chasm. The dampness from the roof, too, formed pendant concretions as it dropped in gathered moisture from the arch, giving it the appearance of stucco-work.*

The wretched captive wandered, terror-struck, around the gloomy grotto ; and no sweet beam of light came wooingly, to strengthen hope ! There was a continuation of the cave opposite the entrance, which he penetrated until the "blackness of darkness" gathered bodingly around him, and he was fain to return again towards the gleams of heaven that looked into the mouth of the cave. As he drew near it he found several frogs and reptiles completely petrified ! Mr. Bentley gazed and meditated. Hope's lamp went out ; death stared him in the face ! And *petrification*, that was likely to tread upon death's heels in this cold cell ; more dreadful than decay, looked more appalling than even death itself !

He threw himself upon his face on the humid floor of his cell ; and felt despair, like piercing frost, chaining the vital current. He thought of the fate of Driope ; and deemed it no fabulous metamorphosis that was to change him to a stone ! To become a mummy for future generations to gaze and speculate upon ! He imagined he felt a flinty hardness encroaching upon every limb, and an icy coldness invading the seat of life, until insensibility put an end to his reflections.

He knew not how long he had lain in this situation ; but he at length felt the quickening pulse, throbbing

* The writer once visited a cave of this description, in the far west.

with warmth, throughout his languid frame. His spirit drank at the fountain of all life, and weak humanity was strengthened; and he arose and looked down upon the weakness that had unmanned him! "For is not the immortal the noblest part of man?" thought he; "and this, neither death nor time can change. It then begins to live when grosser nature dies; and looks on God with no dark veil between."

He was in a remote part of the cave, yet the glimmer of light enabled him to perceive two of his savage captors approaching him. They offered him some food, and brought a curiously wrought wooden dish to dip the water in the cell. He left the food untasted, and began to follow to the entrance of the cave; but they rudely thrust him back, drew their knives, and fiercely threatened life if they were not obeyed. Mr. Bentley then motioned for a fire, which they humanely granted; and soon lighted a pile of fagots near the mouth of the cavern, and again left the captive to his dismal fate.

They were no sooner out of sight than our hero caught a number of the blazing sticks from the fire, and began to explore the cave. He passed through the aperture at the darkest part of the cavern, and found a continued and mazy labyrinth into this enormous ledge; now widening to fifteen or twenty feet, and now contracting, until the ragged rocks nearly met. At length it opened into another circular room similar to the first. He quickened his steps to make its circuit ere his waning fagots should have expired; to discover if possible, some opening that might befriend his escape.

But this apartment terminated the grotto. And he

was returning, disappointed, to his former cell, when his eye caught sight of something that was not solid stone, in a crevice of the rock ! He snatched it from its hiding-place, and hurried back to the remains of his smouldering fire. His prize proved a parchment manuscript, which had gathered both mould and dampness from the cave. He stirred the dying embers, piled on the few remaining sticks, and carefully turned and dried the moistened leaves. A thousand vague ideas filled his mind, while he restrained his impatience to read, in order to preserve this relic.

He was not, then, the only tenant who had occupied this spacious tomb, which nature's Architect had made ! Perhaps some prisoner, like himself, had found means of escape ; and this, a chart to guide his sad successor ; or else, some captive had here dragged out a weary life, and this his sum of woes. This might have been a hermit's home ; where, estranged from man, he walked with God.

His task of drying his parchment was soon completed, for his fire went out, when he seated himself upon a natural stone bench at the mouth of the cave ; and, by the light that trembled mid the shade, read the following :

“Descend, ye Nine, and aid me to rehearse
In fitting strain, your own immortal verse,
And draw the veil invidious time has flung
Around those scenes where ye have often sung ;
Though since ye sang have savage tribes o'errun
Your fields Idalian towards the setting sun.

Ere empires struggled in their sea-girt bound,
Or ere this western hemisphere was found ;
Ere great Columbus dared the trackless way,
Or faithless needle filled him with dismay ;

Ere barbarous hordes had spread destruction wide
(Where Mississippi rolls her crystal tide,)
O'er arts ; or Science took her final flight,
And left Columbia in Stygian night ;
Ere dark oblivion, the mighty scroll,
A nation's chronicle, rapacious stole ;
Ere gods and goddesses had fled from earth,
Or luxury or idleness had birth ;
A shepherd, while his flocks regardless roved,
Thus sang a sad lament for her he loved : —

I.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, and let my mournful song
Bear, with my sighs, your own complaints along ;
Murmur, my lute, and let the breezes bear,
And whisper sorrow to the zephyrs near ;
Let willows sigh in cadence to the waves,
And waves remurmur to the neighboring caves ;
Let echo learn to mourn within her cell,
Till groves resound with strains funereal ;
Let nature weep, and solemn dirges pour,
For Thyrsa, lovely Thyrsa, is no more !

II.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, while ye untended stray,
For turtles cease their plaint to hear my lay ;
Ye naiads, weep within your crystal caves ;
Ye bluffs, rise higher to compress the waves ;
Ye fauns, that danced when Thyrsa swept the lute,
Resign your sports, and let the song be mute ;
Mourn, mourn, Diana, who oft hushed thy horn,
To hear her accents sweet at early morn ;
Join thou too, Pan, and solemn dirges pour,
For Thyrsa sleeps ! my Thyrsa is no more !

III.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, and let my plaintive song
Bear, with my sighs, your own complaints along ;
Thyrsa no more the garland will inweave
With flowers and osiers, while I cease to grieve,

And round your spotless necks the wreath intwine !
Then bleat, my lambs ; well, well may ye repine ;
Ye flowers, that sprang exultant where she trod,
Shrink back again in sorrow to the sod ;
Ye osiers, droop and wither on the shore,
For Thyrsa, matchless Thyrsa, is no more !

IV.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, while ye untended rove,
Through tangled thicket, prairie, and grove ;
Ah ! what avails your fleecy burdens now ?
Each thorn-bush claims them since my Thyrsa's low ;
Each shrub is heavy with the dews that blend
With drops relenting Jove has made descend !
Weep, weep, ye groves, that heard her music flow ;
Each bough to listen, has depended low ;
The rocks have softened, while they heard the strain,
And mountains melted to a level plain !

V.

Weep, weep, ye constellations, as ye soar
Through ether ; Thyrsa, Thyrsa, is no more !
How oft her eyes, upon your splendor bright,
Have gazed, till, half eclipsed, ye hid in night ;
How oft as ye, successive forward came,
Have we arranged your groups and given them name ;
How oft, while other weary shepherds slept,
To you and love, have we long vigils kept ;
Then weep, ye stars ; let Phœbus too deplore,
For Thyrsa, lovely Thyrsa, is no more !

VI.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, the wolves' voracious howl
I hear no more when they at midnight prow ;
For Thyrsa sleeps ! Then what on earth can claim
Her shepherd's care, but what responds her name ?
Ye birds that carolled blithely where she strayed,
Sing a sad requiem, and seek the shade ;
Ye bees, depart, nor seek your wonted sweet,
From flowers that Thyrsa pressed beneath her feet ;

Nor tune your mellow horn, nor hoard your store,
For Thyrza, lovely Thyrza, is no more !

VII.

Bleat, bleat, my lambs, and let my mournful song
Bear, with my sighs, your own complaints along ;
And thou, Aurora, struggling with the night,
Those clouds are dense, thou canst not bring the light ;
Why should the sun resume his wonted race,
Since Thyrza's lute no more can mend his pace ?
Those strains have ceased ! Alas ! if Pluto's shade
Had e'er been visited by such a maid,
Relentless Proserpine had turned the key,
Nor longer kept the fair Euridyce.
Cease, cease, my reed, and give thy plainings o'er,
Since Thyrza's lute is hushed forevermore ! "

The solitary captive leaned his head upon his hand as he concluded ; absorbed in the shepherd's grief. " My heart is well prepared," thought he ; " to sympathize with the rural swain ; for my adorable Emma will probably have to pass the grand ordeal of death before I can behold her ! But this poor shepherd seems not to know that heaven is the habitation of love ; and that those that truly love will meet, and enjoy it there in a much higher sphere than earth can boast. If he had, he would have said : '*My Thyrza lives, and loves forevermore.*' " A tear fell upon the parchment in his hand ; it was the first one that had stolen down his manly cheek since the commencement of his pilgrimage. He passed his handkerchief across his face, and looked out at the narrow opening in the cave. " That glorious lamp of heaven," thought he ; " was hung out to light the worlds. Yet, but some few faint, straggling rays can bless my sight ; and even these pain them exceedingly."

His anxiety to examine the other parchment, induced him to grant but a few minutes respite to his aching eyes ; and he proceeded to its perusal.

“ Driven from the world, and all its hopes and fears,
By disappointment, and the weight of years ;
Here will I rest, from all the toil and strife,
The pain and turmoil of an ill-spent life ;
And learn to feel, within this rocky cell,
That Heaven in mercy has done all things well ;
And should a wretch, who knows not “ *God is love,*”
And looks in pity from his throne above,
E'er trace the tortuous windings of the road,
That brought a pagan sinner home to God,
Let him the scriptures and their precepts scan,
As the best, richest boon from Heaven to man.

A PAGAN'S RESEARCH.

ARGUMENT.

1. The groans of a prisoner suggest the miserable state of man's present existence, guided alone by the feeble light of nature.
2. The appalling darkness which shrouds futurity.
3. The fitness of all animals for their respective spheres, and human beings excepted.
4. Pleasure offers her seductions to beguile the mind of man from searching into his origin and design.
5. Her victim.
6. The inexplicable mystery of the strength, capaciousness and scope of man's mind, and the subjection of irrational animals to him, if doomed to become extinct at death.
7. The arrogance and assumption of Pride.
8. Ambition, his votaries.
9. Conscience reproves amid his most successful schemes.
10. Envy.
11. Man's fall from the proudest heights of ambition, his execrations on fate.
12. The hermit.
13. The futile manner in which a portion of mankind pass their lives in pursuit of trifles.
14. Mammon.
15. Fame.
16. Man exploring the mysteries of nature in the planetary world, and in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms ; hoping from thence to draw satisfactory inferences, that may afford a solution of himself.
17. His despair at finding his search ineffectual.
18. The anchorite and scroll.
19. The Word of God.
20. Apostrophe to truth.

List to the moanings of the captive slave,
Immured in dungeon walls, a living grave !
But why with others' woes, enhance the gloom
That shrouds our being 'twixt our birth, the tomb.

I followed — met an emblem of despair 5
 Who just had broke from her seducing snare.
 'Beware,' he cries, 'of your enchanting guide;
 Her bower, a vortex is, both deep and wide.
 On a rude avalanche your home prepare!
 Or rest in quiet in a lion's lair!
 But trust not that deceiving, arrant dame,
 Pleasure, her title is, but *Vice* her name.'
 Warned by a wretch who all her toils had tried,
 I viewed her costume thin, though all her pride;
 Her robe but vanity, her tyre the same;
 Her veil hypocrisy, her sandals shame!
 The silly fly lured to the spider's web,
 Hinted a moral. I, the sorceress fled
 Again to search, with reason's purblind eye, 6
 Why man was formed at all? or why to die?
 Why, if this feverish space which we call life,
 (So fraught with strange vicissitude and strife,)
 Limit the boundaries of human doom,
 Why has man power to think beyond the tomb?
 Why does he reason, wrangle, soar, and sigh?
 Why this abhorrence to nonentity?
 Why does the sinewy elephant kneel down
 In meek submission to the puny clown?
 Why does the camel strong, in burning track,
 Trudge o'er the desert with his master's pack?
 Sayest thou that man erect, of nobler form,
 Aves stronger animals, to toils, perform?
 If to two legs the deference be due,
 Confess the cock and hen as grand as you!
 Pride rustles by, — 'I, I this homage claim.' 7
 But Pride's philosophy is ever lame.
 Fain would she arrogate the final cause,
 Why nature thus is fixed by certain laws;
 Why rules the sun, with fervid power, by day,
 And why by night the moon, with paler ray;
 In orbits thus distinct, yet ever near,
 Why rolls in harmony each mighty sphere.
 But can she, swelling at Vesuvius's mount,
 Control the masses of that burning fount?

Can she search out the electric, hidden spring,
 Or crop the lightning's desolating wing !
 Can she the tempest and the whirlwind brave ?
 Compress and chain them in Eolus's cave !
 Or can she soothe the angry, boiling tide ?
 It answers Canute, when it answers pride.

Why then to limit power is given to man ?
 Know what he cannot, yet not what he can ?
 This restless, thinking, prompting power to rise,
 May, must be formed for deeds of high emprise.
 Perhaps ambition's heights, that ne'er before
 Were scaled present the point toward which to soar,
 That point once gained, mankind I there could view,
 Pity their weakness, and their blindness too !
 While scrutinizing all the different ways,
 By which the most successful won their bays,
 The Genius of the place, with tow'ring crest,
 Waved high his banner, and thus those addressed,
 Who gazed with hope, and yet shrunk back with fear,
 Lest giddy heights should thwart their wild career :
 ' Mortals, take courage ; destined to be great,
 Why, with the means in view, procrastinate !
 The latent principles within your breast
 Show you were made for passiveness nor rest ;
 Nor be too scrupulous your ends to gain,
 For who Ambition's votaries arraign !
 Despise the grov'ling herd who squander life
 With beads and gewgaws, toys and childish strife,
 Mount, grasp at power, sway nations with a nod,
 And, from a muckworm, emanate a god ! '

Now ardor seized my bosom while I heard ;
 Aspiring principles within me stirred ;
 I snatched the sword, resolved my point to gain,
 Though blood and carnage smoke along the plain !
 Now all was frenzy, treachery and strife ;
 Nor age, nor youth, nor merit, nor e'en life
 Was spared, to gain the prize all had in view ;
 But each one, jostling, elbowed his way through.
 Here plumes were nodding, trumpets sounding, arms
 Threat'ning wild vengeance, cannon, war's alarms ;

The dead, the dying welt'ring in their gore,
 Who thought their object gained one hour before !
 Here monarchs proud, with sceptre and with crown,
 Striving by perfidy to win renown ;
 There other sovereigns, of a loftier mien,
 Self-balanced by the contest waged within ;
 Whether their subjects' weal their mind engross,
 Or sacrifice to self, and count them dross.
 The fawning sycophant, with supple knee ;
 The clown, the flatt'rer, all humility ;
 Nor Mars alone his votaries, nor power,
 But crosier, cowl and cassock too, must soar,
 The long-faced curate, and the wily dean,
 The jolly prebend stretching his demesne,
 Formed leagues with tyrants, rival powers to quell,
 To gain the place, from whence conspirants fell.
 A strange commixture ; precedence their aim ;
 Their means, how various, but their ends the same !
 Amidst the turmoil of this strange array,
 An inward monitor would oft dismay.

Can this the end of being e'er fulfil ?

9

Whence, then, the source that pity's pearls distil ?
 Whence love, benevolence, and friendship's spring ?
 And whence these doubts, this dark imagining ?
 From imbecility ; perhaps, from fear ;
 Puerile prejudice ; a higher sphere
 Will find exterminated ; that attained,
 How bright the wreath by double combat gained !
 Yet 'twixt this inward and the outward strife,
 With danger circled, and with treach'ry rife,
 A being, pale, asquint, in deep disguise,
 From a dark cave emerging, met my eyes.

10

Her name was Envy. Her envenomed tongue
 Was dipped in gall, while she the cliffs among,
 Was digging pitfalls ; where the unwary oft
 Were plunged from exaltation's height aloft !
 Yet not on these was all her venom cast,
 But, self-tormented, gall was her repast.
 But though this fiend-like foe foiled many a race,
 And bones lay whit'ning at the mountain's base ;

Yet hope, that firm, unchanging friend to man,
 Urged fearful nature forward to the van ;
 And, looking down, the path already trod,
 Showed no less dangers than the onward road ;
 But as I climb, infatuation strange,
 I only mount to see a wider range
 Of mountains piled on mountains, which recede
 In just proportion to my upward speed !
 Still I press on in eagerness to rise,
 For ease and indolence ne'er won the prize.
 And now the height, the envied height, I see !
 Attainment blest ; fruition waits for me !
 But what ! what means this trembling where I stand ?
 Where is my guide ? Ambition, Jove, command !
 The massive pile gives way ! and fled, fled all !
 O ! unrelenting fate, I fall, I fall !

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Alas ! how fallen ; with my end in sight ! 11
 Curse on the fate that hurled me from that height !
 Dark the decree the nectar cup to kiss,
 But ere we quaff, doomed to be robbed the bliss !
 ' My son,' an aged hermit issuing cries 12
 From out a cave, ' I come to sympathize ;
 Cease to lament ; the fancied good you mourn,
 Knew you its value, would be soon forsworn ;
 Take but this telescope, and view the scene
 Where late you thought dwelt happiness serene.'
 I looked ; intently scrutinizing all ;
 Saw Alexander weep ! proud Nero fall !
 ' Enough,' I cried ; ' my error now I see,
 Only again to tax man's destiny !
 Father, thy hoary hairs bespeak the sage ;
 And thou perhaps canst restless fires assuage,
 That rage within, and render life at best,
 An unsolved riddle, a perplexing jest !
 Whence, if thou canst, say whence this latent flame ?
 This ling'ring wish to know from whence we came ?
 Whither we tend ? or, with this mortal coil,
 Dies all within, whence springs this strange turmoil ?'

'Son,' said the anchorite, and heaved a sigh,
 'I grieve to learn thy deep perplexity ;
 I've heard of popes, indulgences, and beads ;
 Of bulls, anathemas ; of councils, creeds ;
 Of deep intrigue, and bloody strife for power ;
 Still the soul shudders at the dying hour ;
 And nought I find, though deeply would I scan,
 To solve the problem of this riddle, man !
 Twice forty years of sunshine and of storm
 Have passed since life first nestled in this form ;
 And much of woe and human misery,
 These eyes, now dim, has been the lot to see.
 These cheeks, once fresh, but long since blanched by care,
 Have oft received the tributary tear.

I, Fortune's sport, vicissitude have tried,
 And met, unmoved, her ebb and flow of tide ;
 But this, this mental strife, in hot array,
 Has stole life's fires and left me old and gray ;
 I now stand trembling near the dreaded tomb,
 Weary of life, yet shudd'ring at the gloom
 Which still pervades our brief existence here ;
 And that profound, the tomb — another sphere !'

I left this sad recluse, again to mark
 Man catching straws and bubbles, while his bark
 Was swift careering down the stream of life,
 Vexed that his store amassed not with his strife.
 With just contempt I viewed these human apes,
 And blushed such weakness dwelt in human shapes.

Another busy throng attracts my view,
 Whom toils deter, nor obstacles subdue ;
 A yellow ore they carefully amassed
 By perseverance, nor by zeal surpassed.
 I marked the halo that hope shed around,
 When Mammon thus : —

'Here life's true joys are found.
 Whence is the source of greatness, and of power ?
 'T is gold that sways and makes the monarch tower.
 By gold he conquers, adding realm to realms ;
 Gold insignificance and want o'erwhelms ;

Gold buys him influence at foreign courts,
 And loyal subjects to defend his forts ;
 Gold builds him navies, wafted by the breeze,
 To bring him treasures from remotest seas.
 To gold the placeman owes his eminence,
 And many a lord three fourths his consequence.
 Gold buys hypocrisy a cloak so wide,
 Dissimulation may in safety hide.
 The joys of libertines this treasure buys,
 Hides questioned virtue from inquiring eyes ;
 Atones for want of merit in the fair,
 A prize so envied, all the lover's care ;
 Builds lasting monuments one's name to tell,
 When " dust to dust," and earth with earth must dwell.'
 ' Hold, hold,' said Fame ; ' the monument you raise, 15
 Rapacious Time shall to the basement raise !
 Go to Cholula, see the massive pile,
 And on that monument this tyrant smile !
 View Pompey's pillar, and the hero's bust,
 Cankered by time and crumbling to the dust ;
 The towering pyramids, proud Egypt's boast,
 Their builders perished, and their founders lost !
 Then say, thou sordid god, if gold repay
 The grov'ling herd who thee their homage pay ?
 In vain would *gold* perpetuate a name ;
 The sons of *Science*, only known to fame,
 Mind over matter, ever sway must bear
 Unlimited, through heaven, earth, ocean, air ;
 Research, the causes of each sphere combined,
 Will tell from whence, and why this mighty mind.'

I heard with ecstasy, and saw revealed, 16
 A mental conquest in this ample field !
 Nature's arcana must to man afford
 Solutions of himself when once explored.
 I took the helioscope and viewed the sun,
 His fiery brightness, and his spots so dun ;
 I scrutinized his disk of various shade ;
 Sought why eclipsed he chose to masquerade ;
 Observed the planets round him, mazy dance,
 Receding now, now modestly advance ;

The laws attractive and repulsive too;
That taught them distant deference was due ;
Why, mid the twinkling radiance of the skies,
Some keep their stations, others set and rise ;
The comet's course, swift, slow, elliptical ;
Measured his nucleus and sun-hit tail.
I marked the changes of the queen of night,
Now all unveiled, and now withdrawn from sight ;
Saw ocean's bosom heave with amorous sighs,
While the coquette now woos, and yet denies.
I took the baroscope and weighed the air,
Sought why now calm, now raging with despair ;
Admired the varied beauty of the bow,
And split the beams of light that made it glow ;
I ransacked earth through her dark, hidden caves,
Where echo answers to the roaring waves ;
Her minerals analyzed with chymic power,
And tried the properties of plant and flower.
I studied nature, from the bounding moose,
Down to the hissing, silly, babbling goose ;
Nay, worms and insects, with a critic's eye,
Nor passed e'en mites and animacules by.
I searched the ocean with his coral cave,
And sailed where whirlpools, dangerous eddies lave ;
Studied the frightful monsters of the main,
And the half-animated sponge in vain !
For though to man, reason and thought are given,
T' expatiate here below, and soar through heaven ;
Yet darkness, doubt, perplexity and thrall,
Hang o'er the *cause*, the *moving power* of all.
Compared with animals, man feels a god,
With moving power, he shrinks into the sod !
Thus 'twixt his greatness in this range of thought,
And baffled reasoning that shows him nought,
Man, undecided, feels his wretched doom,
Knowing each moment hastens to the tomb.
Longs to launch off, and hopes a second birth,
Yet fears some all-pervading power on earth ;
Fears to look back upon a misspent life ;
Fears to look forward, lest death end the strife !

Thus have I toiled, and disappointment swayed
 My doom, till now I curse the power that made !
 Yet one there is to mingle woes with mine,
 Him will I seek. Despair shall be our shrine !
 I sought the cave, where, on one fatal morn,
 I saw the hermit, wretched and forlorn.
 But, lo ! a ghastly form of lifeless clay,
 Grasping a parchment, stiffened as he lay,
 Was all I found ! Life's principle had fled !
 I seized the scroll, and thus its contents read :

18

‘ Son of ambition, should thy wayward feet
 E'er lead thee here, thine aged sire to greet,
 Know that the wretch you left involved in gloom,
 Found consolation, ere he found the tomb !
 Faith, Hope and Love illumed his downward road,
 And now he waits a mandate from his God,
 To call him, joyful, to a sphere where mind
 Will soar through endless ages, unconfined !
 A monk, who, weary of an humble life,
 Would court ambition, and engage in strife,
 That, unencumbered, he might climb the height,
 Left in my cave, a book of holy rite ;
 But strongly clasped ; and then denounced a woe,
 Should I e'er read what only priests should know.
 This interdiction only gave a zest
 To curiosity, to find expressed,
 By what strange craft the priestly power was gained.
 I oped, and read ; and, lo ! a heaven obtained !
 Search well this cavern, and in one small nook,
 You'll find this blest, invaluable book.
 Read and be wise, and mark how God has given
 A chart to guide our erring feet to heaven !
 Nor slightly read, and skim the surface o'er,
Each line is pregnant with internal lore !
 Heavenly arcana in this book abound,
 And angels' food, on earth, for man is found !
 Read and be wise, and humbly God adore,
 Who was, and is, and shall be evermore.’

The last sad rite I paid the honored dead,
 While nature's tributary tear I shed ;

Yet half suppressed it, while the book, the scroll,
 And its inexplicable words console.
 Then searched the cave, this magic book to scan,
 That thus could soothe or craze the woful man.
 In eager haste page after page I turned, 19
 While curiosity with ardor burned.
 Now hope flew round me with a flutt'ring wing ;
 Now fear stood trembling, now remorse would sting.
 Man sprung from earth, the breath of God inspires !
 A heaven of bliss, a hell of endless fires !
 God infinite in attributes and power !
 In being too ! eternity, nor shore,
 Nor end, nor bound, nor limit, circumscribe !
 A judgment seat, too awful to describe !
 Death, for transgression, brought on all our race !
 A resurrection from his cold embrace !
 These truths, presented to my wond'ring eyes,
 Brought gleams of light ! and now faith mounts the skies !
 My prostrate soul in deep contrition mourns
 Yet for her God, in deep devotion burns.
 And while she soars for purity towards heaven,
 Hears a still voice — '*My son, thou art forgiven !*'
 Hail, heavenly Truth ! thine is the magnet found, 20
 To guide the pilgrim, on life's voyage bound ;
 Thy sheen a halo o'er the tomb has cast,
 Irradiated vistas to the past ;
 Shed o'er-all nature soft and mellow light,
 O'ercome despair, restored the blind to sight,
 Showed man immortal, housed within a clod,
 And infidelity the way to God !
 Thy reign unlimited, on earth begun,
 Shall still extend, and spread from sun to sun ;
 Islands afar shall own thy blissful sway,
 Till darkness hide, and day succeed to day.
 No more then *Pleasure*, with her gaudy lure,
 Will youth inveigle, and her prey inure
 To scenes of folly, levity and vice,
 Where health is ruined, and their souls the price.
 No more *Ambition* teach the soul to sigh +
 For earthly honors, which are vanity ;

Nor fire his soul with restless wish to soar,
 Nor tempt him, rashly, rugged heights t' explore ;
 No more will man his hast'ning moments spend
 In grasping bubbles, heedless of his end.

No more for *Mammon* shall the sordid throng,
 For yellow coin, the tedious days prolong ;
 Each thought chained downward to the yielding sod,
 Time rushing by, yet heedless of their God.
 No more shall man, by Fame's loud blast engrossed,
 A name to echo, while his soul is lost ;
 Search second causes, till he end in thrall,
 Yet overlook the God that lives through all ;
 No more shall he, within himself to find
 A cause for all the varied powers of mind,
 Search till, surrounded by the darkest maze,
 Vile worm, he curse the Author of his days.
 But taught by thee, O Truth, mankind shall know
 How vain their search for happiness below !

Go ask the owl, weak man, to view the sun ;
 Go ask the torpid sloth a race to run ;
 Go ask the mole to lecture thee on light ;
 Go ask the bat to expatiate on sight ;
 Go ask the deaf the properties of sound,
 But ask not earth where thy true joys are found ;
 For heaven alone can fill the aching void,
 And teach thee where to choose, and what avoid.
 His light alone dispels the sinner's gloom ;
 His light alone this dungeon can illumine ;
 Teach woe to smile, extract affliction's dart ;
 ' Bind up the broken, heal the wounded heart ;'
 Relieve the heavy laden of his load,
 And bring estranged affections home to God.

Though here on earth, adversity's dark cloud
 Settle in gloom, and heaven's meek child enshroud ;
 Though haughty pride crush innocence and bloom,
 And send them sorrowing to an early tomb ;
 Though here the rich may grind the humble poor,
 And send the starving saint from his closed door ;
 Though ragged insolence, ungrateful, curse
 Sainted benevolence that fills his purse ;

The smiling infant, doomed to feel death's dart,
 Ere sin had stained his purity of heart ;
 Yet, rest assured that Heaven, with equal care,
 Stoops to the beggar's and the monarch's prayer ;
 Assured, in future being unconfined,
 Vice will there woe, and virtue joy will find.

Go measure time, eternity unfurled ;
 Go weigh a feather 'gainst a ponderous world ;
 And then confess, low, humbled in the dust,
 Man is presumptuous, and Heaven *just*.
 Go and look through illimitable space,
 Far as the telescopic power can trace,
 And view the vast creations of the whole,
 Sublime in harmony, through ether roll ;
 Winds, waves, and tempests waiting on his call,
 And then confess the *power* that rules them all.
 View his benevolence displayed below,
 Earth's teeming fruits luxuriantly grow ;
 Her varied beauties in each plant and flower,
 The wise vicissitude of sun and shower ;
 Night unto day, and day again to night,
 Yielding alternately for man's delight.
 See Salus springing from the gurgling fount,
 And wholesome drugs from out the pregnant mount ;
 Hear nature's harps in all her shrubs and trees,
 So sweetly touched by every passing breeze ;
 Seas paying tribute, to afford thee food ;
 And then, adoring say that God is *good*.

Mark the injunction of the anchorite,
 And seek the ' Way, the Truth, the Life, the Light.'
 Read ye, to whom this heavenly boon is given,
God's Word, a chart to guide our souls to heaven !
 Nor slightly read, and skim the surface o'er,
Each line is pregnant with internal lore !
 Heavenly arcana in this book abound,
 And angels' food on earth for man is found !
 Search and be wise, and humbly Him adore,
 Who was, and is, and shall be evermore.
 See God, himself enrobed in cumbrous clay,
 Earth, men, and devils tempting him astray,

While he in purpose, and in heart so pure,
 No power could move him, and no guile allure ;
 Looking through man with an omniscient eye,
 Detecting malice and hypocrisy,
 Receiving hatred, and returning love ;
 ' Wiser than serpents, harmless as a dove.'
 View his whole life, the infant, the divine ;
 His human glorified, the Godhead shine ;
 While Satan, awe-struck, from his sphere was hurled,
 And heaven opened to a fallen world.
 His mission finished, mark the opening tomb ;
 His foes subdued ; ye heavens, prepare him room ,
 Your everlasting doors wide open fling ;
 A mighty conqueror comes, of kings the King !
 Ye angels, do him homage ; he shall reign
 Though fall the stars, sun shroud, and moon should wane,
 Then the same love that brought him from the skies
 Will prompt a second advent. O ye wise,
 Go forth to meet him ; though the night be dark,
 Safely adventure in the sacred ark ;
 For earth shall bloom again, and heaven shall shine,
 If man, devout, acknowledge the Divine.
 Search out his advent in his holy Word,
 And view the glory of your coming Lord.
 O, for a portion of that quick'ning fire,
 Inspired bard,* that taught thy heavenly lyre
 To soar, in thrilling harmony above,
 And sing the wonders of redeeming love !
 A theme that man devoutly must revere ;
 A theme that brings down angels from their sphere ;
 A theme that liberated man will praise,
 Saints join in concert, and hosannas raise !
 But here, with imperfections to deplore,
 Can only bow in prayer, and God adore.
 For to describe the joys of heaven above,
 Those realms of pure, ecstatic, blissful love,
 A seraph's mind and pen it would require,
 Dipped in the rainbow's hues of heavenly fire ;

* Isaiah.

For scroll, the blue, ethereal arch above,
 And numbers, music of the spheres should move !
 But vain the task for mortal eye to trace,
 Ear hear, or heart conceive, the pleasures of that place !
 But as that city, with its streets of gold,*
 Descends from heaven, and gates of pearl unfold,
 O, they that enter in shall see God's face !
 While his own name their shining foreheads grace.
 ' Behold, I quickly come ! ' Thus saith the Word ;
 ' Even so ' — Ye nations, rise to meet your Lord."

Mr. Bentley, after reading the above effusion, proceeded to examine a separate parchment, which was blackened and mildewed by decay, in which the other had been enveloped. It contained visible traces of a manuscript, though the characters were nearly effaced by time. They were of a hieroglyphical nature, and entirely unknown to him ; but he discovered that they were spaced into seven separate stanzas, corresponding with the lamentation of the shepherd ; and he conjectured that the pastoral was merely a translation, from some language now extinct, by the unknown writer. He searched in vain for some trace that might designate the scribe ; but neither name nor date was visible.

" This," thought Mr. Bentley ; " cannot with propriety be called a *new* world ; since here, within the archives of the earth, are traces found, ancient as Egypt's pyramids or Grecian tombs, o'er which the linguist may rub his eyes, and rack his brains in vain ! He again turned to the introduction to the " Research " and read :

" Driven from the world and all its hopes and fears,
 By disappointment and the weight of years ;
 Here will I rest," &c.

* Revelations xxi. and xxii.

Our hero imagined the aged recluse resigning himself to the solitude of a gloomy cell, and dedicating himself to his God, until the portals of heaven should open to receive him ; and tried to imbibe the spirit which his numbers breathed. " But this hermit was a *voluntary* exile," thought he, " and sought an asylum here from the long ' turmoil of an ill-spent life.' No flinty barrier prevented his egress, no thralldom chained his steps. But I am doomed to feel their weight and scorching power, like the disgorged lava of volcanic fires ! "

CHAPTER XIII.

"And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent."

Hail, Liberty, thou goddess sweet.

THE curiosity of the prisoner being sated with regard to his musty scroll, the calls of nature became imperious. Hunger gnawed like the tooth of Time, and reminded him of the neglected food the Indians had brought him. He ate of some dried venison, paw-paws and persimmons, and then slaked his thirst at the falling fountain. His spirit was wearied with excitement and intense vigils; and after commending himself to the keeping of Him, whose eyes alone can penetrate the heart of the earth, he stretched himself in his murky cavern, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, a sudden crash, like some denouncing fiat of the Almighty, shook the astonished earth! again it was heard, and the thunder of God's power wildly echoed from crag to crag, and growled along each empty cavern, until earth trembled to her centre. The captive started on his feet appalled! he heard the winds sweeping tempestuously over his head, as if they bore destruction on their wings; and the voice of many waters, apparently foaming with wrath, and lashing with fury some unyielding foe!

He groped his way to the farther end of the cave, where the sounds were heard more distinctly; for

though a dread of the warring elements had, at first, struck him with terror and amazement; yet, as he listened, nature's wildest accents soothed his prisoned senses. As he passed through the last aperture, which opened into the farthestmost circular room that terminated the grotto, he thought he saw a gleam of light from that part of the cavern, where darkness had hitherto held undisputed dominion since the creation! He hurried onward; and a blaze, bright as the noonday sun, for an instant lighted up the cave! It were vain to attempt to describe the emotions of our hero. The lightning's flash, to him, looked like a lamp from heaven's crystal courts, and its fiery circuit, like the varied bow of promise.

"Has Heaven then interposed his arm of mercy, and sent this swift-winged herald from the sky, to unbar the adamantine gates of earth, immovable by human force?" thought he. The humbled captive awe-struck, adored the great "I AM" in silence, but durst not raise his eyes toward heaven. "A worm — a Deity;" he said, as he bowed himself over his folded arms, "the difference infinite; yet the All-powerful has thoughts of man!"

The tempest soon subsided; but after the lightnings ceased, it still was dark as Erebus. He approached as near the opening through which the lightnings looked, as he durst, and then stood listening to the music of the waves, as they rocked themselves to rest. The winds were hushed to plaintive murmurs, just as the dawn smiled on the tranquil elements; and our hero met the light, as friend meets friend, after long parting. But judge of his emotion and surprise, when the light enabled him to see his situation.

The electric fluid had, indeed, made an opening in the cave, as he had previously conjectured ; but, upon approaching the breach, he found himself standing midway up an almost perpendicular precipice, that seemed, to his astonished senses, to pierce the very skies ! On each side, far as the eye could reach, this wall of strength girdled a northern sea ; while from its base, a sheet of water, interminable to view, stretched out in billowy beauty ; for the sun, chasing a heavy fog that had made the morning dark, now glanced along its surface, giving the crystal liquid the hues of heaven. He took his points of compass from the rising luminary, and found that this towering bluff on which he stood, formed the southern boundary of this enormous lake or inland sea.

But the blessed air of liberty was careering blithely over his head, and an effort to inhale it was his next care. And as his eye glanced eagerly along each rugged crag and rough indenture, in hopes to find some foothold by which to gain the dizzy height above his head, and feel himself a man, it wearily returned, and glancing inward, saw but a heavy heart. Yet he felt that it was something to have gained a view of the splendid arch of heaven ; to see the glorious sun, and hear sweet nature's lullaby in whispered murmurs on the wave. An eagle now swept past. O, how he envied that noble bird her pinions, that he might fan the airs of heaven, and waft himself to the abodes of civilized man !

But the sublimity of the scene around him, as he gazed upon its grandeur, gradually swallowed up every other consideration ; and he forgot for the time being, that he was a prisoner in a dreary den. When he

spoke, his voice reverberated from rock to rock, and sounded like society ! This sweet illusion half robbed the exile of his woe. A spell was on his spirit, when he gazed above ! below ! around ! And the magnificence of the view made him feel so near the Deity, that he almost longed to "cleave the vault of heaven, and fly away and be at rest." His soul seemed struggling in her narrow bounds, when he invoked the pervading spirit of the place :

"Genius of the sublime," he said ; "thou fearful, pleasing, awe-inspiring one, that sometimes dwell'st in solitudes immense, and solemn silence — silence how profound ! What art thou ? And whence thy Protean influence ? Enthroned at times, upon the towering mount which seems ambitious to invade the heavens, soaring with emulation to the skies ; thy coronet, now dazzling e'en the sun, and now in dark and russet stole arrayed. The clouds thy robe, the lightning's flash thy lamp ; and when thou speak'st, thy voice the thunder's roar ! Again, we thee contemplate in the realms of space — interminable, boundless space ; where man, in vast infinity is lost ; till wandering thought returns, and finds him cooped in a frail tenement of fragile dust. Anon, thou ridest on the whirlwind's blast, or flapp'st thy rainbow pinions o'er the chasm where cataracts, in awful majesty, rush down in restless and impetuous foam ; whose deep, hoarse, ever-during murmuring, in fancy's ear, seems unrelenting fate, to tax, for want of rest. Ocean thy couch, thy organ choir the deep-toned music of his restless waves ! Mighty one, what art thou ? Perchance, of old, ere time was fledged, or orbs in mystic harmony, sung jocund round their central suns ; ere those bright

worlds were formed, or God said, 'Let there be light,' thou satest in sullen grandeur, and brooded over chaos ! Whate'er thou art, I woo thy less terrific influence. Thou hast the keys to unlock our prison-house of clay, and let the soul comparatively free ! Thy power aids us to explore the past, to soar beyond the bounds of time, and grasp at immortality. '*What art thou ?*' methinks I hear thee say : '*A faint glimpse of the Deity !*' "

The sun was in the mid heaven, and still the rapt beholder was at his post. In the eastern world, he had visited cataracts and caves, obelisks and palaces, temples and tombs, sanctified by time, and shaded by mystery ; yet he had seen nothing to compare with the magnificence of these bulwarks of a world !

The captive had crept to the most projecting part of the rock on which he had been standing, and was peering down the dizzy steep, when he discovered a canoe upon the wave, at the base of the precipice, in which he fancied he saw a human being, though apparently but a Lilliput in size. The possibility that some of the savages might possess less hardened hearts than his cruel captors, nerved him to exertion. He hallooed loud and repeatedly. The boatman dropped his paddle for some minutes, and then swiftly rowed his craft from under the cliff, and gazed intently upwards. Our hero stood upright, waved his handkerchief in the air, and again cried for help. He heard the same words which he had uttered, besides the clamorous echoes fall back upon his ear ! The boatman continued speaking, while the captive listened in breathless attention.

"Why dwells the white man with the tigers of the desert, and with red men fierce as they ?"

"For want of power to rescue," he replied; "help, for the love of heaven!"

"Where are the wings that carried you to the eagle's nest?" he asked.

"The wings of the fiery dragon and the treachery of men forced me here. Help, help, my brother!"

"The wings of the fiery dragon must take you down; I scale not walls like these."

The thought just occurred to Mr. Bentley, that he might not know of the cave in this mighty ledge of rocks, and he said: "Heaven be my witness, brother of my kind, thou hast a heart. O, leave me not to perish. A dreary and continued cave leads southward to the upper earth; but a stone, immovable by these weak members," he said, stretching out his arms, "confines me under ground. Will you help me force the passage?"

The boatman dropped his head upon his bosom some minutes, and was silent. He at length replied, "When the sun shall again have looked upon the earth, come to the mouth of your burrow. But let not these rocks hear you speak then."

As he concluded, he struck his paddle into the water, and cut his way through that yielding element, with the celerity of an arrow through the air. Our hero watched him till he passed from his sight, and then returned, light-hearted to the mouth of the cave. He felt his strength so much increased by hope of freedom, that he fancied the massive barrier would give way before him; but it resisted all his futile efforts, and he paced the cavern to while away the time.

Night now closed round the window of his cell, and he again ate of his roots, fruit, and smoked meat,

and lay down to seek repose. But the magnet that had drawn him from his native island, that had guided him across the deep, and that was then probably the pride of some enlightened circle, occupied his thoughts; and he began again to cherish some faint hope of meeting Miss Fitz James on earth.

At length sleep came, with her troop of fantasies, to spur on laggard time, while the weary exile waited for the morn; and falling palisadoes, savage ferocity, a seraph sent to save, and woman's smile, were strangely commingled in the captive's dream. The first time he awoke, he groped along to the extremity of the grotto to hail the dawn; but Aurora still was absent, and he sunk again to rest. Again he sought a kindly greeting; but she lingered still. Ere the sun had risen, he repaired to the entrance of the cave; and impatiently waited the arrival of his expected deliverer. He again traversed the length of his cavern to mark the sun's elevation. But the god of day climbed to the zenith; and yet the friendly native came not; then slowly sunk to rest, crushing the captive's hopes as he reclined.

At length the obstructing stone moved on its basis! Our hero felt the weight from off his heart. But they were his cursed captors come to bring him food; and when they closed again the door, the prisoner thought that death came in with darkness! He spurned his food, and sat disconsolate; adjusting the sad climax of his woes; when a low, whispering voice said: "Let the white man come forth like a fox from his hole, lest the panther spring upon his prey."

A lever was then thrust into the cavern, through an open space, with directions to aid in the removal of the

rock. Our hero felt as if the strength of Hercules had been lent him for the effort. It gradually gave way to their united exertions, and the captive was led forth, with the injunction, "Speak not, as you value life, but follow."

Mr. Bentley was starting in advance, in his haste to leave this prison-house, but his deliverer bade him help replace the rock they had removed, adding, "When the night-hawk can trace the path of the pelican through the heavens, then will the Sac-sees discover the footsteps of Onelatare-o on the earth."

The night proved favorable to their escape. The faint light of a few glimmering stars struggled faintly through the surrounding vapors; merely enabling Mr. Bentley to discern his guide, by following close upon his track. He judged they had travelled two hours in an eastern direction on the bluff, when they came to a place where the water was accessible from their elevated path. The Indian sprang into a bark canoe, and when Mr. Bentley had got his balance in the tottlish bark, he was told he might recline and sleep in safety.

The fatigue of walking, after his close confinement, rendered this indulgence necessary; and when he awoke, after a sound sleep, he found the day had already dawned, and that they were making their way through a dense fog; which the sun scarcely lessened during the day. Mr. Bentley ventured a remark upon its density, when the Indian said: "The Great Spirit that dwells on yonder islands, has often sent a mist upon the lake, that Onelatare-o might revenge his foes."

"What lake?" asked Mr. Bentley; for, from its extent, he had fancied it some inland sea.

"Superior," he said; "and the bad spirits here must often be appeased."

"What bad spirits?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"The spirits that pile these tranquil waters into mountains; and bow the forest trees upon their shores," said the native, in a suppressed voice.

Mr. Bentley had several times attempted an acknowledgment to his deliverer before they had reached the lake; (for not a trace of human footsteps was to be seen in the path his guide had chosen, and he saw nothing but beasts of prey to fear,) but the Indian still exacted his silence with stern severity, saying:

"A price is on the magpie's head; therefore let him learn to listen." But after he had embarked and rowed a little from the shore, the native's gravity began to soften, the stern rigidity of his features became in some measure relaxed, and his tongue at intervals unchained.

"Was the white man in his den when a strong spirit shook the earth, and rocked the deep?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks to that strong spirit, for it rent the rocks to give me freedom," replied Mr. Bentley.

"Thy freedom had been boundless in the hunting grounds afar, but for my aid. Seest thou yon moon, looking full upon the earth, round as the sun?"

"Yes, moving like a queen, majestically mild."

"To-night thou wast to have been offered up in sacrifice, to appease the rebellious spirit of the lakes."

"By whom!" our hero asked, struck with amaze, and shuddering through his frame.

"Your captors," he replied. "They are wild in their wrath, as the whirlwind's fury, and treacherous as the adder in the marsh; they butchered the Yamasees after they had smoked the calumet of peace together; and Onelatare-o has slain the leaders of

their tribe. Five of them were in council when the storm came down upon the earth; the rain fell with the bolts of heaven and quenched their council fires; the evil spirits of the bluffs were dark and furious; they doomed you as a sacrifice to appease their wrath, when the moon should have filled her circle; the lightnings flashed revenge on Onelatare-o's foes, and laid one low, like a struck fawn upon the earth! and when a second time the spirit flashed revenge, this hatchet slew two more!"

"Where were the two remaining ones, that they pursued you not?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"The Spirit looked not bright upon the earth again, till, like a hart, I scaled the bluff! a grape-vine, fastened to an overhanging rock, let me down into my skiff, when the night-winds slept. Onelatare-o has been revenged; he now can sleep in peace!"

Towards evening they landed, when the native left his bark unmoored, to the capricious waves, and again enjoined strict silence on his comrade. And while we leave our hero, with his sagacious guide, to thread the mazy desert, we will return to our friends in Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The crucible that hardens clay,
But liquefies the gold ;
Thus contrite spirits melt away,
Thus hardened ones grow bold."

ANON.

Man. Givest thou thy votaries no reprieves ?

Earth. Yes ; rest while do the aspen leaves.

UPON the return of Captain Dumont and the Misses Erwin from the masquerade, Mr. Erwin informed the young ladies that some city gallant had outwitted them, by coming to the house while he was absent, and inquiring of the servants, of the peculiarities of their dresses, after their departure.

"I think gallantry got the better of his politeness, in that respect," said Emma. But she instantly checked herself, for her mind reverted to the chevalier whose attention she had attracted ; and whose allusions indicated some knowledge of her. And by what means soever his information was obtained, she was interested in the interview. One of the servants now entered, and Emma questioned her about the inquisitive stranger.

"Well, ma'am," said the maid, "he wasn't so handsome as Captain Dumont, nor so tall as Mr. Erwin, but he was a very smart-looking gentleman, for all that. And I told him how beautiful you looked, and what a fine dress you wore, and that it was all gaudered over with such beads as the Indians wear, and that

you had on a very fine wreath of little clam shells, or some such ; and was going to tell him what perty flowers Miss Charlotte had, and how illigant Miss Maria dressed ; but as soon as I told him about your wreath of shells, he said 'It is enough,' and bolted out directly."

"A fine description, truly," said Emma, smiling at the girl's vanity. But she saw it was too late to chide her for her loquacity, and dismissed her.

The morning's mail brought a letter from England informing Mr. Erwin, that his young friend Mr. Bentley, had long since left his native land for America ; and congratulating him upon again meeting the only representative of his former friend, Sir George Bentley. He had scarcely finished perusing this letter, when Mr. Vancour was announced, who seemed destined to follow, like ill luck, upon their track. For no obligation is more binding, and no demand more perplexing, than a debt of gratitude to one whom we dislike. And Mr. Erwin constantly felt the warmth of his gratitude, while in Mr. Vancour's presence, chilled by disgust.

Mr. Vancour said he little expected the pleasure of so soon again meeting them, when they left the south ; but that urgent business had brought him to the city, which would probably detain him in it for some weeks. And that, to beguile the ennui of the morning, he had ordered a carriage, and requested the pleasure of the young ladies' company in a ride.

Emma was the only one present, and she replied, that news, which they had just received, of the death of a distant relative, she presumed, would be a sufficient apology for declining his invitation. He urged his suit with warmth, and parried every objection ; but

she still remained decided, for she wished not to encourage his futile hopes.

Mr. Erwin told him that he was probably misinformed with regard to the supposed death of Mr. Bentley; for he had just heard with much delight, that he embarked early in the season for America, and wondered he had not heard of his arrival. Miss Erwin and Mr. Vancour's eyes met; those of the latter fell beneath the glance, and shame and confusion were depicted in a countenance that seldom betrayed any emotion of the mind. He at length replied :

"Perhaps I was misinformed as to the *place* of his death. The Atlantic must be his grave; you surely would have heard of his arrival, were it not so." But there was a tremor in the voice while he spoke, and, every muscle of the face seemed contracted as if by extraordinary exertion, which posed Mr. Erwin exceedingly. He soon took his leave in apparent agitation, and they heard no more of him for several days.

The probability that Mr. Bentley was in the United States gave a secret elasticity to Emma's spirits. She watched each passer-by, half expecting to recognize her early friend, among the moving throng. She was aware of the difficulty he would meet in seeking them out, on account of their change of name; and secretly wished to give the cognomen of Sir Graham Fitz James to the wind, that it might waft it to the ears of her youthful friend. But more grateful the breeze that should bring the familiar accents of his voice to hers. The days were past in sweet anticipation of the future; and every hour, she fondly thought, lingered for news to bless.

A week passed without hearing from Mr. Vancour;

when the host, with whom he lodged, waited upon Mr. Erwin, and told him a gentleman by the name of Vancouver, lay dangerously ill of a fever at his house ; and that at the height of his disease, when raving with delirium, he had been heard several times to utter the name of *Erwin*. And begged, if he were a relative or friend, he would go and endeavor to soothe the last hours of his misery.

Mr. Erwin accompanied him immediately, and found the patient in a state of mind calculated to command every attention which humanity could prompt. He was literally mad, and wished to fight every one who entered the room ; though so weak as to be unable to move from the bed. He frequently started up in a frenzy, uttering the most dreadful imprecations and anathemas against some unnamed foe ; then would fall back upon his pillow, and wrench the clothes from off his breast, and even tear his flesh !

" Help, villain," he said ; " and tear this viper from my breast ! "

" Where ? what ! " said his frightened attendant.

" Here, within ; remorse, remorse, it eats like hell ! The savage brutes cannot inflict worse torments ! " He was silent for a few minutes, and then added, " A rocky cavern ; 'tis good enough. Instead of pampered servants, and princely castles, let him suck his fingers in a den, like a hunted lion ; let him starve, or feed upon his honors ; they 'll not last long ! "

" Whose honors ? " asked Mr. Erwin.

" Who ? who ? " he said maliciously. " I'll send you to him if you wish to know ; but I shall take good heed you come not back to babble. "

As he became more calm, Mr. Erwin endeavored to

make himself known to him, that he might offer him the consolations of friendship. But he replied, "Think not to cozen me into a confession. No, I'll die the death of a tortoise first; and kick and writhe in the hot caldron of despair! I yet can bear the fangs of this envenomed serpent. Yes, *he* shall dwell with serpents; let them crawl out of their slimy holes, and twine themselves around his limbs, and hiss him in the face. And let him talk to *them* of rank and titles, if he choose! and then make love to them, eh? ha, ha, come across the briny deep to make love to *them*! That will do, since the cold steel suits not his tender heart. But *she* spurns me still! Heavens! I rescued her from flames, and yet she hates me! I wish the fire had scorched her pride, and burnt her aristocracy; she then would have come out purified. But she never will see *him*; 'tis scarcely possible. I hope that death has done his work; then all is safe."

He continued to rave and struggle with little intermission; until death bade the unquiet spirit flee, nor quarrel longer with frail dust.

Mr. Erwin could not banish the words of Mr. Vancour from his mind, though spoken by a lunatic; and he could but fear he had gone to the spirit world with some crime, unshrived, upon his conscience. But he cast the mantle of charity over the faults of the departed, and locked up his dying words from thousand-tongued rumor.

After Mr. Vancour's decease, upon the settlement of his estate, a large demand was made upon his property by his negro-driver, Jack Hamilton; which suited ill with the tastes of the avaricious and expectant heirs. And upon finding that he was more flush of money

than was common for persons in his capacity, they threw him into prison upon a charge of fraudulence and theft. One of the negroes on the plantation, too, but a few weeks before his imprisonment, might be said to have literally died under the lash (for he expired shortly after a most inhuman bastinading); and one of the most politic of Mr. Vancour's inheritors represented this crime to him in colors so glowing that he made him believe he was shortly to suffer as a murderer; and he daily exhorted him, after his confinement, to prepare for a culprit's death. At the same time he told him, that if he would confess his fraud, and give up his claim upon Mr. Vancour's estate, he would use his utmost endeavors to save his life.

These considerations had so just an effect upon the conscience-stricken and cowardly heart of Hamilton, that he at last confessed that the note, which rendered his claim upon Mr. Vancour's estate recoverable, had been forged; though he insisted that the claim itself was just. For he averred that his master, but a short time before his death, had verbally promised him the sum of money mentioned in the forged note of hand, upon condition that he succeeded in his plan of marrying Emma Erwin. And that, as death had cut short this adventure, and his failure in the accomplishment of his ends was owing to no fault of his own, his demand, he argued, was still just. Furthermore, he acknowledged that he had taken fifty dollars from the money-drawer, to pay a lawyer for executing his tenure on the estate of the deceased, which he had intended, he said, to replace when he should have obtained his demand.

Upon being questioned as to the manner in which he had expected to aid Mr. Vancour in securing a

lady's hand, he acquainted them with other dark traits in his character. He said he had been a servant to an English gentleman by the name of Mr. Bentley, who, he conjectured, was in love with Miss Fitz James — here called Miss Erwin. For he had often seen them meet at Bentley Castle, and that he had followed her across the main. That his real name was Jack Hughes. But upon being dismissed from service by Mr. Bentley in Boston, instead of returning to England, as his master supposed, he embarked on board a ship bound for Charleston, calling his name *Jack Hamilton*, and was employed by Mr. Vancour. And that he expected to have done him service by reporting Mr. Bentley's death, and swearing to it, if necessary.

The wily heir assured Jack that he could scarcely expect to realize the amount of money claimed by him, from a lie *well told*. And, inasmuch as it was merely conceived in his heart, he should send him adrift upon the world, with a striped back to his jacket, and an empty purse; to learn the useful lesson, that "honesty is the best policy."

Several weeks had elapsed subsequent to Mr. Vancour's death, when Mr. Erwin took up one of the public journals printed in the city; and a notice, mentioning the sudden departure of a gentleman from his lodgings, calling his name Bentley, leaving behind trunks and other valuables, caught his eye.

Mr. Erwin repaired immediately to the hotel in the street mentioned; and became convinced from what information he could gather, that the person mentioned in the paragraph was his young friend. But he could get no satisfaction as to the reason of his leaving privately, nor the place whither he had gone. And his

anxiety became proportionably great, as time wore away without hearing from him.

Emma heard from her father, that Mr. Vancour died in a most unhappy state of mind, but knew not that he had made any allusion to her; nor was she aware of the manner in which he had spoken of some one in connection with herself. Neither had she seen the notice of Mr. Bentley's mysterious departure from the city. Consequently, half her happiness, which was ideal, sprang from the mere illusion of a *chateau en Espagne*.

There was an arbor in the garden belonging to the situation which Mr. Erwin had selected, mantled over with woodbine and mountain myrtle, and relieved with gay festoons of frailer and more fragile, flowering vines. Here Emma passed most of her leisure hours; and frequently brought hither her wreath of shells, and rubbed the scentless petals, to give the leaves a finer polish. Sometimes she would interweave some sprigs of myrtle, then bind it on her brow.

Once, when summoned to the house, she left her garland in the bower, where it remained all night. On repairing to her favorite retreat in the morning, she found the dew-drops trembling in the cups. This circumstance, though so natural, stirred the fountain of her feelings, and she mingled tears with nature. "I had hoped," thought she, gazing on the wreath, "that thou and tears had parted, but his long delay causes even thee to weep." And the diamond drop moistened her lips, while she kissed the liquid gem, and moralized on the uncertain future.

Her father now approached, and she turned to adjust a tendril, and passed her hand across her eyes.

He was admiring the delicacy of the flowers, when Emma said, "One thing, my dear father, is wanting to complete this bower."

What is that, my daughter? perhaps I can complete it."

"It is unattainable; yet fancy always sees a vacuum."

"If it be a matter of fancy, methinks that yours, my child, not wanting in invention, might soon supply it."

"O no," she said, smiling and shaking her head; "it is a work of art. In short, my father, an appropriate statue, that might seem a guardian of the place." Either the reflection of the flowers, or some emotion, gave a slight tinge to her features as she spoke. And Mr. Erwin thought of the embowered temple and statue at Bentley Castle, where Emma had passed so many happy hours.

"To which of the saints would you dedicate this work of art, my love?" asked Mr. Erwin.

"To neither, but to some virtue; Friendship perhaps. If Mr. Gabbiani had but lived, we might, by his selection of an artist, have obtained a suitable one from Italy. But his cup, poor man, was literally 'broken at the fountain,' and classically, at Helicon," added she, with a sigh.

"I think a plan may yet succeed to fill this 'vacuum' in a lady's fancy," said Mr. Erwin, smiling at Emma's heightened color. "For, what with the slender pittance that remains to me of my inheritance in England; what with the avails of my own labor; and what with my daughter's economical arrangements in my household affairs, I think I shall be able to gratify her wishes."

"Excuse me, dear father ; I could not think of purchasing gratifications with the degradation to which you would subject yourself by toil," said Emma.

"Tut, tut, my child ; that sentiment, though spoken by Miss Erwin, I deem unworthy of a citizen of this republic. My life, you know, never was an idle one ; and where is the boasted difference between earning an independence and smiling on misfortune, or serving an ungrateful king, dependent on his bounty ? Beshrew false pride ; it is a task-master, from which these Yankees, happy in themselves, are free ; and *Washington* shall ever prove a watchword of defence against this foe. Believe me, Emma ; no bread is sweeter than that which active industry has earned. And methinks my almoner goes on a better errand with his mite, than when, with bloated pockets, he staggered off, bearing the refuse of uncounted gold !"

Emma felt herself justly reproved, and was silent. Her *conduct* had never merited censure, for she had accommodated herself to her father's altered circumstances without repining ; and since the death of her mother, had conducted his domestic concerns in a manner worthy the ancient matrons of Greece and Rome.

Autumn was now beginning to impart the variegated hues of yellow, red, and their intermediate hues to the forest trees, (presages to decay, that so often give a color to man's thoughts,) when Captain Dumont and the young ladies took an excursion into the wood to enjoy its fading beauties. They roamed, regardless whither, until the direction for their return was uncertain ; for the sun in the mean time, had become obscured. After having wandered for an hour or more,

they came to a retired cottage just as the rain began to patter on the fallen leaves. As they knocked at the door, they heard some one say within : " Devil take the squaws ; I willed her to the wolves long and merry ago."

They knocked again, when a female voice said " Walk."

" In or out," said Captain Dumont, turning to the ladies, " we will seek a shelter."

A plump and jolly-looking dame bade them take some *cheers* ; and when they apologized for their intrusion, she replied, " All rynagates find their way to my house."

A pedler, with his " knick-knacks " and *notions*, paraded on a table near the door, now commenced his roll-call. " Ladies," he said, " you don't want to purchase any silks, calicoes, muslins, veils nor hose, do you ? "

" No," they replied.

" Pins, needles, thimbles, thread, scissors, jewelry, snuff-boxes, nor anything ? "

" No."

" Now I guess I can tempt some of your bright eyes with this ere lace," he said, displaying some of a very indifferent quality ; "'t is cheap as nothing. Now can't I ? "

" We do not wish to purchase," they replied.

" Money is mighty scarce," said the dame, " but I should think grandees, who never *yearn* anything, might afford to buy ; " (and she gave the pedler a significant wink.) " But right poor folks knows a heap better nor they how money comes."

The shower was soon over, when the pedler swung

his pack, and started off; and Captain Dumont and the ladies soon followed, (the pedler having taken the road to the city.) They soon came up with him, for he had stopped, he said, to fix the *tarnal* straps around his arms; but he could n't make 'um *fudge*, and he *guessed* he should have to stop and *dicker* 'um at *Feladelfy*.

At this moment an Indian female came gliding out of the wood, whom they took, at first sight, to be Ones-ate; though her face was so hidden by her blanket, that they judged only by her figure. She ran up to the pedler with every demonstration of joy, and said:

"I have waited for your coming as a bird watches for her mate, but you came not back! I have roamed along the borders of the settlement for two long moons, and I found you not! Now Ones-ate will never leave you more; she will dress the game which her own bow has taken, and bring you smoking venison from the wood; she has worn your beads and brooches, and remembered all the words you whispered in her ear; she will kindle the fire in your wigwam, and be your squaw."

The pedler seemed thunderstruck at first sight of her; and stood looking alternately at her and Captain Dumont, while she spoke. As she concluded, he recovered himself, and said, "Back to your filthy wigwam; I know you not."

She threw her arms around him as he attempted to repulse her, and said: "Your own pappoose was white as the hare in winter; but he died, and you saw him not! I buried him by the white stone, where the pale maiden weeps; Ones-ate was then alone, and her

heart became soft ; she was the last of the Yamassees, for Onelatare-o comes not back ; she will never leave you more."

He thrust her from him with violence, saying, "'Tis false, you copper-colored strumpet ; begone, I say."

She recovered herself in an instant, and with the quickness of thought, and eyes flashing fire, stabbed him to the heart ! and then darted off into the wood. Captain Dumont attempted to follow, and arrest her, but she soon left him so far in the rear that he found the pursuit useless, and returned to the ladies, who, pale and trembling, were endeavoring to stanch the pedler's wounds. Captain Dumont raised him from the ground, bore him back to the cottage where they first saw him, procured medical aid, and then returned with his fair associates, fatigued and agitated to the city. A search was immediately instituted for the murderess, (for the pedler soon expired,) but a pile of smouldering wood, with human bones frying and sputtering among the embers, was all the trace, (though an indubitable one,) that was discovered of the unfortunate and revengeful Ones-ate.

When Mr. Erwin left South Carolina, he tried to prevail upon his Indian guest to accompany him, but in vain. And they had often speculated upon the dark and turbulent workings of an uncultured mind, when wrought to desperation by thronging woes ; and often feared she might still perpetrate the fearful deed of self-destruction.

The Polish expedition, had long since sailed ; and the varied successes of this noble band had an effect upon Captain Dumont's feelings, similar to that which a fluctuating climate has on a thermometer. For the

fire of patriotism still burned within his bosom, though Hymen was lighting his torch to guide him to his altar, And even in the lap of love, he heard the blood of Count Pulaski, spilt in the cause of foreign freedom, calling for help from the ground, to redress his country's wrongs! and the name of *Kosciusko*, ever made him reflect upon the costly incense offered up on the altar of his heart to light love's censer.

Mr. Erwin often went to the hotel where Mr. Bentley had lodged during his short stay in Philadelphia, to hear if tidings had been received from him. But month after month departed, and no intelligence whatever could be gleaned, that might designate his fate; and every day's delay made his suspicions assume the plain and simple garb of facts; that some foul play behind the screens, had caused his sudden exit. For he was convinced that the lofty-minded son of his honored and endeared friend, would spurn an act of baseness that might induce his flight.

The landlord told him that the Reverend *Monsieur Albert*, of New York, had several times written letters of inquiry about Mr. Bentley, and expressed much anxiety for his return. This news, together with the solicitude for his young friend's safety, induced Mr. Erwin to set out immediately for New York, to seek an interview with this gentleman. From him he learned that Mr. Bentley had landed at Boston in the month of July; that he had visited New York, and travelled from thence to Philadelphia. And that the object of his mission was to find his father's friend, *Sir Graham Fitz James*.

This information drew an acknowledgment from Mr. Erwin, of his real name and rank in England; together

with considerations that induced him to assume a fictitious one. And after entering into arrangements for a correspondence that might give efficacy to their anxious search, Mr. Erwin and his reverend friend parted, with sentiments of mutual sympathy and concern for the fate of their common friend.

Emma Erwin heard the news of Mr. Bentley's arrival in America with chastened exultation. But as time passed, every succeeding day showed the futility of to-morrow's hopes ; until each day began and ended in a conflict with her heart worthy a better cause. And she strove in vain to subdue each selfish thought, and devote her time, attention, and her feelings to the joyful celebration of Maria's approaching nuptials. Consequently, to a scrutinizing eye, the smile and tear were often seen in rivalry ; and the beholder often gazed in rapture, to ascertain whether the tear embellished the smile, or the smile the tear ; until the conscious maiden turned away her reddening face to hide the combatants.

CHAPTER XV.

"So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath,
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

MOORE.

It will be recollected that we left Onelatare-o threading the western desert with the sagacity of the migratory birds, and the liberated captive in his track, in silent submission to this forest lord. Mr. Bentley thought they had travelled nearly far enough to reach the Atlantic, and yet no traces of civilization were visible; and he found that while bereft of liberty, the thoughts of thralldom, and the loss of every social comfort so dear to man, had so unnerved his mind, that he had made no correct computation of either space or time, passed over or consumed, in this oppressive pilgrimage. At length they came again to the borders of a tranquil lake. A little cove sheltered a frail canoe, and the pedestrian, weary and worn, embarked with a lighter heart. As they passed along the border of this lake, Mr. Bentley noticed that most of the rivulets and larger streams appeared very much swollen, and came foaming and turbid to the parent lake, and remarked it to his guide.

"Ninety moons," said the native, "the lakes and

streams rise and increase in size, then ninety moons they fall and shrink away ; they now are nearly at their height."

Their progress on the lake was frequently interrupted by high winds, which rendered the water too rough for their frail craft. At these intervals our hero counted the tedious hours that kept him from society ; and felt that exile only could define the word in its full force. And "where was she who added to society embellishment, and gaiety, and life?" thought he. "Could the extremities of fate ever meet ! an outcast from his kind ; a prisoner in a darkened cave, doomed to be offered up, by savage foes, a sacrifice with superstitious orgies ! Could he, on whom grim misery had set his seal, ever hold converse with an earthly seraph, on whom earth and heaven smiled ? Could he ever become the sharer and the soother of her joys and sorrows ? listen to the music of her voice, and meet her smile ?" The thought was bliss. But hope had heard of wisdom, and seen experience, and she learned to doubt.

Mr. Bentley inquired of his savage guide if he had previously known of the cave from which he had been liberated ; or of an aged recluse who had formerly inhabited it ; and found to his regret, that Onelatare-o could throw no light upon the circumstances that had induced the writer of his manuscript, which he found in the cave, to seclude himself from the world in that rocky den ; and leave it without any record of his fate but the musty parchments he held in his hand. He perused again the "*Research of the Pagan*," while Onelatare-o listened with the most profound attention, and often dropped his paddle, apparently absorbed in

thought. When Mr. Bentley had finished reading, he asked, "Who is God?"

"A Great Spirit, the author of all life, and the fountain of all love," replied Mr. Bentley.

"The Great Spirit of the red man dwells on the islands in the lake Superior," said Onelatare-o. "Where does the Great Spirit of the white man live?"

"The Great Spirit, who is God, fills immensity; and looks into the hearts of men with vision clear, as we into this transparent lake. Yet, in a happy sphere called heaven, he there ineffably unveils his brightness to both the red man and the white, who here were good and true, and after death became spirits and angels in a better world. A priest, among the whites has said that 'God is light, and the sun is his shadow!' Think then of the glory that surrounds him in the heavens, if that bright luminary be but a faint resemblance of his splendor! And not only the sun, but the blue expanse above us, studded with sparks of light and loveliness by Jehovah; these transparent lakes, that still reflect the beauty of creation, on their margins; the beasts, the birds, the insects, mountains, streams, all speak of God who made them, and shadow forth a better state, where existence to the good, is happy and unending; a state where decay can never come;

'Where everlasting spring abides,
And ever blooming flowers.'"

"Are there *woods* in that far-off land?" asked Onelatare-o.

Our hero was posed at this question of the simple savage, but soon replied, "Yes,

'Trees of life immortal stand,
In shining rows at God's right hand.'

"Then," said the exulting savage; "Onelatare-o will use the bow of the strong-armed chief. No white man will drive him from his grounds. The chief will know his son, for he has revenged his foes."

"My brother," said Mr. Bentley in reply; "time was, when man was innocent and pure. He walked and talked with God; and shining seraphs were his associates. He loved, and lived in peace. And beasts, all beasts, and every fowl of the air, knowing upright man his friend, came to him and were named. But man perverted the order of creation, and thereby lost the immediate presence of Jehovah. Yet still, as ages passed away, the Mighty One was visible in all his works. And not a shrub, nor flower, nor spire of grass, but taught the beholder of its Maker; and sometimes angels, heralds from a throne of love, came visibly to man. But with progressive change, he wandered from the fountain of all good, and turned his face from heaven. The book of nature, written in characters of living light, by God himself, became a blank to hood-winked mortals. Earth saw the unnatural deeds of her once godlike lord, and brought forth thorns and brambles! Instinctive nature imbibed the poison of this fall from frail, degenerate man, and turned, ferocious, unrelenting, on its prey. And this our once fair world became a scene of bloodshed, crime, and woe. Mankind throughout the world, both the white man and the Indian, now nurtured evil passions, clouded their minds with error, and shut out the light of God's immutable truth from their understandings! became forgetful of that hand divine that made

them ; lost love for one another, and cherished hatred ! and were fruitful only in self-righteousness, revenge, and wrongs.

“ But God, who is Love and Wisdom, looked with pity on our fallen race, and himself, the great I AM, clothed his divinity in flesh like ours ; took our nature upon him, and was tempted ‘ in all points like as we are ; yet without sin.’ He resisted, and overcame all the powers of darkness that surrounded him, ‘ led captivity captive, and Satan fell like lightning from heaven !’ And after a life spent in acts of benevolence and love to our race, by whom he was rejected and despised, he laid aside poor, frail mortality, and rose the King eternal. Thus, by a life and death of suffering, he glorified his humanity, and rendered it divine. And after his resurrection, when about to resume his bright effluence in the heavens, ‘ his face did shine as the light, and his garments were white and glistening.’

“ Thus, my brother, ‘ the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the prince of peace,’ who has ‘ all power in heaven and in earth,’ and whose love is commensurate with his power, has opened up a way by which frail mortals like ourselves, encompassed with infirmity, can come to God, and live ‘ in joy unspeakable, and full of glory’ ! ‘ He has set us an example that we should follow his steps,’ by loving our fellow-men, forgiving our enemies, and adoring Him who ‘ stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and laid the foundations of the earth.’ And though evil spirits still incite us to acts of wrong and cruelty, yet they are vanquished foes ; and the spirit of our God, and good angels who are ever around, and over us, will instruct and guard us if we will follow their guidance. O, let us give

heed to his blessed precepts, to pity and forgive those who wrong us, to love our God who sustains and protects us, and our neighbor as ourselves ; and to use the faculties that God has given us, to learn the truth, and do it. Then when death unnerves the arm, and shuts our eyes on time and turmoil, our spirits will arise triumphant, and live with God in heaven !

' Yes, when the *frailer* body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies,
When the partition walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.' "

" But the Indian," said Onelatare-o, " has no communication with the heavens. The white man sends a kite into the air, and brings the lightnings down ! but we are tribes of earth, we cannot pierce the clouds, nor look where God abides."

" No mortal eye hath looked on the essential divinity of God and lived. But his divine humanity is manifest to man. Hence he says, ' he that hath seen me,' (that is, God veiled in flesh) ' hath seen the father.' In all his works he may be seen, if clouds of error blind not the reason that God has given man ; and even the '*invisible things* of him from the creation are plainly seen by things which do appear.' But probably not till we have passed the portals of grim death, and thrown off frail mortality, shall we know fully the design, or see the beauty of creation in all its splendor. In heaven we shall ' see God as he is.' The good will there gaze in adoration on his transcendent glory and perfections to all eternity. But ' outer darkness ' will inclose the bad, without a gleam of hope."

"How does the white man know these things are true?" asked Onelatare-o.

"God has given him a Book, containing all these truths and many more, precious to fallen man; to guide him while he lives, and comfort him in death. This is the 'blest, invaluable book' found in the cave by the despairing anchorite, which brought the writer of this manuscript humble and joyful to his God."

"Does the white man still possess this Book?" inquired the anxious guide.

"Yes," said Mr. Bentley, "and I shall be most happy to give this chart of life to Onelatare-o; and trust it will prove the richest gift I can bestow; and will repay him in some degree for my deliverance and guidance. For he will there learn that God takes cognizance of man; that all good affections and promptings to good actions are from him, whether we acknowledge it or not, and that he will reward man according to his works."

Mr. Bentley never felt the importance of the sacred truths, contained in holy writ, more forcibly than while conversing with his benefactor; and ardently wished he was master of those cogent reasons which array the good divine in "panoply complete" against the unbelief that the Lord is God alone. But such instructions as he was capable of giving the uncultured native, served to beguile a tedious passage on the lake, and enabled him to learn more of the nature of this forest lord. At last the port was made, and they journeyed on by land. Mr. Bentley became every day more and more interested in this wild and haughty savage, who smiled with stern endurance on danger and fatigue, and spurned at riches. Mr. Bentley had offered him a

gold watch, and everything of any value about his person, except his mother's picture ; but he seemed to regard them with indifference, and replied :

" Onelatare-o is a hunted deer, he wants no clog to hinder him in flight ; when he stands at bay, a hatchet and a gun will serve his turn ; with a good knife to scalp the fallen foe."

Our hero felt anxious to know how his guide had obtained a knowledge of the English language, while he retained all his savage customs and prejudices ; and had indirectly adverted to the subject in conversation. But all his allusions had as yet, been shrewdly evaded. As they were crossing a river, Onelatare-o said :

" The white man's language is like this gentle stream, his speech is smooth and long."

" It is not so long but Onelatare-o speaks it," said Mr. Bentley.

" To serve a brave white chief, I learned his tongue," resumed the Indian ; " To bring intelligence, these feet have climbed the mountain's height, and traced the desert with the swiftness of a roe. These arms have met the tide's full force, and beat it back. Alone, I heard the war-whoop of the foe upon the wind, but quailed not at the sound ; Long-Bow, the bravest chief, shall know his son."

" What white chief did you serve ?" asked Mr. Bentley.

" General Was-hington," he replied ; " he looked not lightly on the hatchets of our tribe, but loved his children ; he turned not back when he saw the foe ; he feared not death ; his face is white, but his heart is brave as the red chief of the woods."

As soon as they came in sight of a frontier settle-

ment of the whites, the native said, "The widened trail will take the white man to his home ; Onelatare-o must seek the daughter of a chief ; Ones-ate has waited long for his coming."

A view of the abodes of social man lighted up our hero's soul, and warmed his heart with kindred fervor ; but like all life's tantalizing sweets, this joy had some abatement. His parting with Onelatare-o was painful, for he not only felt a lively sense of gratitude for the services he had rendered him, but venerated the noble qualities of his mind, notwithstanding his deeds of bloodshed, and felt for him esteem and friendship. An inability to recompense his deeds of worth, thwarted the pleadings of a generous heart. He was anxious that his liberator should accompany him to Philadelphia, that he might equip him with arms and ammunition ; but finding his purpose was fixed and unalterable, Mr. Bentley cordially shook his brawny hand and said :

"If Onelatare-o ever want a friend, or aid, or money, let him seek out his white brother, who owes to him his life and liberty. Farewell. May Heaven reward thy deeds of mercy ; fare thee well."

Left to his own reflections, our hero realized how much we are indebted to a few congenial hearts for what we term enjoyment ; and he who never felt a sense of loneliness amid a crowd, knows not how very exclusive are the richest joys of life. But solitude, in Mr. Bentley, had nurtured true benevolence ; and freed from all the petty passions that so often render life a scene of turmoil, and estrange the hearts of men amid the bustle of the world, the sheltered hamlet, and the snug abodes of social life ; hidden, like the nest of

some coy bird on the frontier of the forest, looked, to the returning captive, like household gods.

His gold repeater procured him a horse equipped for travelling, which he hastily mounted, and bent his eager course to Philadelphia. His first object was to search out the wretch who had basely decoyed him from the face of civilized man ; and who, aided by the base creatures of his power, had doomed him to a dungeon and intended death. " This villain," thought he, " if he hold so high a place on earth as the trailing serpent, shall pay a dear tribute to the laws to which he is amenable. Neither land nor sea in their remotest nooks shall prove a covert for perfidy like his. The sword of justice shall descend on his devoted head."

But ere he had reached the city, a softer passion had insinuated itself behind this resolution ; and firm as it was, supplanted it. And he concluded after he should have replenished his purse from his trunks in Philadelphia, to make a flying journey to New York, to learn if his friend, *Monsieur Albert* had heard of the family of Sir Graham Fitz James. Consequently he scarcely remained long enough at the hotel, to give a plausible reason for having taken French leave, but doffed his time-worn ward-robe at a merchant tailor's and proceeded with all possible speed to New York.

The Reverend Monsieur Albert was overjoyed to meet his long lost friend again ; but Mr. Bentley thought he heard his anxious inquiries after Sir Graham Fitz James without the least sympathy in his perplexity ; and even answered his questions with such apparent indifference, as nearly to rouse his resentment.

" I have heard of Monseigneur Fitz James," he said, " but"—

"Where! when?" interrupted Mr. Bentley.

"Monsieur Bentley is *poli*," said the Frenchman, smiling and bowing, "and will learn. I heard that he was at the south, in one of the Carolinas; but I have an appointment at Philadelphia to-morrow evening to officiate at the altar of Hymen. (You know, Monsieur, these things must be attended to.) And my friend must accompany me thither; and from thence, I will go with him in quest of Sir Graham Fitz James, if he choose."

"But, Reverend sir, you must be aware that I should be looked upon as an intruder, to thrust myself upon the notice of strangers, on such an occasion, without a wedding garment, unasked. You therefore must excuse me."

"Indeed, I cannot, neither can I take denial. I will warrant you a cordial welcome, and good cheer; and will only caution you to be upon your guard; lest, so lately from your banishment, amidst bright eyes and glancing arrows in the court of love, you be taken by surprise."

"Fear not, considerate sir," said Mr. Bentley, "I have a talisman against love's charms until I find my friend. And this cruel detention I know not how to brook, for the importance of my business will not admit of any unnecessary delay."

"Business, ere this, must certainly have learned to stand aside for *love* and *matrimony*; and Monsieur Bentley will not be too fastidious. What is his *empressement* that even *des noces* cannot induce him to defer his journey but for one day? Is some young lady waiting for his coming?"

"Would to God she were," he said, overcome by

the conflicting passions of his soul ; " I then could wait the pleasure of my friend. But every hour's delay exiles me again ; and Heaven knows I have had enough of solitude."

" True, true," said the good priest, " and Monsieur Albert can sympathize in love, (what Frenchman cannot ?) and after this wedding shall have been disposed of, we will outstrip the wind to find this fair one ; and romance shall throw around the meeting her enchantment, and Monsieur will rejoice ; and then, perhaps, his reverence," he said, bowing low, " may have another job."

" You mistake me, reverend friend," said Mr. Bentley, " I never spoke to Miss Fitz James of love."

" But with the eyes, as Houries talk."

" Not even that," said the ingenuous lover ; " but we have met as youthful friends, and parted but in *friendship*. But I soon found that word lay cold upon my heart ; and much I fear that confession of a warmer sentiment may come too late. My friend, you have heard my errand without disguise, you now must weigh my claims upon your heart and time, and act as it becomes your nation."

" Yes, yes," said the delighted pastor, " France, and my heart acknowledge your claim, and time shall soon pay tribute ; we will cherish this once freezing minion, warmed into life. I have surer knowledge of this ancient friend of yours, than you suppose. But time must try the lover's patience ; and you must first go to the nuptials of *my* friend, and then I will find yours."

Mr. Bentley thought a longer or severer trial of his patience need not be asked ; but he saw no better way to compass his designs, than to tarry for his friend.

"What is the name of this fair friend of yours in Philadelphia, that waits performance of the marriage, rite?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Miss Maria Erwin," he replied, "and a fairer flower this wild, American parterre will scarcely yield."

Mr. Bentley was certain he had seen a person of that name somewhere, but treacherous memory could not tell him where, nor when; yet still the name haunted him like something he should have kept. He retired late to rest, but fancy was on the wing, and the mind was too much agitated for sleep. A thousand phantoms flitted before his imagination; and, between the hope of again meeting Miss Fitz James—the fear of meeting under circumstances that should cloud that hope in gloom; and devising the most effectual means of arresting the villain who was leagued with the fiercest and most barbarous tribe of the natives, morning dawned on his still immature plans. He arose after a night of vigils, and attired himself for the nuptials; wishing they were to be celebrated at the temple of Venus, or anywhere else, so his reverend friend were at liberty to start with him that morning for the south.

During their ride to Philadelphia, our hero recounted to his friend the manner of his capture, and the indignities offered to his person; his adventures in the cavern, and his deliverance from thence by the humane Onelatare-o. The good divine's feelings were deeply interested in the recital, and his natural gaiety of temper gave way to a laudable impatience to have the traitor brought to the bar of equity. They arrived at their journey's end just as the streets and houses were lighted up, forming a galaxy in miniature on earth;

through which the cavaliers passed. One, all anticipation and delight ; the other, all impatience, hope, and doubt.

Mr. Erwin's house was much more brilliantly illuminated than the rest, and readily told them where Hymen's flambeau burned. The porter ushered the Reverend Monsieur Albert into the presence of his host. Mr. Bentley tarried in an ante-room till his friend should have acquainted the master of the feast with his coming ; and in the mean time, stood examining some splendid maps of Greece and Egypt.

As the clergyman approached the host, he said, "Will Mr. Erwin pardon the liberty I have taken with his family, when I tell him that I have brought with me an unbidden guest?" The divine, fancying he saw a shade of disapprobation on his features, added — "He is a very dear friend of mine, who would not disgrace the most select company of Sir Graham Fitz James, surrounded by all the wealth and titles to which he added honor."

Mr. Erwin felt that he had overstepped the bounds of etiquette, but replied ; "Your pardon is granted, reverend sir, ceremony shall never shut my door against a friend's favorite. Where is the stranger ? let me bid him welcome."

His reverence led the way, smiling at the picture which his fancy drew of unexpected joys. They met — Mr. Bentley rushed into Mr. Erwin's arms, and could only say, "My father's friend !"

"Son of thy father's love, of my venerated colleague, I joy to greet thee ! Where have been thy wanderings, that I found thee not before ?"

"It were a tale too long to tell at present, honored sir,"

replied Mr. Bentley ; " it would trespass on the festive hours to which this eve is dedicated. How are the ladies ? Miss — "

Mr. Erwin heard no more. The thoughts of his beloved wife, who had bid adieu to earth since he had parted with this young friend, prevented a reply ; and he hurried forward that his daughters might partake of his enjoyment.

" Mr. Bentley, ladies — a gentleman from England," said Mr. Erwin, as he ushered his young friend into the drawing-room. Our hero's first impulse was to throw himself at Emma's feet, and let the heart pour out the eloquence he felt. (Mistaken man ! how many a lover, with fervid feelings and thoughts exalted, has found the tongue a bungler at its trade, when the soul would speak of love !) But several guests were already assembled, and Mr. Bentley suppressed the fluctuating ardor that heaved his bosom.

Emma was white as a snow-clad peak of Andes, and, apparently, as immovable. Mr. Bentley approached, and took her hand. He felt a thrill of undefined sensation through his frame, as he clasped it tremblingly in his. He bowed respectfully to her fair associates, and then took a seat by her side ; and, at this instant, recollected that the bright vision, that had charmed his senses at the masquerade, was called *Miss Erwin* !

" Dearest Emma," he said, " will you solve the enigma which is strangely blended with my puzzled senses ? The name of *Erwin*, uttered repeatedly by my reverend friend on my way hither, has fallen with a dead monotony and weight upon my ear ; yet it is no illusion that I look on Miss Fitz James, charm of

my youth in Albion, and pervading guardian-spirit of a lengthened pilgrimage!"

Emma had mastered her rebellious feelings, and resolved that Mr. Bentley should not read the emotion which had changed her to a statue on his entrance. She therefore assumed a careless air, and gayly replied:

"In a land where alteration is the work of every hour, it were no strange thing should a lady change her name. You know, in this country, there are '*young Washingtons, who are daily gathering fresh laurels by bloodless victories in the arena of the heart.*' And Captain Dumont, who is this evening to be married, is an instance of the truth of this remark."

Our hero felt as if some bolt from heaven had descended with stunning influence at his feet; and, with faltering accent, said, "Tell me—am I to understand that Miss Fitz James is married?"

"No, no," she said, smiling; and, perceiving him deeply interested, added, "positively, I am *not* married. But still, such a thing might have taken place, you know; and then a new name would have been a matter of course. My father saw fit to leave the cognomen of Sir Graham Fitz James in England, with his wealth and titles, and to assume the name of Erwin."

Mr. Bentley was by no means satisfied to hear that she was unmarried; for he recollected the Miss Erwin he had seen at the masquerade, together with the Polander who appeared to have anticipated her wants, and who ordered his carriage for her return.

"Does Miss Erwin ever

'Stray now in ocean's crystal halls,
Mid coral bowers and reedy leas?'"

asked our hero; "for, if I mistake not, she is the sea-nymph whom I met at a masquerade."

"No," she said; "it is some time since I abandoned thoughts of the deep for my home. And I now consider the '*firmer land*' my fixed abode."

"How does Neptune console himself in this abandonment?" asked Mr. Bentley; "for you acknowledged that that wreath upon your brow '*was rare and highly valued, as it formed a connecting link between you and the main.*'"

Emma colored deeply. "True," she said; "but that link is now destroyed. The deep has not been so rapacious as I deemed."

"How so?"

"This rare wreath," she said, evasively, "'*bespeaks the sea-god's generosity.*' And that quality, you know, often serves to soften the asperities of cruel passions."

"But '*it needs a motto.*'" He fixed his eyes upon her as he repeated this assertion, which she had made on the evening of the masquerade; and a blush of confusion spread itself over her lily face and neck, changing hues as rapidly as the aurora borealis, and a tear of sensibility trembled in her eye. Mr. Bentley never felt how powerful was the restraint imposed by fear of the

"world's dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can bear,"

until he chained down the powerful impulse of his

love to declare his passion, and supplicate her pardon for the stoical adieu which he had given her at parting. But the guests were numerous ; they had all assembled ; and he refrained from the confession and devotion that struggled at his heart.

“Has the Polish officer, who escorted Miss Erwin at the masquerade, left this country for the meed of glory in aid of Poland’s freedom?” asked Mr. Bentley.

Before Emma had time to reply, the bride, groom, and attendants were ushered into the drawing-room, and the company rose. The Reverend Monsieur Albert performed the ceremony with so much solemnity and devotion, that no one, who saw him then, would suspect him of indulging in what the graver Englishman terms levity.

The bride looked like the queen of night — mild, beautiful, and pure. Trust and confidence were written in her eye, and modesty upon the lash ; her graceful ringlets, dark and bright as polished ebony, seemed envious as they hid her forehead ; and her gauze-like robes looked like light, floating drapery of an evening sky. And every salutation, instead of lessening the rich ruby of her lip, deepened its dye. Mr. Bentley followed Miss Fitz James, and gave the bride but half the credit for the sweetness of the kiss ; and sighed at the possibility of some one possessing a better claim than he, even on the sweeter half. Joy and gladness brightened every face, and shortened every hour, to all but one — our hero.

The clock struck two. Guest after guest departed, and, at length, the last one bade “good night.” The Reverend Monsieur Albert bowed to Mr. Bentley, and said, as the business, in which he had embarked with

his young friend, was of so *important* and *urgent* a nature as to require much haste and expedition, he would retire to rest, that he might be enabled to take an early start in the morning for the south.

Mr. Bentley had again seated himself by the side of Miss Erwin; and all the family, except the mischievous Charlotte, had thought of something to call them from the room. The wreath of sea-shells fell from Emma's brow. Mr. Bentley caught it up, and, with his pencil, wrote the word *Love* upon a glistening leaf.

"There is the motto that suits this keepsake best," he said, as he gave it back to Emma.

"Excuse me, sir," she, blushing, said; "*it is rare and highly valued*; not now as forming a 'connecting link between me and the main,' but as a pledge of *youthful friendship*. As such I have worn it, and will still wear" —

Charlotte left the room. Mr. Bentley bent at Emma's feet.

"Pardon the coldness of that hour," he said, "when I placed that wreath upon your brow, and bade farewell. For, by all the agonies that hour has cost me, — by all the disappointments of a weary pilgrimage, — by all the horrors of a gloomy cave, — by all my hopes of happiness on earth, and bliss in heaven, — that word" (pointing to "*Love*," which he had just penciled on the garland,) "ought to have been traced, with fervid beams of light, on every polished petal! Is there hope left me that a dearer sentiment in Miss Fitz James's bosom, than that of friendship, can ever be allied, by memory, to this unfading wreath, plucked from a goddess' brow? Can she be mine?"

The impetuosity of Emma's feelings at this impassioned avowal, forbade a reply. She merely murmured, in tremulous accents, something of her father's approbation, and, leaning forward on his shoulder, wept.

As Mr. Bentley pressed her to his bosom, those words, which previously had given such annoyance, were now recalled with little less ecstasy than we may suppose the first celestial anthem bursts on the disenthralled spirit. "*'Tis 'love's communion,' in which the soul tastes of Hyblæan sweets as if they were immortal.*" And Emma's full soul, which spoke so eloquently in the burning, changeful glow upon her cheek, and the joy-lit, tearful eye, fully responded to the sentiments which Charlotte was gayly singing in an adjoining room :

"There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,

When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth

Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this !"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Time doth glide to beauty's bower,
With a thief's intent, and a monarch's power,
The frosted tress and the faded rose,
And the furrowed brow his deeds disclose.
From the sparkling eye its diamond ray,
And the lips its ruby, he beareth away.

But a casket there is, which he views in vain,
With an eagle glance, and a miser's pain ;
He gazes long at its golden key ;
Spoiler, away ! it may not be,
'Tis the wealth of the soul, and bound for that shore,
Where thou and thy wrecks shall be known no more."

TIME, in his hurrying round brings — alas ! what changes ! How oft the pearly tear steals down the cheek of beauty, and sometimes, even of manhood, telling with tender eloquence of the troubled waters at the fountain. How oft the imprisoned sigh breaks from its secret cell, confirming the truth of the precept of the wise, that "all is vanity." But the supreme Director of this changing minion, with that heavenly benevolence which glows in himself, warms the breasts of seraphs, and thaws the hearts of mortals, has commanded him to scatter roses o'er life's thorny path, to extract the arrow from the wounded dove, and ever to keep open the blissful fountain of redeeming love. Nor is the way-worn traveller, nor even he who is fresh upon the race, doomed to thread the variegated

maze alone. But sympathy of souls tempers the rude blasts that blow over it ; and friendship's silken cords, and love's sweet ligatures bind in social bands, the immortal pilgrims. Even Hymenial torches beam like beacons on the way, inviting lonely mortals to his shrine ; and the reader has, without doubt, anticipated the sequel.

The Reverend Pierre Antonie Albert was soon again summoned to the house of Mr. Erwin, to consummate the happiness of the reunited lovers. "He came," he said, "to give his blessing to a cherished and warm-hearted minion, here called *l'amour* ; who, under the name of *l'amitie en l'Angleterre*, had suffered very much with cold ! The American climate," he added, "is very *propice* to these freezing favorites. In this country,

When friendship's finest threads are mixed
With *pathos*, love slides in betwixt.¹"

Mr. Bentley might have retorted,

"If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt this folly, though he censure mine."

But, happy in such a termination of his adventures, the shafts of humor fell barbless at his feet ; and each voice that saluted his ear, sounded like his epithalamium.

When Mr. Bentley recounted to Mr. Erwin the circumstances of his decoy by an unknown challenger ; and his capture by the natives at his instigation ; and heard in return of the remorseful ravings of Mr. Vancouver as he approached his exit, he was convinced of their identity ; and hushed resentment, and feelings of

retaliation against him, committing his cause to Him who judgeth all men.

During the succeeding winter Miss Charlotte gave her hand to a wealthy banker, belonging to the establishment in which Mr. Erwin was engaged. And though she acknowledged the general application of Shakspeare's writings to human life, yet she could not adopt his words and say, "The course of true love *never* does run smooth."

Captain Dumont was not so much taken up with his lovely spouse as to forget the few immortal patriots in Poland. He watched each omen of success with absorbing interest, in hopes of seeing the arch of heaven again illumined by a new blaze from freedom's sacred altar. And as he gazed upon Maria, and his mind reverted to the relinquishment of his proud schemes for Poland's disenthralment, he often humorously added: "I shall teach my children to be less selfish, and more brave, that they may wish, 'like duteous sons, their fathers were more wise.'"

But time flew past and crushed his ardent hopes in Poland's freedom; and news that the brave Kosciusko was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians damped his cherished expectations in her release from thraldom. Yet, to the vision of those who were near the scene of conflict, a blaze was seen to rise toward heaven, and curl and mount in splendid columns against a dismal sky! Was it the torch of liberty? No. *Warsaw in flames* — a sacrifice on freedom's tottering altar! The Kremlin crumbled, and her towers fell! and with the fall of Warsaw fell all hope. At length two dark and portentous clouds were seen in the eastern horizon! They were *Despotism* and

Oppression, hovering over a devoted country ! An iron tongue tolled, mournfully, a solemn requiem ! Humanity, appalled, grew pale and wept ! It was the knell of Freedom ; and *Poland was no more !*

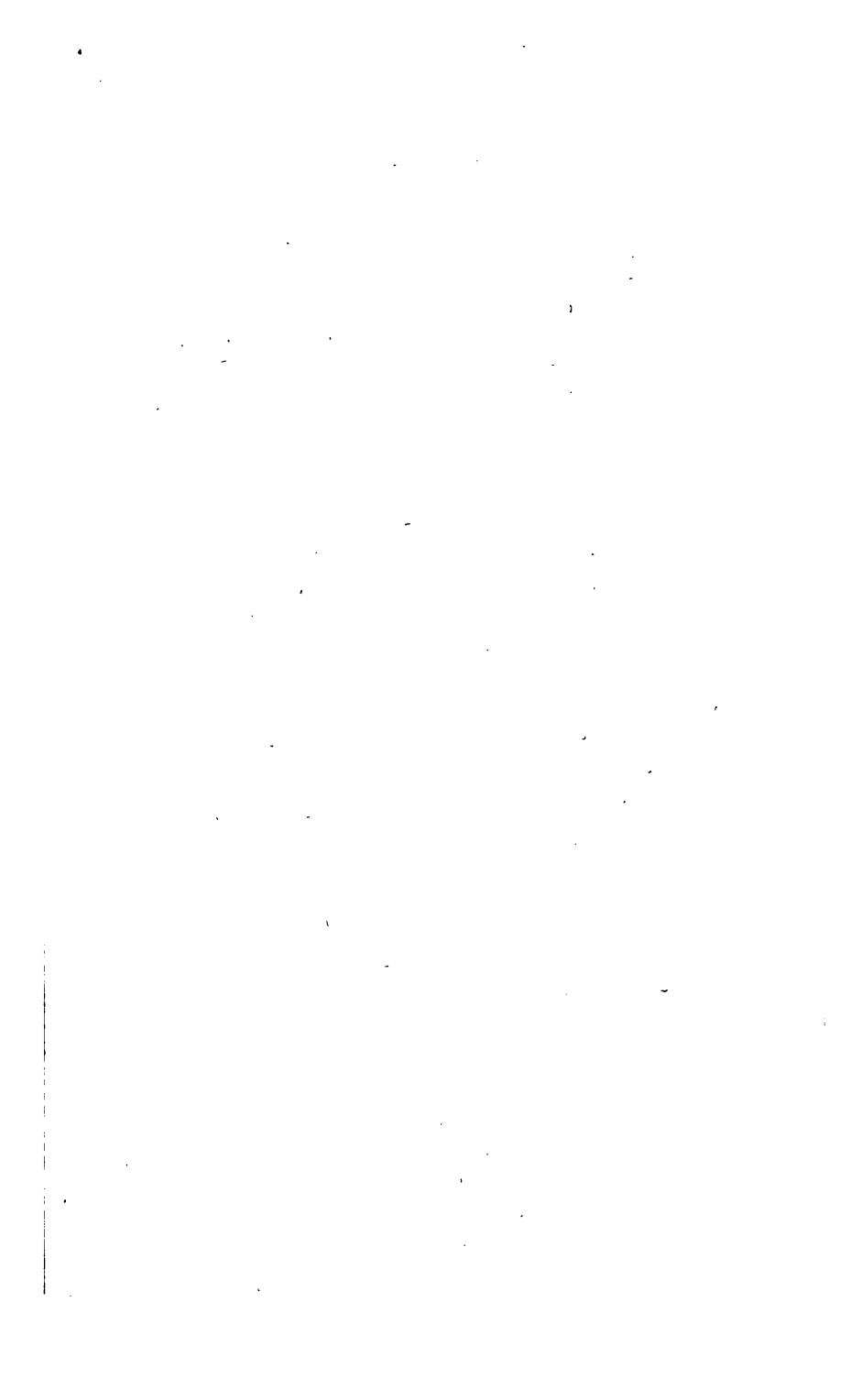
Did Kosciusko fall ? No ; earth's immortality heard Fame's loud trump, and justice placed a laurel on his brow. And though the prison walls of Russia grinned in hellish malice, yet Helvetia, peering into futurity, was seen to smile.*

Our hero felt the force of such reverses in the fate of nations, and to be privileged to settle down under the broad banner of liberty in our own happy country, just then risen like a phoenix, with his beloved Emma, he felt himself repaid for his oppressive pilgrimage. And he often said, in consideration of these blessings,

“ *Who with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity ?* ”

And when he asked himself “ *What is love ?* ” that should thus induce him to leave home and country ? he could only reply : “ *Ask him who lives, what is life ; ask him who adores, what is God ?* ”

* It is a well known historical fact, that Kosciusko was liberated from imprisonment in Russia ; died in Switzerland in 1807, and was buried among the Alps.



A
TRIAL OF AFFECTION.

AN APPENDED TALE,

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.



A TRIAL OF AFFECTION.

"Yes, it was love ; if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened in distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet — O, more than all ! — untired by time ;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove —
If there be love in mortals, this was love !"

It was during the unequal contest between Grecian patriotism and Turkish oppression, when tyranny began to cower before young freedom, that was daily gathering strength in the "land of battle and of song," and to grasp his ruthless sabre with a firmer hand, lest it should be wrested from him, that Fitz James Dumont, an American youth, nobly resolved to tear himself from the endearments of home and early friendship, and personally aid in the defence of that truly heroic but degraded people.

Naturally magnanimous and brave, his mind being deeply imbued with an enthusiastic admiration of those specimens of unparalleled heroism and devotedness to their country, of which the early history of Greece furnishes so many examples, and having all his sympathies awakened by the unnatural cruelties inflicted on the captured brave ; Fitz James needed only to have

his classical recollections forcibly recalled to mind, to kindle a fire of patriotism in his bosom, which the humiliation of the oppressor could alone extinguish.

This was effected by Mr. Webster's very eloquent appeal in Congress, to the philanthropy of our American republic, to aid the Greeks in so glorious a cause ; at which time Fitz James was an auditor. On his return from Washington to his native city, his mind was wrought up to such a degree of enthusiasm in hope of the high destinies of the nation whose cause he had espoused, that, in imagination, he saw the plains of Marathon, where the rapacity of the infidel had levelled such monuments of glory as one would think would cause even time himself to pause in his flight, and hesitate ere he set on them his seal of *gradual* decay, again covered with trophies of valor and victory. He saw an impregnable wall arresting the progress of a presuming foe at Thermopylæ ; and the hills that surround Athens each became a mountain shrine for freedom ! while the Graces sat upon the rock of Salamis, wreathing a chaplet for the Goddess of Liberty !

But while he felt indignant at the Moslem invader, and was indulging himself in this generous ardor of his nature, to have the rights of man respected, thoughts of a different nature forced themselves to his mind, which were like the chilling breath of winter to the budding beauty of the spring. And though they did not shake the firmness of his purpose, yet they rendered it still more praiseworthy, from the sacrifice it cost him.

We have said Fitz James was magnanimous and brave. To strength and firmness of mind were also

added virtues of a milder nature, that made him shrink with generous susceptibility, at the idea of giving pain to others. And while the darkest clouds of adversity gathered around his own head, possessed of true philosophy, he would stand unmoved as a rock ; but when he was the cause of drawing tears from others' eyes, he felt that he was indeed nearly allied to woman.

From his father, young Dumont confidently expected acquiescence, and a blessing on his present undertaking. For he had taught him to soar above the selfish and worldly-minded, and it was not to be expected that the eaglet should build his nest upon the ground. He had; beside, often heard him speak with enthusiasm of the disinterested and godlike devotion of the immortal Washington and Lafayette, to the principles of liberty ; and often said, " Though America and France may claim them as their sons, yet are they, in the most extended acceptation of the phrase, ' citizens of the world.' "

His father, too, had assisted the heroes of the revolution in clearing off the rubbish of domineering and oppressive pride, and in erecting the pillars of strength and independence on the firm foundation of equal rights to " life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." And when again those rights were invaded by the mother country, he had seen the breastplate of valor covering anew a heart devoted to the best interests of his country, and the helmet of undaunted patriotism sitting gracefully upon a wrinkled brow. And in consequence of deeds of such spirits as his, the eagle had long spread her pinions to the breezes of freedom ; and the lion dared no longer prowl about American

shores, lest his eyes should be torn from their sockets by her revengeful beak !

Fitz James Dumont was an only child, and the clods of the valley had long since closed over the mortal remains of his dear mother. Yet there was one being, from whom the thought of being separated, perhaps for years, sent back his warm and youthful blood in chillness round his heart. This was Mary Morland. She was a native of New England, and was left an orphan at the age of fifteen ; at which time she came to reside in the family of her uncle in New York, whose buildings were contiguous to those of Captain Dumont. Fitz James became acquainted with her soon after her arrival in town, although she kept herself very secluded. Deep melancholy, occasioned by the recent death of her mother, preyed upon her health, which circumstance had interested the feelings of Fitz James, and various little excursions into the country, and on the water, had been planned between him and her cousin Laura, to divert her mind from sadness, and restore cheerfulness, the wonted inmate of her bosom. But the autumnal clouds were now skirring over the face of the heavens, shutting from their view the sun's blessed beams ; the harvest song was mute ; the songster in the tree had shut his music-book, and rain and sleet were fast covering the fallen glories of the forest. But the post-boy shrunk not from the driving hail ; the dripping rain rendered not the wing of affection heavy, nor slow of motion ; the sear and melancholy charms of autumn chilled not the sensibilities of the soul ; and no rill of love was congealed by the withering influence of Boreas. A letter from one of Mary's connections in the country, inviting

her to come and spend the winter with them, made her demur whether she should leave those few friends in town who had in part, dispersed the vapors of affliction, or remain amid the dissipations of the city. Her aunt, with whom she lived, was a lady of fashion, gay and thoughtless, and Laura partook somewhat of her character. Their endeavors, therefore, to dissipate her gloom by drawing her into the gay circles in which they moved, though made in kindness, tended rather to heighten it than otherwise, on account of the contrast she perceived between herself and those around her. Fitz James Dumont, however, had been more successful, for the beauties of nature charm without effort ; and happiness, amid her loveliness, steals into the disconsolate bosom unawares.

But in restoring her peace, Mr. Dumont had well-nigh lost his own. Winter having now set in and put a stop to their favorite amusements, and Mary's mind being not yet prepared to enjoy the festivities of the season in town, she finally made her decision, and went into the country to spend the winter with a distant relative ; and Fitz James felt that his accustomed amusements had lost their power to beguile. The flattering attentions which he received wherever he went, and the attractions of beauty, splendor, and refined conversation, were unable to banish Mary's image from his mind. And the thought of being forgotten by her was next to annihilation.

Mary Morland, in the mean time, though retired from the gayety and dissipation which engrossed every thought of her worldly-minded aunt in the city, sighed when she thought of her once happy home among her "own native hills." When her mother's counsel was,

to her hesitating footsteps, what the cloud and fiery pillar were to the wandering Israelites — an unerring guide by day and night. Where domestic peace and joy were gently distilled around, and felt by every heart; but, like the invisible dews of heaven, were seen only by their effects. Forgetful that those who truly love are ever near each other, though one may be in the natural, and the other in the spiritual world, she thought if she could weep over her mother's tomb, she should imbibe that spirit of resignation which now hallowed every association connected with the dear departed. And to "weed her grave clean," and to plant flowers on the sanctified sod, would be a never ceasing source of sorrowful delight. The sight of those towers of strength, too, that reared their lofty heads amid the clouds of heaven, and withstood unmoved the piercing blasts of winter, she imagined, would arm her mind with fortitude to meet each shock with firmness, that death or time should cause, or heaven permit.

But God alone, who *made* the "everlasting hills, and laid the foundations of the earth so strong that they cannot be moved," can bear poor mortals up, in dark affliction's hour, and nerve the mind to bear, unmoved, the shocks of time. And the Christmas services in a village chapel, where the pulpit had ever been a "support and ornament to virtue's cause," had a tendency to direct her trust to that unfailing source, and gave rise to the following hymn :

While heavenly choirs his name repeat,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
Shall we refuse, with holy mirth,
To sing the dear Redeemer's birth?

While plastic nature owns his sway,
 And beasts and birds his will obey,
 Shall rebel man, of nobler worth,
 Refuse to sing with holy mirth?

While planets, in their nightly rounds,
 Proclaim the hand that fixed their bounds,
 And yearly chronicle on earth,
 The time of Christ, the Savior's birth,

Shall man refuse, for whom this light
 Has pierced the deepest shades of night,
 To sing the dear Redeemer's birth,
 And hail the jubilee of earth?

To thee, my God, to thee,
 My renovated powers I bring;
 O touch my lips with hallowed fire,
 Attune my heart and string my lyre,
 In praise of thee to sing.

But Mary's *home* was desolate; and she was cast an orphan on the world, without a heart to beat in perfect unison or feeling sympathy with her own; and she often indulged in thoughtful vigils. And words like the subjoined, connected with the scenes of "home, sweet home," often moved in numbers at her will, to soothe her hours of solitude:

Hail to thee, hail to thee, dear native shade,
 By the wide-spreading arms of the ancient elms made!
 Where the winds dulcet music their branches among,
 Played at intervals, wooing the gay and the young,
 To dance in wild measure, and sport on the green,
 Where no sunshine was wanted with youth's glitt'ring sheen.

How oft in the fragrance of life's early morn,
 Little dreaming the brightest rose e'er had a thorn,
 Have I frolicked with friends of my childhood so dear,
 Or drawn pictures in prospect, and wished them more near,

Or watched the sweet bird that was warbling above,
 Or recounted the tale of unfortunate love,
 Until time's noiseless wing had flown off with the day,
 And star after star waned reluctant away !

Here, too, have I mused, and the passing breeze stole
 O'er the mind, with such magic, resistless control,
 That I questioned if music of heavenly birth,
 From the seraph's loud harp were not heard here on earth.

On that star, too, with lustre so pure and so bright,
 Have I gazed till entranced with enraptured delight ;
 And fancy has made it the home of the blest,
 Whose goodness on earth had attained for them rest.
 Those clouds, too, so tranquilly sailing above,
 I have fancied the cars which the Fountain of love
 Had prepared for his chosen, to bear them in bliss
 To a world of pure pleasure when summoned from this.
 Midst scenes, too, I wandered, to memory dear,
 Where the river, meandering, now lost and now near,
 Brought to mind the poor, pitiful maniac's doom,
 Whose woes sought relief in the watery tomb.*
 The winds, through the branches that pendently hung
 O'er the wave, moaning sadly, her requiem sung ;
 The waves murmured mournfully, bearing along
 The sad relic of her for whom life was too long ;
 Then growing unconscious, resumed, as they smiled,
 Their frolicsome rippling, and sad thoughts beguiled.

Here nature's all-varied beauties are seen ;
 The wide-spreading lawn, fresh enamelled with green,
 Interspersed with dense forests of shady retreat,
 Affording the wanderer, weary, a seat ;
 Where the grape, so dependent, their branches entwine,
 And clusters luxuriant hang from the vine.

Here the rivulet over its white pebbled bed,
 Is murmuring sweetly, and hastening to wed
 The pure fountains of water that lingering stay,
 To bear, with the torrent, this coy maid away.
 There the gentle acclivity, where the wild flowers
 Attract, with their fragrance, one's feet to their bowers ;

* Mrs. Mills ; who jumped from a bridge into the Contoocook, and was drowned, in 1814.

Where the birds carol sweetly, and sing of their loves,
Till each passion is hushed, and to ecstasy moves.

These, these are the scenes that to life's latest verge,
Vivid fancy shall paint till time's tide shall immerge.
But ere we launch off on that measureless bourne,
How often must sweet sensibility mourn
O'er the friends, intertwined with each fibre of feeling,
And waste after waste of life's deserts revealing !
Alas ! death already, while life is in prime,
Has culled many flowers from the garden of time ;
While others are drooping in lovely decay,
Though life's budding charms are inviting their stay !

But why mourn the exit of goodness from this,
When a world hence awaits them, of unalloyed bliss !
No, rather His goodness devoutly adore,
Who has thrown o'er that country, we soon must explore;
A halo of brightness, that we, from our clod,
May spring forth exultant, and live with our God !

The following effusion evinces still more strongly
the tenacity with which the heart clings to early
scenes. Association blends them with every circum-
stance, and throws around us the only enchantment
in life.

Bright scenery of childhood, how dear to the wanderer,
Roaming afar, of sweet peace dispossessed,
Like the dove o'er the waters, a restless adventurer,
Still looking back to the ark of her rest !

Though friends here may greet her, whose kindness endearing,
May thrill with sweet music the chords of the heart ;
Yet youthful impressions engrave on the feelings,
A vignette for friendship, too strong to depart.

Then hail to New Hampshire ! where feeling emerges
From hearts pure and fervent as mortals e'er met ;
May thy blessings increase while thy cliffs meet the surges,
And hope to return to thee gild my way yet.

How fondly will mem'ry e'er cherish the scenery
 Where reason's faint ray first illumined the mind ;
 Where fancy light pencilled gay pictures of pleasure,
 As reflection and reading the feelings refined !
 The garden, the arbor, the winding Contocook,
 Which placidly glides o'er its clear pebbly base,
 Have made such impressions, as Time's busy fingers,
 Till death free the spirit, can never efface ;
 No, the charms of that river engraven in childhood,
 Time's all-etching fingers can never erase.

For oft have I roamed on its margin at twilight,
 And mused on the present, the future, the past ;
 And thought that my bark, launched on time's rapid current,
 Like its waves undulating, unchanged, could not last.
 But what gave a zest to these touching mementos,
 Were friends, whose remembrance is twined round the heart,
 And though far removed from the friends and the scen'ry,
 Yet with them in fancy, I never shall part ;
 No, the thoughts of those scenes, and the friends of my childhood,
 I'll cherish while life-blood shall flow through the heart.

While Mary was thus amusing herself in the quiet repose of a rural hamlet, Mr. Dumont found the monotonous round of pleasures in the city becoming every day more and more insipid. And he turned from the trammelled ceremonies and punctilious etiquette of the assembly and the drawing-room, to the originality and artlessness of Mary Morland's character, as one, whose vision has been long confined to the prim and symmetrical works of art, looks abroad on the wildly beautiful and blended charms of nature. He therefore fled from the tiresome pageantry in town, and sought out the secluded abode of her who occupied his thoughts.

Mary received him with that cordiality which is natural to a pure and ingenuous heart, and made inquiries about the amusements in New York.

"There is the same galaxy of bright eyes," he replied; "wit still sparkles and cuts like the diamond; music, though like Orpheus's lyre it may not raise walls of defence against an opposing foe, is perhaps performing as great wonders in tearing down the breastwork which selfish bachelors have erected; and Folly yet wears her cap and bells. But, Miss Morland, Pleasure has lost her power to please since you have deserted our little coteries."

A blush of artless modesty stole over her face, while she replied, "I believe every one experiences, at times, a degree of satiety, who courts her smiles and follows in her train; and I am inclined to believe, with our sages, that she has fled from courts and crowds, and dwells in sweet contentment in the shades of retirement. But spring will, no doubt, bring back the freshness of enjoyment to Mr. Dumont; for nature is eloquent, and inspires happiness and peace."

"I am a proselyte to your opinion," he said, "that Pleasure has 'fled from courts and crowds,' and dwells in sweet retirement; but nature's eloquence is lost in air, unless Miss Morland listen and respond."

"I am a child of nature," she replied, while a sweet smile played about her lips; "and my responses, I fear, would be as unsophisticated as those of Echo in the dell."

"Such would I have them. Be always thus, dear Mary, and, while there is music in the rill, freshness in the amaranthine leaf, and beauty in the flower, Fitz James Dumont will love the qualities of your mind and heart. And, could I hope to inspire a reciprocal attachment in your own bosom, similar to

that which brought me hither, I should be blessed indeed."

"Mr. Dumont," she said, looking confidently upon him, "when I hear the music of the rill, I will think of this avowal; the amaranthine leaf shall remind me of the constancy of him who made it; and the beauty of the flower shall awaken sentiments of gratitude to him who first dispelled the tear that hid its loveliness."

"Let nature hear my vows to love thee ever!" ejaculated the happy lover, as he knelt to kiss her hand.

Mr. Dumont again left her to the solitude of her own thoughts, and soon found, on his return, that amusements which, but a week before, had palled upon his senses, had now regained their wonted influence over him. Mary again had recourse to her pen, though her strain was less pensive, as the following will attest:

Erato, coy enchantress, deign
To aid me in a humble strain
To *Friendship*, pure, chaste, vivid, bright,
A favorite offspring of the light.

O, were I blessed with Sappho's lyre,
I'd sweep the strings, and wake a fire, —
A fire of feeling in the soul, —
Too deep for utterance or control.

Yes, I would sing as sweet a strain
As e'er was heard on Grecian plain;
Till sounds, that vibrate on the ears,
Excel the music of the spheres.

But why so prone, capricious lyre,
To sing of Friendship's gentle fire,
When there are themes that bards of old
Have sung, and peers and prophets told,

Of empires' rise, decline, and fall, —
 Of tyrants crowned, and kings in thrall, —
 Of warriors' deeds, of valiant soul, —
 Or love's ineffable control ?

Why ? — Friendship, with her golden chain,
 Is like the streams that feed the main,
 Dispensing blessings in their course,
 And springing from a boundless source.

'T is like the cheering, sunny ray,
 Dispensing light, and warmth, and day ;
 Creating, with a bland control,
 A constant sunshine in the soul.

Her sainted mother still occupied many thoughts, which always tended to awaken sentiments of piety and devotion, and raise her mind to a better world than this. The following are the effects of such reflections :

When the bright beams of day, and the dim hues of even,
 Imperceptibly blend in the great arch of heaven,
 Then the soul turns aside from the turmoils of earth,
 For to scan her beginning, duration, and worth.

But 't is through a glass darkly she sees while below ;
 Yet the time is at hand when, as known, she will know ;
 And the day-star of hope, that illumines the road,
 Her bright vista extends to the mansions of God.

My pensive young harp on the willow reclines,
 Embosomed in bowers of ease ;
 O, that it would echo some sweet, touching lines,
 Like Memnon's, and sigh to the breeze,
 Recording the scenes of wild fancy's proud dreams,
 With minstrelsy sweet and sublime !
 Or ravish the soul with some heavenly themes,
 Like White's, in his poem on Time.

Spring had now come, with her beguiling music of

birds and brooks in varied harmony ; and all was life, and joy, and animation. Mary took a solitary ramble to enjoy the exhilarating effects of a lovely morning, when a circumstance, connected with a tiny bird, interested her deeply. She had built her nest in a large skull ; and she now sat in this house of death, as it were, pouring forth her matin song of love and cheerfulness. After Mary's return, she wrote the following :

Sweet chorister ! thy sinless breast
Can rest in quiet on thy nest,
Though death, with all its emblems dread,
Does ghastly grin around thy head.
Thy song, while perched upon a skull,
As sweet, as free, as musical,
As if thou wert in lady's bower,
Where bloomed around each fragrant flower.

Well, carol on while life shall last ;
No dearth for sin on thee has passed ;
But mortal man may start and sigh
At aught that warns him he must die.
For Eve and Adam — woman first ! —
Yes, since poor woman first was cursed,
Since Eve and Adam ate the fruit,
And listened to the tempter's suit,
And brought sin-death, and crime, and war,
And goads for conscience when we err,
And every ill which here we see,
Amid their frail posterity ; —
For moral death our sins pursue,
And must, till all are made anew.

Howe'er, we need not backward trace
The cause of fear among our race
To Eden's drama ; since the seed
Of woman bruised the serpent's head,
And brought the reck'ning to the door
Of every heart, nor asks for more.
Our Lord subdued these hosts of hell,
And Satan, like the lightning fell !

So man may *live*. Invoke his grace,
We then shall have a hiding place.

Not only the little songster awoke the melody in her bosom, but everything around her seemed to find an answering tone in her tuneful heart; and the following lines on spring, were suggested in her morning ramble:

When first his heated rays Sol spreads around,
On fair creation, long by winter bound;
Then smiling nature from congealed retreats,
Oozing with joy, the god of sunshine greets.

The flow'rets rise with odoriferous breath,
And bless his beams that called them forth from death.
The gurgling brook reiterates the tale,
That winds its sinuous course along the vale.

Clad in rich foliage, the lofty trees
Wave their bright verdure to the vernal breeze;
Rushes, exulting from the marshes peep,
And spring to life from a cold, half year's sleep.

Pomona, Ceres, smiling from afar,
Welcome th' approach of his illumined car;
While from the copse, both musical and coy,
The feathered choir partake the general joy.

But man, on whom are higher powers bestowed,
Bows at the footstool of a triune God,
And fain would grateful adoration pay
To him who is the source of light, and life, and day.

In retiring to her room Mary threw open the case-ment; and the moon peering lovely through the umbrageous vines, awoke in her bosom the following train of reflections, or rather fragments of thoughts:

Fair Luna, mounted on her car sublime,
While proudly climbing nature's orient hill,
Looks down on darkling man, the sport of time,
Who sudden wanes, and all is hushed and still.

But know these peerless rays, fair queen of night,
 From Sol are borrowed; that thy brow adorn;
 And should he once withdraw his 'customed light,
 No more, pale Cynthia, couldst thou fill thy horn.

Thus man; frail, mortal man's opaque and blind,
 Unless illumined by the Source of light;
 Blessed with God's holy beams th' immortal mind
 Shall shine when earthly glories shall be deemed but night.

NIGHT.

Now darkness has drawn a thick veil o'er the day,
 And the sun's glitt'ring splendors have all passed away;
 But the moon she peeps out from her curtain of clouds
 Which encircles her ear, and her glory enshrouds,
 And smiles on the hamlet, now silent and mute,
 While wearied natures, their powers recruit.
 But though all our senses be locked up in sleep,
 There's a guardian eye ever watchful to keep
 His dependents, who humbly and fervently pray
 For protection by night, and direction by day.

True, true, life is a thorny road,
 By ills encompassed round;
 But would we know from whence they start,
 Then let us search within the heart,
 Alas! the root is found.
 And though we often lay them low,
 And joy our work is done;
 Yet "Legion," who e'er vigils keep,
 Sow and transplant them while we sleep,
 And lo! a task begun.
 But there's a sphere, a brighter sphere,
 Where all who fought the warfare here,
 Will sweetly rest, and sweetly sing,
 Hosannas to the Lord their King.

How sweet are pensive retrospection's powers,
 Which bring to mind long past and happy hours;
 When friends that now are scattered o'er the wild,
 Composed a little group, on which Contentment smiled!

A scene so calm, so tranquil, and so pure,
 Steals o'er the thoughts, and raises them to heaven ;
 Where from all change; and storms of life secure,
 A rich inheritance will soon be given.

In the gay morn of life the given boon
 Was hope's wreathed flowers to gild my shrine at noon ;
 And expectations, ever fair as new,
 Burst, trembling forth, like drops of pearly dew.

Chaste as Diana, is she whom I love,
 Free from deceit as the spirits above,
 Fair, and as mild as sweet Cynthia's light,
 Pure as the dew drop refreshing the night,
 Soothing her spell when she acts on the heart,
 Stealthily there she engrosses a part ;
 And though mild is her sway, and her language so sweet,
 Yet envious rivals ne'er bow at her feet !
 But beautiful, pure, and sincere though she be,
 So chaste, and so rare ; yet she smiles upon me.
 Kindred and friends, would you know this fair dame ?
God is her maker, and *Nature*, her name !

The morning's mail brought an affectionate communication from an early and intimate friend, from whom Miss Morland had been long separated ; which burnished many links of association in her own mind, that bound her to the dear remaining ones in the land of her nativity. And as usual with her hours of retirement, she gave vent to her feelings, through the medium of her pen.

Yes, hearts should mingle here below,
 Like streams that to the ocean flow ;
 Like them through fertile meads we stray,
 And now through thickets lies our way ;
 The thickets passed, the shades disperse,
 Again with joy pursue our course.

Like them we glide unceasingly,
And hasten to that mighty sea,
Sans shore or bound — eternity !

Then may we, while on earth we stay,
Cause smiles and freshness on the way,
And keep the vale, the humble vale,
That truth may spread her sun-lit sail
Upon the mirror of our breast,
Where peace in port may safely rest.

But what is Friendship, which so glows ?
And from the heart of feeling flows ?
It is a nectar rare, that 's poured
Within our cup, as round the board
Of life we sit, and sip, and think,
And blessed are they who deeply drink.
'T is manna to the Israelite,
To one benighted, 'tis a light ;
'T is water to the thirsty lip,
'T is grateful dew to the blossoms sip ;
'T is favoring breeze to seamen's bark,
The leaf of promise to the ark ;
'T is copious showers to parching plains,
'T is hope to those in servile chains ;
'T is balsam to the wounded heart,
'T is freighted vessels to the mart ;
To mariner, long tempest tossed,
Sans compass, 't is the wished-for coast.
To exiles, doomed estranged to roam,
'T is long-expected news from home ;
'T is op'ning flowers in early spring,
'T is fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
'T is music to the ear of taste,
'T is water in the sterile waste ;
'T is twilight's soft and mellow ray,
'T is nature's warbling from the spray ;
'T is freedom to the long oppressed,
'T is sunlit clouds in glory dressed ;
'T is modesty on maiden's brows,
Sincerity in lover's vows.

'Tis precious gems in ocean's caves,
Golconda's mines which ocean laves.
'Tis sweets Arabian on the breeze,
'Tis fruits delicious from her trees ;
'Tis food ambrosial, which our God
To mortals gave, (to ease the load
That man, as fallen, sinful, blind,
Through earth's dark mazes, e'er will find,)
By way of foretaste to that feast,
Prepared for the immortal blessed.

Then pray what is distance ? it chills not the heart,
Nor causes one thought of our friends to depart,
Their number ne'er lessens, nor lessens their worth,
But often to letters of value gives birth,
Which feeds a pure flame, and compensates in part,
For the absence of those undivided in heart.
Then let us well husband the joys that remain,
Until death, with his scythe shall dis sever the chain
That connects with this mortal, the immortal part,
Which now soars, and now dives, and explores every mart
On the confines of earth. Then ascending on high,
It reasons and roams 'mid the stars of the sky,
And in viewing these wonders, she finds that one soul
Must shrink into nothing compared with the whole,
Yet feels something godlike and noble within,
And sighs when she fears some debasement by sin ;
Adores the great Power that governs the whole,
And expects after death, blessed existence a goal.

O life, how checkered are thy scenes ! To-day we
rejoice in the possession of all the heart holds most
dear ; to-morrow the tear of sensibility falls on the
unconscious face of some beloved one, and no kind
look of love and sympathy responds to the language of
the bleeding heart. A gentleman in the vicinity, who
was revered for his virtues, and loved for his social
qualities, was called away, after a life spent in acts of

benevolence and usefulness, to give up his last accounts ; and left a family worthy of such a husband and father, to deplore his loss. The day of his burial was dark and rainy. His remains were taken across a river that intervened in a boat, and conveyed to their final resting place. The following tribute to the memory of the departed, was addressed by Miss Morland, to his surviving partner ; whose kindness to her in hours of affliction had awakened her gratitude, and whose goodness had won her heart.

TO MRS. ———, ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. ———.

Lo, heaven is robed in sable ! Nature weep,
For o'er the troubled surface of the deep,
The loved is borne, in long and lasting sleep,
To wake no more.

To wake no more ! Yea, Christ himself has said,
" I am the resurrection of the dead,"
And though mortality to dust is wed,

Yet has he risen !
Yes, risen to life, to joy, to heaven, to God ;
To walk uncumbered the celestial road,
And wait the mandate which from earth's abode,
Will call his friends.

His friends, who now in deep devotion kneel,
To him who wounds, and who alone can heal ;
Whom for the afflicted sorrows taught to feel,
And wipes the tear ;

The tear that separation does propel,
From feeling's deepest, holiest, sacred cell,
When worth like his, bids earth's vain scenes farewell,
And leaves no trace.

No trace ! His works of genius and of art,
Engravings memory keeps of those that part,
His charities, in many a poor man's heart,

Retain his worth.
His worth, munificence, his talents, lore,
Now gone, alas ! both church and state deplore ;
While justice now, judicial seats before,
Stands doubly veiled.

But he shall live in that blessed heart of thine,
And live in sympathy with thee in mine,
In kindred hearts, at friendship's holy shrine,

Be cherished still.

And he *now* lives where endless joys inspire,
Where seraph bands unceasing, strike the lyre,
Where love and life immortal ne'er expire,

There lives in peace.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

O, unrelenting death,

I envy thee thy prey ;

That so much beauty, love and bloom

Should at thy touch decay.

Why dost thou cull the fairest flower,

And loveliness and youth devour ?

Stern harbinger of grief,

Why brightest prospects blight ?

Or sever ties that hope has twined

With many a wreath of light ?

At innocence why aim thy darts ?

When nought but joy, new life imparts.

“ Vain mortal, cease thy plaint,

Nor envy death his prey ;

'Tis Heaven *directs* the tyrant's scythe,

Both where, and when to slay.

Here fairest flowers meet early doom,

In heaven is found perennial bloom.

Life is at best, a shade,

That future hopes illumine,

Then wherefore mourn his exit here

Who lives beyond the tomb ?

Death has no sting since Christ arose

And triumphed o'er his hellish foes ! ”

On the sand-bar of time stood the lone one to weep,
That the loved of her youth had adventured the deep ;

For the winds were adverse that blew over the isle,
And the loud-sounding waves were all dashing the while.
And saw you the dark cloud, so dismal with gloom,
Like the pall spread o'er beauty while borne to the tomb ?

Saw you not light break through it, clear, sunny, and bright,
Gilding nature with beauty, and blessing the sight ?
Such is life, such is life ; the dense cloud of to-day,
To-morrow's bright sunshine will oft chase away ;
And the music of hope, and the dance of delight
Turn sorrow to gladness, and darkness to light.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE REMARK OF AN INGENUOUS
LITTLE GIRL WHILE IN TEARS.

Ah, humid, tell-tale tear,
I pray thee disappear,
Nor e'er betray a pang, from one I know sincere.
I would that thou shouldst dwell,
Within thy crystal cell,
Nor wake a mutual grief in one I love so well.
Must sympathy or grief,
Forever seek relief,
In watery eyes ; however small or brief ?
Yes, silent tributes roll,
And feelings spurn control ;
My face, unwished, is made the index to my soul.

I've seen the lofty oak deep rooted stand,
With nervous texture spreading far and wide.
In spiral beauty, delicate and true,
Clasped round the oak, at length the vine I spied.

Winding cohesive to his sturdy trunk,
Its grateful verdure clasped the branches too ;
Whose rapid growth outcours'd the tendril's power,
Which, clinging still, its fibres burst in two !

Thus woman's love, when once 'tis intertwined
With man's affections, e'er on him relies,
Through all the dark vicissitudes of time,
And still adheres, when grosser nature dies.

The unfortunate marriage of a young lady of Miss Morland's acquaintance, gave rise to the preceding stanzas, and also to the following one :

O, why should the torch-bearer singe Cupid's wings
 When he lights to the conqueror's shrine ?
 Is the little god frightened at prayer-book and rings ?
 Say, gentlemen, *Is love divine ?*

Although Miss Morland's buoyant hopes, and youthful aspirations had been dampened by affliction, yet the little and monopolizing world of self had not engrossed her attention ; and philanthropy for the human race had debarred the intruder. Fitz James Dumont, too, had almost made her a patriot. She had heard graphic descriptions of the scenes of the American revolution, and of Poland's rise in arms, and fall, from young Dumont's father ; and Fitz James was enthusiastic in the cause of the oppressed and struggling Greeks. Everything therefore that bore the impress of patriotism interested her. The debates in the English parliament on the Irish question, and the eloquence from the "emerald isle," she fancied partook of this nature, and her mind caught the spirit of her advocates. The following is a transcript of her thoughts on the subject :

Erin, sweet Erin, bright isle of the ocean,
 Let thy harp breathe in strains of intenser devotion ;
 For a bow now illumines the clouds of thy sorrow,
 And the sunbeams of truth shall disperse them to-morrow.
 Lo, oppression at last is beginning to hear,
 Since thy eloquent plaints have saluted his ear !
 Ah, well may he pause, when thy Philips arise,
 And plead with such ardor to earth and the skies ;
 For thy advocates firm as the adamant, stand,
 And their eloquence sounds from thy lakes to the strand ;

Thy mountains have caught it, thy valleys resound,
 And echo responds to thy wave-circled bound.
 Thy billows, while kissing thy bright verdant isle,
 Heard the sound, and subdued, stopped to listen the while,
 Then joyfully bore it to realms in the west,
 That joy might respond in philanthropy's breast.
 And a national wreath on thy brow has been seen,
 Where, with thistle and rose, waved the shamrock so green,
 Secure from the barbs that the thistle enclose,
 And the thorn that is ever attached to the rose ;
 Inhaling their fragrance, and gilding their beauty,
 With an emblem of God, and incentive to duty.

Then rise, fair one, rise, and with chains cast away
 The foul dross that obscured Christianity's ray,
 And joy in the ranks of the army of God ;
 Renewed by his spirit, and washed by his blood ;
 For the time has passed by, when his banner unfurled,
 In terror goes forth stained in blood, to the world ;
 And thy landscape in smiles, hears a voice on the wind,
 Which proclaims peace on earth, and good will to mankind.

The race of aborigines had most of them either emigrated to better hunting-grounds, or become extinct by the insidious effects of vices imbibed from the whites ; when, during a severely cold and stormy night, several of them came to the house where Miss Morland was an inmate ; and through her fears and intercession, they were debarred entrance, though alternately singing and moaning piteously. The subjoined is a transcript of her feelings on the subject :

Poor child of the forest, thy complaints on the ear
 Fall heavy and sad, and my heart bleeds to hear
 Thy wild notes on the gale while the tempest is high,
 For thy wigwam 's afar, and no covert is nigh.

And fain would I cherish thy half-naked form,
 And shelter thy head from the pitiless storm ;
 But I fear that thy bloodthirsty hatchet again
 Would leave to the vultures of heaven the slain.

For the earth is ensanguined with blood that thy knife
 Hast cruelly drawn from the fountain of life,
 And the bones of thy victims still bleach on the waste,
 Then hie to thy deserts, to solitudes haste.

"I have sheltered the white man," sayest thou in thy moan?
 And guided his feet when astray and alone."
 O, I pity thy lot, yet my fears will prevail,
 Though my heart bleeds to hear thy wild notes on the gale.

.

Dost thou sing of the wrongs that the white man has done?
 When he came to thy land from the fields of the sun?

Or revert to the time when the woods were thine own?
 When the great and good Spirit e'er listed thy moan?
 When no foe e'er usurped thy dominions so wide,
 And liberty guarded the fields of thy pride.

Ah, many thy wrongs, and thy wigwam's afar,
 And I pity thy lot, while thy plaints on my ear
 Fall heavy and sad. Yet my fears will prevail,
 Though my heart bleeds to hear thy wild notes on the gale.

THE INDIAN.*

Listen, O Father, hear a red man reply,
 Look up, see the eagle; his home is the sky.
 Does he love his high home, where he soars and is free?
 Will he barter it off for the ocean or sea?
 Look into the river and ask the fish there,
 If his stream he will sell, and inhale the rare air?
 Go ask the strong oak that the shrubb'ry upbraids,
 If he'll fold up his arms and dwell meek in the shades?
 And then of the Indian hunter demand
 If he'll part with his forests, his heritage land?
 If the bones of his fathers he'll leave with the foe,
 And his council-fires bright, where the calumets glow?
 Yet, father, I'll tear all these cords from my breast,
 If you'll give me the singing bird now in your nest!

* A scene in romance versified.

“Savage,” the pilgrim then sternly replied,
 “Will the lamb with the wolf e’er consent to abide ?
 Never ! no, never ! dismiss the vain dream,
 I’d as soon see her die as to list such a theme.”

A present of an elegant copy of Shakspeare’s works, accompanied with news from New York that one of the theatres had been destroyed by fire, which was to be rebuilt on a more splendid plan, occasioned the following :

When erst the fiat at creation’s birth
 Spread out the expansive stage for man on earth,
 Not only father Adam and dear Eve,
 And subtle serpent smiling to deceive,
 But God and angels took their several part,
 To exalt the drama, and improve the heart ;
 And though our frailty has, in shifting scenes,
 Placed the celestial group behind the screens,
 Yet classic bards, and genius all divine,
 Still on the stage, and in the drama shine.

And while the arch of freedom spans our coast,
 And dear-bought liberty is still our boast ;
 While our proud eagle soars o’er land and seas,
 And stars and stripes still flutter in the breeze ;
 While statesmen meet to guard our country’s weal,
 And Washington has place in hearts that feel ;
 While wit has point, or eloquence has power,
 The mighty Shakspeare claims a passing hour.

Immortal bard, great alkahest of hearts,
 What springs Pyerian, or what mental marts
 Gave thee the power to touch each secret spring,
 Each long-closed cell, each bright imagining
 That appertains to mortals ! Nay, the dead,
 Whose mortal lay within their narrow bed,
 Start in fair forms, (though dust by nature’s laws,)
 Summoned by thee to plead fair virtue’s cause !
 Tempests arise to aid the good, oppressed,
 And rival houses join at love’s behest !

Thrones tremble to their base, and kingdoms fall,
 And startling ghosts a murderer appall !
 In courts of love, the fair the lance so wield
 That stoutest Benedicts are forced to yield.
 Historic Truth, within thy magic ring
 Writes down his tragic tale with shuddering,
 Till fiction comes with fancy's train equipped,
 And interlines the old man's manuscript.
 The antiquarian, with his musty scrolls,
 Here sits him down and all his lore unrolls ;
 Tradition brings his legends, mirth his song,
 The sage his text-book, and the fair the throng ;
 Satire his darts, and leisurely them tells,
 To aim at folly, and his " cap and bells ;"
 Earth, sea, and heaven, their metaphors to prove
 The master passion of mankind is love.

Here let us then a shrine to genius rear,
 And votive off'ring, be a pearly tear
 For suffering virtue. Nay, fair dames, a *smile*,
 We would not make you weep, but cares beguile.
 And while a mimic world before you pass,
 And spectres rise like kings in Banquo's glass ;
 Taste, won by such a throng as meets my eye,
 Shall deign to join with heavenly minstrelsy
 To captivate your powers. Make time blithe,
 Reverse his hour-glass, and drop his scythe.
 Art, too, shall bring her tints of Iris hue,
 And spread the glowing canvass to your view ;
 Impassioned eloquence shall plead the cause
 Of honor, justice, and love's code of laws ;
 With universal sway shall music's powers
 Change weary minutes to Elysian hours ;
 And science, fostered by Columbia's care,
 Shall bring her votaries fame, that they may share
 With Europe's sons, a reputation true,
 When stars decline, and Heaven "*make all things new !*"

During Miss Morland's stay in the country, a few of her intimate friends proposed a trip to the White Hills, and gave her an invitation to join them, which she

gladly accepted. The thought to her, of again beholding those mighty pillars of strength in her own native state, was ecstasy ; for she could not forbear associating moral grandeur with the sublimity of scenery in the country that fostered it. "Fitz James Dumont," thought she, "might have been a William Tell, amid the Alps in Switzerland ; a Bruce, or Wallace, among old Scotland's fastnesses ; or a Washington, surrounded by the awe-inspiring loveliness of our own country, at an era when the elements of civil liberty lay, as it were in chaos, waiting for some master spirit to organize and actuate them, to turn the wheel of experiment. But alas !" sighed she, "a foreign struggle claims that ardor now, that might have burned on the altar of freedom at home ; and the hills of Greece may yet resound with *victory* and *Dumont*, when not one sweet reverberation can come to me. O, *should* he ever harness for the battle, *my* breastplate must be fortitude ; faith in him my helmet, and constancy my duty."

The month of May came in garlanded with beauty, and our adventurers set out on their expedition to the mountains. Villas and towns, and frowning crags, alternately elicited remark, until, at length, one of the wonders of the new world — apparently ambitious to invade the celestial realms — met their sight ; but "distance lent *no* enchantment to the view." It is only by standing as an atom at their base, or by ascending them, and viewing the rivers, like shining veins of silver, meandering to the ocean ; lakes, hamlets, woods, and emerald lawns — in short, the world spread out beneath your feet, that you can conceive of their magnificence. But to stand on one of their summits,

and behold the lightning darting from cloud to cloud below you, to hear the voice of the Almighty in the thunderbolt, to which a hundred voices respond in moans of terror, the rains dashing in torrents into the vales, or rather chasms between these huge and mighty precipices, while all is calmness and sunshine around you; *then* you can *feel* their sublimity, and you will involuntarily exclaim, *True, earth is turmoil, and heaven is peace.*

As our travellers journeyed through the Notch, the emotions of wonder, adoration and surprise, which had filled their bosoms on their near approach, were merged in sympathy for the sad fate of the Willey family; which, a little time previous, had been swept away by an avalanche in its descent, while its nine members were flying in consternation for safety, and buried beneath it. The desolate house from which they fled—a monument of short-sighted man—the sere and blanched forest trees, many of them still standing erect in the chasm as they grew on the dizzy height above them; the river Saco frightened from its former channel, and now careering wildly under ledges of rocks, over which the visiter travels with dismay; the vagrant mass of earth, that yet hides six of the bodies which it crushed in its oblivious depths; all bear appalling witness of the dreadful night.

As our little party progressed, scenes of a milder aspect calmed the tumult that must ever thrill the heart of sensibility at sights of ravages like these. The Silver Cascade, on the left, smiled upon the height above them, and threw its radiance across their path. This is a sheet of water that oozes from the summit of a mountain, and falls over the smooth surface of a slop-

ing wall of granite ; which, in reflecting the sunshine, gives it the appearance of molten silver. On the right, the mountain torrent comes leaping down from ledge to ledge ; now, bright as a shooting meteor from its own rapidity ; now fretting and foaming at delay. From the deep fissure which this dancing stream has made in the solid rock, it is called "The Natural Floom." Still farther on the "Devil's Grotto" yawns from a steep so fearful, that no mortal has yet had the temerity to explore it. The wild Ammonoosuc takes its rise near the source of the Saco, and both murmur along their rocky beds in different directions. The former, in its descent, is picturesque beyond description. The mountain ash is sentineled along its margin, with fruits like amaranthine flowers ; the spruce, with its deeply-tinged and never-fading foliage, throws its cone-like shadow over its surface, (where the forest is not so dense as to be impervious to the sun's rays.) Its bed, in some places, is smooth as the marble floor in the temple of Apollo, in others, each avenue seems closed to its egress by broken fragments of stone. But forcing its way around, and under them, anon it goes singing along over its pebbly bottom in its joyousness ; and everything around conspires to render it most wildly beautiful, and musical as wild.

John Crawford's humble but hospitable inn, perched like an eagle's nest among the clouds, offered our travellers a grateful retreat, after a day of rambling excursion. The evening was spent in looking over two or three public albums, filled with names and observations of travellers, and to which the eccentric host was sure to invite you to add your own. Here the Christian had poured out his soul to God at the

magnitude and majesty of his works ; the statesman, in an hour of ennui, had scribbled some wise maxim for legislation ; the patriot had enlarged on the bulwarks of strength that protect a happy country ; and here, too, the enthusiastic artist, imagining his easel before him, had offered a libation to grandeur and beauty. Poets, poetesses, and poetasters, had here invoked the genius of the mountains ; the lover, unmindful of nature's enchantments, had written only in admiration of the fair ; and the whole formed an amusing medley, to beguile the mind, and bring it back to the every-day concerns of life, after the overwhelming sensations which the sublimities of nature impart to spirits imprisoned in mortality.

The next day was decided upon by our coterie to climb the mountains. But the excitement and fatigue of their first day's ramble had unfitted Miss Morland for joining in the adventure ; though not wanting in inclination or enterprise. But indisposition overcame curiosity, and she obeyed the dictates of prudence, and remained behind.

When left to her own meditations, her mind reverted to the time, or rather ere time was, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth or the worlds were made ;" and was led to adore him, who "spread out the heavens like a curtain, and laid the foundations of the earth." While solitary in her chamber, which was darkened by surrounding and almost overhanging cliffs, she had recourse to her pen for amusement ; and wrote the subjoined. And though science has been made to pander to imagination in its production, we venture to insert it.

Earth was a chaos, dark and dire —
The Almighty frowned —

Chaotic matter quailed,
 Convolved and tremulous ! The watery vapors,
 In great fear, gathered themselves together,
 And looked like palls of buried worlds !
 Earth's pristine atoms shrunk aghast, commixed
 With fiery particles of embryo lava !
 And aqueous globes, more pure than sister substance,
 In pity and dismay, revolved themselves in tears.
 The air lay dark, compressed and motionless,
 In the just scales of dread eternity,
 And not a zephyr fanned the ether blue.
 The unopinioned lightnings glared in consternation !
 And earthquakes groaned to view the forger's chains.
 Comets and suns blinked at the desolation,
 And chaos, awe-struck, knew her hour was come !

Heaven smiled.

The fleecy clouds, in graceful folds,
 Spread out along the firmament, for heaven's drapery,
 And, floating on through ether, looked like wings of joy.
 Atoms of earth embraced in ecstasy ;
 And symmetry and beauty flew down from heaven
 To mould and deck the minion. The waters now were
 Mirrored in a mass, where angels might look down
 And glory see reflected ! The new-fledged lightnings
 Found, among the clouds, a habitation,
 And gazed with admiration on the earth, and fain
 Would hover in her bosom. Earthquakes were chained
 Within her entrails : and fires volcanic
 Blushed within her caves ! Comets and suns now
 Caught anew the radiance of God's smile ; and shone
 Resplendent. While paler moons, less favored
 Queens of night, reflected back the glory.
 The winds spread out, in bright transparency,
 Their wings elastic ; and, in deep reverence,
 Circled, like guards, around the earth —
 And there was need. For nought so beautiful and bright,
 Was e'er created. Coronals of flowers,
 And gems of varied hues, and towering plumes,

And robes of "living green," sparkled and waved
 In the sun's golden rays. And the earth lived,
 From heavenly life in order now descending,
 And bloomed, and generated. At the word of God
 Fishes, and birds, and beasts, sprang mutely
 From her bosom; and last and loveliest,
 Some immortal germs, kindred to earth, and yet
 Allied to Heaven! But all was still as death,
 And motionless as dumb. Comets, apparently,
 Stood trance-like, and suns, and planets spaced
 Throughout space, from Heaven's munificence,
 Seemed sentineled like way-marks to eternity!

The Almighty said,

"Ye angels, tune your harps."

The bursting anthem from on high,
 Sent worlds in measure through the sky.
 And earth, too, caught the heavenly lay,
 And sung along her airy way.
 And nature's harps, among the trees,
 Were sweetly touched by passing breeze.
 And birds, too, caught the magic sound,
 And warbled harmony around.
 And mortals, in the garden blessed,
 Found thrilling echoes in their breast.
 Hail, Music! handmaid of high heaven,
 To mortals frail, benignly given,
 To tune discordant hearts to peace,
 And bid the angry passions cease.
 Thy inspiration feels each sphere,
 That dances through the jocund year;
 Comets return from realms of space
 To catch it in elliptic race!
 Transported round their central sphere
 They whirl; then joyful disappear,
 Yet linger, lest the dying sound
 Be lost within their trackless bound.

If poets err not, thou too hast
 Arrested rivers in their haste,
 Till they forgot their wonted flow!
 Trees, too, to list, depended low!

And rocks have softened at thy strain,
 And mountains melted to a plain!
 And massive walls on classic ground
 Have reared themselves to lyric sound !
 E'en *Stygian* realms had rued thy sway,*
 Could half the world be taught *odey*.
 Still evil sprites, in evil hour,
 Have felt how godlike is thy power.†
 Thou wipest the gems of sorrow dry,
 And canst draw tears from apathy !
 And martial ardor oft displays ;
 'T is kindled at thy altar's blaze.
 Thy spell entrances Spanish maids
 While listening to love's serenades ;
 Thy inspiration e'en is felt
 Where'er are hearts to move or melt ;
 And gentle ones, in holy union,
 By thee, with angels hold communion !
 Seraphic bands' harmonious numbers
 Wrap souls till earth no more encumbers ;
 And mortal choirs have even stole
 A march on death, and won the goal.‡
 Then tune your heart-strings, O ye sons of light,
 That angel notes with earthly may unite ;
 And breathe, O Spirit, on the trembling strings,
 Till earth-born anthems reach the King of kings.

The evening shades brought down the aerial group
 from the proud height they had attained on the mount-
 ains, and Miss Morland joined them with exhilarated
 health and spirits. The evening was spent in descrip-
 tions of the upper regions they had traversed, and of

* See the history of Eurydice.

† Vide the history of Saul.

‡ A gentleman passionately fond of music, and who was the leader of a band of musicians, during a fit of sickness, was exhausted, speechless, and supposed to be dying. He motioned to his friends for music. His band was immediately summoned ; the music soon revived him ; nature mustered her dormant energies, and he recovered, and lived to a very old age.

the relative claims of Mount Clinton, or Bald Head Peak, and Mount Washington ; or of the mountains collectively, and the Falls of Niagara, to precedence in sublimity, grandeur, and beauty. Mary insisted that these hills, that “ wear their caps of snow in the very presence of the regal sun,” bore away the palm ; while the ladies from New York made the same claim for the mighty cataract. The decisions of the gentlemen were made perhaps, partly from preference, and partly out of compliment to the fair, with whom their opinions coincided.

Several days were successively spent in exploring these mighty works of creation, and new beauties were discovered from every point of view ; but the music of the feathered choristers began hourly to remind them of home ; and the “ cliffs, and the cot, and the glen, and the wild, foaming torrent that rushes unseen,” were left behind for that endeared spot.

But Miss Morland’s visit to her “ own native hills” served to remind her that she had no “ certain dwelling-place,” and she dwelt much, after her return, on the loss she had sustained in the death of her parents. But the consolations of religion were her support, and she often soothed her feelings with reflections like these :

Why should the heart feel lone and drear,
When earthly friends are far away ?
Since the eternal God is near,
Whose smiles turn midnight into day.

Why fear the ills that may betide,
Or dangers that beset my way ?
Since Heaven has promised to the good,
“ Strength shall be equal to thy day.”

THE MIDNIGHT THUNDER STORM.

When vivid midnight lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 And through the dark profound the deep-toned thunders roll ;
 When devastation's besom sweeps the trembling earth,
 And chaos seems involving fair creation's birth ;
 When angry whirlwinds rise and writhe the astonished world,
 And desolation's flag, with terror is unfurled ;
 When nature from her seat * surveys the threat'ning sky,
 And on the winged winds the great I AM doth fly ;
 'T is then the soul within her tenement recoils,
 Contemplates then the power that nature's laws enthalls ;
 Feels from this dreadful source her origin was given,
 And fain God's face would flee, who fills both earth and heaven.

Yet, to the good man's view, a radiant form appears
 Amid this direful scene, to calm his rising fears ;
 Bearing an anchor firm, and clad in bright array,
 Through faith, her harbinger, says " All thy fears allay ;
 For though sun, moon, and stars should all become obscure,
 Ere God " make all things new," and seal his promise sure ;
 Yet, fear thou not, vain man, for we support the good ;
 Faith, Hope and Charity, a triune sisterhood ;
 And Mercy hath prepared beyond this changing sphere,
 A haven of repose for all who sought her here.

With this trust and confidence in the goodness of her Creator, she fell asleep, and the morning watch looked upon a tranquillized and grateful heart. She was now daily expecting her aunt's carriage to take her to town ; and the murmuring of rippling rills, the verdant and unfading leaf, and beauty of the blossom, occupied her mind ; and she beguiled the lingering hours by the following invocation :

Awake, my love, and with me stray
 Over the lawn at break of day,
 And brush the dew-drops from the dell,
 That glisten in their nightly cell ;

* " Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost ! "

Or with me climb the mountain's height
Which first is kissed with rays of light,
To watch the powerful king of day
Emerging from the fields of spray.

Then we 'll descend into the glen
Where silence reigns remote from men ;
With Meditation, maid profound,
Observant view this mortal bound ;
Measure the giddy heights of Fame,
And scan the bubble of a name ;
Then weigh the sum of human ill,
And pleasures analyze with skill ;
Survey mankind from clime to clime,
And with a hand-breadth, measure time !
Convinced that earth and all its joys,
Are short-lived, vain, and futile toys,
We 'll humbly bow before our God,
And seek direction in the road
That leads from elements like these
To hallowed, pure and lasting ease.

The joyful summons at length arrived for her return to the city, and casting a look of admiration on the beauties of nature she was leaving, which were reveling in luxuriance ; " Who could have thought," said she to herself, " that I should ever leave such quiet and lovely scenes as these, for the turmoil of the city, with so little regret ! "

Upon her arrival in town, Mr. Dumont was the first to pay his *devoirs*, and congratulate her friends on her return.

" We cordially welcome her return, I assure you, Mr. Dumont," said her giddy aunt, " though I know she thinks that

' While reason read his leaves of lead,
Folly placed his cap and bells on my head.'

But I trust she will teach us to be more sage."

"I make no pretence to wisdom, dear aunt," said Mary, "but censure me not because adversity has unfitted me for the amusements in which you delight, I entreat you."

Her aunt seemed satisfied, and Mr. Dumont took his leave ; only to renew his visits, however, as often as circumstances would permit. During the time that intervened between this and the time when Fitz James Dumont resolved to try the fortunes of war, these youthful attachments were strengthened by reason and judgment, so that they seemed to have become a part of each other's existence. And now to tear himself from so interesting an object, and cloud the bright hopes of one so beloved, made him feel that liberty and glory were indeed dearly won.

Yet he was hastening to communicate the unwelcome tidings, and bid a long adieu. As he entered the hall he heard her playing one of his favorite airs on the piano, accompanying it with her voice. He thought he felt the vibrations of the tremulous cords upon his heart. He forbore to interrupt the martial song, for it nerved him for the trial of parting ; and listened to the words :

"O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er fields arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing ;
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating !

O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet 't is not helm or feather,
For ask yon despot whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em,
Adorn but man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
 'T is heart alone,
 Worth steel or stone,
That keeps man free forever!
O, the sight entrancing,
When the morning beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing !"

As Mr. Dumont approached her, she rose and welcomed him with a smile. "My dear Mary," he said, "I am come to change these sounds to sorrow, and this smile to sadness, for the present. I must add the strength of my arm for the recovery of freedom for the oppressed ; and Greece shall yet be free !"

Mary received this intelligence with more fortitude than he had expected. Indeed, she had anticipated the event, from the growing interest which he had previously manifested in the struggle, and prepared

herself in some measure, for the event. Yet the hue on her cheek blanched ; the tear that trembled in her eye betrayed the conflicting emotions within ; and the blood chilled in her veins, when she thought of the danger of the enterprise ; and she exclaimed with faltering voice :

“ Think, O think, of the merciless foe you are to encounter ; of the small number of the patriot band compared with their opponents, and the disadvantages they labor under, on account of their having been so long enslaved ; and relinquish the fearful enterprise for the enjoyment of that liberty which our fathers so nobly won.”

“ Ought we not to be the more speedy and efficient in our aid ? ” he said with much energy, “ if our brother fall into the paws of the lion, on account of his fierceness and cruelty ? And though the number of the foe be against us, the spirits of the three hundred are stimulating living patriots ; the graves of the ‘ mighty fallen ’ are the oracles which they now consult, and the arm of the Almighty is on the side of justice and freedom ; who can scatter the enemy like grasshoppers, or make them like the host of the Assyrians ! England has sent her aid ; he whose genius seems a spark of divinity itself, when rightly directed, and whose fame has reached to the ends of the earth, has embarked his all in this glorious cause ; and shall America be behind ? to the valor of whose sons she owes more than any other nation under heaven ! ”

“ Ah, reflect, dear Fitz James, but for a moment on the contrast between yourself and him. His

‘ Days are in the yellow leaf ; ’

and he leaves his native land with blasted affections
and blighted hopes, to

‘ Look around and choose his ground,
And take his rest,’

while you leave”— She could proceed no farther,
and tears gushed from the troubled fountain at her
heart, and chased each other like crystal drops from
heaven.

“ I leave an angel,” replied he with emotion, “ whose
prayer for our success shall put thousands to flight!
O, dearest Mary, did you know what a powerful advocate
you have in my own bosom; you would not add
your entreaties to have me remain within the magic
influence of your society. No, no, such felicity awaits
me not now ; I have a penance to perform, and I must
pay my vow. Should I settle down in inglorious ease,
the genius of Liberty would haunt me with the recol-
lection of the noble, yet debased Greeks waging an
unequal war with foes so fell, turning their eyes to
America, that boasted land of freedom in vain. The
ghosts of my fathers would stalk about my bed, and
reproach me with my degeneracy ! Genius shall again
wave her wand over that land of ancient lore, and
sweep away the mists that shroud the mind of man !
Art again shall cause the marble to start into proportion
and beauty ; palaces and temples shall arise ; the
Muses shall again bathe in the fountains of Helicon ;
walls of defence shall arise at the sound of music ; and
Liberty, glorious Liberty, shall stand upon her plains,
like her ancient Colossus, a wonder of the world ! ”

Mr. Dumont rose, and pressing the object of his
love to his bosom, he said, “ Light of my life, and

centre of my hopes, let not the rose on thy cheek fade, nor the light of thine eye grow dim, nor sorrow gather round thy heart, for thy absent warrior, for he will soon return and lay his trophies at thy feet." Then placing a diamond ring upon her finger; "Wear this," he said, "as a pledge of my return. And know, that until the stone shall have become soft, and its light extinguished, Fitz James Dumont will cherish the remembrance of thy image and virtues, as the strongest charm that binds him to existence. Adieu, dearest, adieu."

Mary would have replied, but the words died upon her lips, and Fitz James Dumont was already gone. As soon as she had recovered from the shock which his sudden departure had given, she retired to her chamber, and seated herself in a window that overlooked the wave. The sun looked back so gloriously from the west, that one might almost question whether it were idolatry to worship him; the bosom of the ocean swelled into gentle undulations, and each billow seemed wafting itself away to some bright world that lay beyond. The sea-fowl sailed gently through the air, or rested the weary wing on the mighty and unfathomable deep, as unconscious of fear or sorrow, as one may suppose the souls of the good, when freed from cumbrous clay, take their joyful leave of earth, to rest unperturbed in the ocean of eternity.

A scene so tranquillizing soothed the conflicting passions that were struggling in the mind of Mary; and as the anchor was weighed, and the breath of heaven filled the spreading canvass, she almost thought the stately bark a thing of life; conscious and proud of the burden she was bearing across the trackless waste.

She imagined, too, that she could recognize the slight form, and noble bearing of her beloved Dumont, amidst the crowd of passengers on her deck, waving an adieu to his native land. And the generous enthusiasm which he had manifested, in the sacrifice of every selfish feeling, engrossed her mind. Yet, with suppressed breath, she gazed out with intense interest on the lessening bark; and when the dark speck on the brow of the horizon faded entirely from her view, she burst into tears.

While in this sad reverie, the light-hearted Laura came flying into the room. "What, my dear cousin," said she, "a Niobe again! This will never do. Since lovers have resumed the feats of chivalry, the '*ladye faire*' must have fortitude to wait until her knight-errant shall have overcome the dragon, or a *Pasha with three tails*," added she archly, "as you will have it. Besides, the gay Monsieur L'CEil is already below, and has inquired for his lily of the valley," (a name which he had given Mary, on account of her studiousness to conceal such rare charms from the gaze of admiration.)

"L'CEil will not look upon the *Mugnet* to night," replied Mary; "the dews of the evening have been too heavy. Tell him I am indisposed, or make any other apology which your inventive imagination can suggest."

"I will tell him that you choose to be called *la Rose*, and *le Rossignol* is likely to sing to his sultana in vain;" said Laura, and after adding:

"He with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead pressed;
She raised a mirror to his view,
Then turned it inward to her breast,"

left the room.

Monsieur L'Œil was an accomplished courtier, who had left France for America soon after he whose

“Game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones,”

had broken the chains with which kings had bound him, and had stepped from the diminutive island in the main on to his native shore, to recommence his career of glory. Monsieur L'Œil was of a skeptical turn of mind, and a general lover of the *beau sexe*. Yet there was something in the beauty and reserved modesty of Mary Morland, which had struck him forcibly; and he had exerted all those blandishments, that gained him free access to the society of other ladies, to awaken the hidden sympathies in her bosom, but in vain. Having been brought up in luxurious ease, and now revelling in dissipation and pleasure, an expedition like that in which young Dumont was engaged, seemed to him quixotic in the extreme, and he was not without a distant hope of supplanting him in Miss Morland's affections. But her piety had been too early and assiduously cultivated, and had taken too deep root in her heart, to suffer her to listen to the adulation of a man of such sentiments as Monsieur L'Œil, even if she had possessed no partiality for another; and she consequently shunned his society. And she again became almost a recluse in her own room. “I choose rather,” she said, “to be under the supervision of that all-seeing eye, that looks down benignly on my absent Dumont; than L'Œil that smiles but to betray.”

With the lofty and devotional strains of Isaiah she was ever delighted, and she often forgot the cares of earth while paraphrasing his inspired prophecies.

THE BURDEN OF MOAB.

ISAIAH XV. XVI.

When pavilions of darkness are spread from afar,
And silence and waste shall descend upon Ar ;
And Kir, too, of Moab shall all be laid waste ;
And to Bajith and Dibon, to weep shall they haste !

Over Medeba, Nebo, shall Moab then mourn ;
Their beards shall be cut, and their heads shall be shorn ;
In their streets, and on house-tops, forsaken shall keep ;
Clad in sackcloth shall howl, and abundantly weep !

Elealeh, armed soldiers and Heshbon shall cry ;
And to Zoar, lamenting, shall fugitives fly ;
By th' upmounting of Luhith they weeping shall go,
And life shall be grievous, o'ertaken by woe !

Horonaim a cry of destruction shall hear ;
For desolate waters of Nimrim appear.
The bay once so pleasant, is withered away,
No green thing remaineth ; the grass in decay !

To the brooks of the willows their stores shall they bear ;
For the burden of Moab their cries now shall hear.
Beerelim and Eglaim list to the howl ;
For the waters of Dimon, of blood shall be full !

And him that escapeth shall lions devour.
Then send ye the lamb to the ruler in power,
For from Arnon's deep fords ye shall wander afar ;
Therefore execute judgment, take council and fear.

Make thy shadow as night in the midst of noon-day ;
Hide the outcasts, nor him that now wand'reth bewray.
Let my outcasts with thee, stricken Moab, now dwell ;
Be thou to them coverts, and spoilers repel.

For oppressors consumed, spoliation shall cease ;
And in mercy the throne be established in peace.
In the sanctum of David, in truth shall he sit ;
Seek judgment, and righteousness haste to admit.

The wrath of proud Moab no more shall be borne,
For the base of Kir-hareseth now shall ye mourn !
Fields of Heshbon have languished, and Sibmah's vines failed,
And the lords of the heathen o'er thee have prevailed !

With the weeping of Jazar thy vine I'll bewail,
Thy summer-fruits nought, and thy harvest shall fail ;
Elealeh and Heshbon I'll water with tears,
For gladness and joy are now changed to fears !

My bowels like harps, shall for Moab now sound,
And for Kir-haresh, mercy for him is not found.
When weary, he comes to his temple to pray,
He shall not then prevail, for he would not obey !

But woe to the nations that mourn with a noise
Like the rushing of waters, the Lord God destroys !
Like the chaff of the mountains before the swift wind,
Shall the people, rebuked, flee a refuge to find !

Then howl, O ye wicked, and mourn for your doom !
Your glory contemned, shall your sun set in gloom !
And as wandering birds, from their downy nest cast,
So the daughters of Moab shall be at the last !

PARAPHRASE ON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

Give ear, O ye heavens, and listen, O earth,
I have nourished the children to whom I gave birth ;
And ungrateful, rebellious to me have they proved ;
Thus the Lord hath declared of the children he loved !

The ox knows his owner, the dumb ass his crib,
But my people know not, inconsiderate tribe ;
Alas ! sinful nation, ah, mourn your complaint !
The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint !

Your country is waste, and your cities on fire ;
The fruits of your hands even strangers devour,
As a cottage deserted, the vineyards among,
Is the daughter of Zion ; her lyre unstung !

Hear the word of Jehovah, ye rulers give ear ;
Ye sons of Gomorrah, the law of God hear ;
Though ye offer in sacrifice rams and fed beasts,
I delight not in blood, I regard not your feasts !

Bring no more vain oblations, nor incense essay ;
With new moons and assemblies I cannot away ;
When you spread forth your hands then mine eyes I will hide !
Your hands full of blood, which I cannot abide !

Wash, wash, make you clean, and refuse to rebel ;
Cease, cease to do evil, and learn to do well ;
Seek judgment, relieve ye the widow oppressed ;
Judge the cause of the fatherless,— then seek for rest.

Come now, saith the Lord, let us reason ! Although
Now your sins be as scarlet, I 'll make them as snow ;
Though red like the crimson, as white as the wool !
But if ye refuse, sorrow's cup shall be full !

The city once faithful, ah, who now will bless !
For murderers there have dislodged righteousness.
Her silver is dross, and but water her wine ;
Her princes rebellious, no seers to divine.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord, the omnipotent One,
I'll avenge me of foes for the sins they have done !
But to thee, my beloved, will I turn, and essay
To purge all thy dross, and thy tin take away.

Then thy judges and counsellors I will restore ;
And the city be Righteousness called as before ;
And Zion, redeemed, shall with judgment be blessed ;
And her converts with righteousness, no more distressed.

And then to destruction transgressors be doomed ;
And they that forsake me shall all be consumed ;
And shame shall confound them, for oaks ye desired,
For gardens ye chose, and to which ye retired.

And as towering oaks with their leaves faded, sere ;
As a garden unwatered, shall ye then appear ;

Its maker a spark, shall the strong be as tow,
Together shall burn, and none, none quench the glow!

PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTY-SECOND CHAPTER OF
ISAIAH.

Behold, in righteousness a King shall reign,
And princes rule for judgment, not for gain;
Man as a hiding-place shall be from wind,
A covert from the tempest, too, assigned.

As grateful rivers o'er the sterile sand,
The shadow of a rock in weary land;
The eyes of them that see shall not be dim,
And ears shall hearken to the vocal hymn.

Hearts of the rash shall knowledge understand,
The stamm'rer's tongue shall speak at his command,
The vile no more shall liberal be called,
No churl as bountiful shall be installed.

The vile in heart his villany will speak,
Cause drink of thirsty souls to fail, will seek,
And utter error, treachery and lies —
The liberal shall lib'ral things devise.

Rise up, ye careless daughters, at your ease,
Gird sackcloth on your loins, to wrath appease:
The vintage soon shall fail, nor gath'ring come,
And voices, loud with joy, shall then be dumb.

O'er all the pleasant lands shall briers grow,
And thorns supplant the seeds ye there may strew;
Thy joyous houses shall be overthrown,
Thy palaces forsaken and alone.

The city's pleasant streets shall be but fens,
Her forts and towers shall be for lairs and dens,
Flocks there shall feed, and asses wild shall bray,
Until the Spirit wash thy crimes away.

Then judgment in the wilderness shall reign,
And righteousness in fruitful fields remain ;
Th' effect, assurance, quietness and peace ;
All discord hushed, lamentings then shall cease.

When hail descends, hurled by the raging wind,
My people blessed, shall then sure dwellings find ;
Beside all waters shall they cast their seed,
And thither send the ox and ass to feed.

PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF
ISAIAH.

Ye nations, assemble ; prepare
Ye to hearken ; ye people, give ear ;
Let the earth and all things from afar,
The world, with her multitudes, hear ;

For the vengeance of Heaven is poured
On all nations ; his fury, abroad,
Has, for armies, dread slaughter prepared !
Indignation his foes hath destroyed.

Their slain shall be utterly cast
To the vultures of heaven for food ;
Their stench shall come up with the blast,
And the mountains be melted with blood !

All the hosts of the sky shall dissolve,
And the heavens be rolled as a scroll,
And their hosts shall all prostrate convolve,
Or, gasping, like vine-leaves shall fall.

For my sword shall in heaven be bathed,
And in judgment and wrath shall come down ;
In Idumea's blood shall be laved,
On the tribe of my curse it shall frown !

Come to Bozrah, ye bullocks and lambs,
For the Lord hath a sacrifice there.
The day of his vengeance is come !
O Zion, thy recompense fear !

And the streams all to pitch shall be turned,
 And the dust shall as brimstone become,
 And the land shall, like pitch, then be burned,
 And none shall to quench it presume.

The smoke shall forever ascend,
 Generations shall see it lie waste,
 But the bittern and cormorant, fend,
 There the raven and owl, too, shall haste.

And the line of confusion shall stretch
 O'er the stones that are emptiness now;
 When they call none, her nobles can fetch,
 No princes to whom they can bow.

In her palaces nettles shall grow;
 In her fortresses, bramble and thorn,
 There the vulture and dragon shall go,
 And screech-owl and satyr forlorn.

Seek ye out of the book of the Lord;
 For none of these judgments shall fail:
 From the mouth of the Lord is the word,
 His Spirit these woes shall entail.

PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

The desert yet shall blossom as the rose;
 The wilderness no longer shall repose
 In solitary gloom; but sing for joy,
 Hosannas to the Lord — their blessed employ.

For Lebanon her glory shall bestow;
 There Carmel, Sharon's excellence, shall glow:
 Then shall they see the glory of the Lord;
 And God's own excellency spread abroad.

The blind, with sight, shall then dismiss his fears;
 The deaf shall hear the music of the spheres;
 As leaping hart the lame man then shall spring;
 The dumb, melodiously, in numbers sing.

Strengthen weak hands, confirm the feeble knees ;
Say to the fearful heart, God will appease ;
The Lord your God with recompense shall come ;
Even he will save you from the coming doom.

In barren wilderness shall fountains gush,
Refreshing rivers through the desert rush ;
The parched ground shall then become a pool,
And thirsty land shall springs of water cool.

In dragon's habitation, where each lay,
Grass, reeds and rushes shall no more decay ;
A highway shall be there, and called " The way
Of holiness," from whence no one will stray.

No unclean thing will over it repass ;
No lion there nor rav'nous beast shall pass ;
But it shall be for those wayfaring men,
Though fools shall not transgress nor err therein.

The ransomed of the Lord, no more to mourn,
With songs of joy, to Zion shall return,
With everlasting joy upon their head,
And joy and gladness gain, all sighs and sorrow fled.

After dwelling on the immutable truth of Jehovah,
in his holy Word, Miss Morland could but add the following from the pen of a poet to her manuscript :

" The proudest works of genius shall depart,
And reason's brightest lustre fade away ;
The sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness and conclude in night ;
But faith, triumphant over time shall stand,
Shall grasp the sacred Volume in his hand,
Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
And in the flood of glory melt away ! "

MEDITATION.

Come, Meditation, sainted maid,
Come with thy soothing power,
As thou wast wont, while here I strayed
At twilight's pensive hour.

Thou swest nature ; while with thee
The zephyr folds her wing ;
The brooklet, gurgling, at thy tread
Forgets its murmuring.

Thy wand canst o'er the penciled clouds
A brighter radiance cast ;
And o'er the glowing gems of night,
Each brighter than the last.

The flow'ret, blushing in thy light,
Yet softened by thy shade,
By thee transformed to virtue pure,
Dost all the soul pervade !

But not alone to nature fair,
Is all thy magic given ;
Thou oft has lulled this heart to rest,
And raised the soul to heaven.

Then wherefore shouldst thou flee me now ?
O, wherefore shouldst thou fly ?
My throbbing heart all tumult, joy,
My soul in every sigh !

And time, too, once so swift of wing,
Has now forgot to move !
And canst thou not, sweet, pensive maid,
Consent to dwell with love ?

Then haste, my servant,* hither speed,
Haste with my destined bride,
Who all my joys shall sweetly share,
And all my cares divide !

* And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac. Gen. xxiv. 2, 4.

Then shall sweet nature's varied harp
 Our bridal anthem sing ;
 And culled from flowers of brightest hue,
 A nuptial garland bring.

But when, O when — lo, yonder comes
 A sweet, veiled maiden fair !
 See, she alights ! my camels too ! *
 I haste —

A FRAGMENT.

No poet born, nor cave, nor rocky cell,
 Has witnessed orisons in mystic spell
 To thrice three virgins ; yet my muse will dare
 To hope for wreaths which sons of genius wear.
 And since Pandora's train still forms a van,
 And Hope yet lingers, the best friend of man,
 I'll humor this her freak, and let her try
 To ape the bard, and mount the ether sky.
 And should the feeble mind once soar to view
 The vain designs that mortals here pursue,
 And, conscious of her worth and powers given,
 Leave earth's vain scenes and cast one glance to heaven,
 Puerile genius will be amply paid
 For every effort which she shall have made.

FAME.

Fame, thou hast a pleasant voice,
 As greedily the ear drinks in thy sounds,
 As exile tidings from the land he loves.
 What spell is in thy blast, that student pale
 Should o'er the midnight taper poring sit
 And ruminatè, till life, by slow degrees,
 Is sapped ! the vital flame meantime flick'ring
 And waning with his waning lamp ! What prize,
 What boasted prize dost thou hold out for such

* And Isaac went out to meditate in the fields at the eventide, and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. And Rebecca lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she lighted off the camel. Gen. xxiv. 63, 64.

Devotion at thy crowded shrine ! A name
 That generations may successive lisp,
 As, like the waves, they rise and pass away,
 That nations yet unborn may know he was !
 Vain man, that folly should thee onward urge
 To chase in hot pursuit, a fleeting shade !
 And yet the feeling heart will deeply sigh
 To one faint echo of thy trump arrest ;
 To live on earth beyond the span of life.
 But 't is a silly wish ; as if thy silver tongue,
 O, Fame, could charm the ear of death ! For would
 The unconscious turf lie lighter on the breast ?
 Or would the worm, that revels on our dust,
 Stop his repast to hear thy clarion ?
 No, vain man ; for dust with dust commingles sweetly,
 Whilst thyself, yea, all that appertains to man immortal,
 Wilt either listen to the song of seraphs,
 Or hell's drear discord grate upon the ear.
 Say, should the blessed Redeemer own our name
 Unworthy, and we should harp the golden harp,
 And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
 Would thy loud trumpetings our joy increase ?
 Or should we wander from the path of life,
 And hell should be our home ; say, would the worm
 That never dies cease to torment his prey,
 Or on the ear thy accents sweetly fall,
 Midst weeping, wail, and gnashing of the teeth !
Vain boaster, no ;
 Thou art a flatt'rer false, that cheatest man
 Of half the transitory joys of earth.

EARTH.

All, all below is evanescent shade ;
 Earth's joys like dew-drops sparkle to exhale ;
 Earth's splendors shine like fitting lights in fens ;
 Earth's pleasures like a fire-fly's gaudy show ;
 Earth's honors like the falling meteor's glow ;
 Earth's pilgrimage the hasty setting sun ;
 Our hold on earth, frail as the icicle's,
 Which southern breezes waste by slow degrees,

Or Boreas rude hurls quick, unwarned, away !
Then why, O, earth, tenaciously intwine
Thy unsubstantial gewgaws round the heart !
Or rather why not, O, my soul, at once
Break these vain grov'ling ties, and soar aloft,
With emulative wing, and God adore !
For Deity, unseen, to aid weak faith,
Has left the splendid traces of himself
On all his works. Nature, with thousand tongues,
Proclaims her great Creator ; and every sun,
And each revolving season, heralds forth
His goodness and his greatness. Spring, with her smiles,
Shows varied wonders of a hand divine ;
March, with his stormy besom, sweeps the streams,
And polishes their pure and glassy mirrors ;
April sheds tears o'er winter's tyrant reign,
And buds and flowers spring forth to chase her woe,
And birds, gay, carol mid the vernal bloom.
May throws o'er nature such a splendid robe,
That love-sick swains forget their pleasing pains ;
While summer suns, relieved by grateful showers,
Agents of heavenly love, work miracles,
Which, but for their oft recurrence, man would teach
To humbly prostrate, wonder and adore.
Maternal autumn, with a bounteous hand,
Pours her rich treasures in the lap of toil,
And speaks, meantime, benevolence divine,
So plain, that ears once deaf have heard the sound ;
And (not like mortals frail) with foresight keen,
She hoards her treasures 'gainst the sterile frost.
Nor is unfeeling winter mute ; but preaches
Oft, in powerful eloquence to human hearts ;
His bitter, piercing winds, his stiff'ning frost,
His shroud of snow for nature's buried charms,
Proclaim God's power, who speaks, and we remove !
Yet gratefully the mind reverts to spring,
And supplicates God's grace to guide us through
All changes and all chances, that at last,
When frail mortality succumbs to death,
Grateful and joyous as the opening flowers,

We may awake, and hear the joyful sound,
 "Ye blessed of my Father, welcome, come!"

Pensively cheerful, and serenely gay,
 Fair nature tempts, with sylvan scenes, a lay,
 And gently chides these renovated powers,
 With listless apathy mid golden hours.

THE MISER.

Behold the miser hoarding up his gold,
 Exacting usury twice fifteen told.
 His care-worn visage speaks of discontent;
 Of restless nights, days counting his per cent.

Friendship for him no generous store unrolls,
 Nor love's soft, humanizing power controls,
 Nor blessed religion his hard heart unlocks;
 His god and friends lie hid within his box!

Poor, sordid wretch, when death shall drop the veil,
 How little then will Mammon thee avail!
 Earth claims her dust, and couldst thou bear it hence,
 How vain thy guerdon for true penitence!

For Mercy then will no probation give,
 Nor wave her wand that thou mightst touch and live;
 Since thou hast chosen gold, and moth, and rust,
 And hid thy talents with thy shining dust!

Is not firm faith in God's o'er-ruling power,
 A source of joy in the afflictive hour?
 When slander's vile and despicable dart
 Is aimed to pierce the unsuspecting heart?
 Does not the thought that Heaven, with scanning eye,
 Oft, by affliction, brings his children nigh,
 (Though wicked men most *culpably* corrode
 Our earthly joys, thus turn our thoughts to God,)
 Console the heart by a free agent riven,
 Whose unrepented deeds will bar the gates of heaven?

THE REMEMBERED DREAM.

Methought I heard an angel's lyre
Sound sweet as Gabriel's harp of gold ;
And O, it did my harp inspire
With faith and hope. For I was told

That some kind messenger on high
Had come to welcome home to rest
A kindred spirit of the sky,
To reign forever with the blessed.

The seraph 'neath a cloud of blue
Concealed his shining plumes so bright ;
He came — he came not to the view,
But veiled himself from mortal sight.

Yet hallelujahs in the air
Sounded so sweetly from his lyre,
I longed to join the seraph there,
And from these grov'ling scenes retire.

I woke. The music ceased ; yet long
The sound still lingered in my ear ;
And O, the sweet, melodious song
Will be remembered many a year.

If that kind angel will descend
When I resign my fleeting breath,
If Christ will own me as his friend,
Methinks there were no pain in death.

No pain in death ! one pang severe
'T would cost, to leave the friends I love ;
That o'er — and nought could keep me here ;
I'd soar with joy to realms above.

THE LOVED ONE'S GRAVE.

There is one spot of earth, one hallowed spot,
On which I love to linger. Thither I stray,
With feelings various as the rainbow's hues ;
First, retrospection paints the visions past,

With pencil fair, and talismanic art ;
 The tombstone, now, calls home the thoughts,
 And fancy sees the once beloved form,
 Now half inurned by worms, and mournful thinks
 That the tongue, to which I oft have listened,
 Is now mute as the dust that covers it ;
 That the ear no longer hears the footsteps
 Of congenial dust ; nor the sightless eye,
 From which affection beamed, sees the big tear ; —
 Reflections such as these must e'er propel.

But heaven-born Faith now kindly wipes the tear,
 And bids me upward look to the blest state,
 Where spirit triumphs o'er mortality ;
 Bids me no longer weep o'er this loved spot,
 This holy, hallowed spot — *the loved one's grave.*

The day has departed, and now my young muse
 Must be courted by moonlight and soft-falling dews.
 But I fear an ill star has pervaded the night,
 For she still appears grov'ling, though fain would indite.
 Though in fancy's wild castle her sisters appear,
 And now beckon my sylph to a seat in the rear,
 And though wreathed with bright laurels by poesy won,
 Yet my muse, unambitious as half-immured nun,
 Having shown herself void of true poetic fire,
 I will, therefore, dismiss her, and take back my lyre.

What sprite was 't I saw, that with grace made her entrance,
 And begged an excuse for her further attendance ?
 From her fanciful looks, and the words she did use,
 I think it must be my capricious young muse.

Thus day after day, and week after week, were spent
 by Miss Morland in the retirement of her chamber with
 the beings which her imagination called around her,
 in preference to the polite, flippant, and self-conceited
 Frenchman. But her aunt and cousin began to rally

her about becoming a disciple of Zimmerman, if not of La Motte; besides laying in a claim for themselves and the world to her society. Consequently, she sacrificed her own pleasure to enhance the happiness of those around her; resolving, at the same time, to distance Monsieur L'Œil, while she promoted the gratification of her friends.

But he sought every opportunity of seeing her, and was unwearied in his assiduities to please when he met her in society. Nor could she ride or walk without meeting or being overtaken by him.

Thus time wore away with Mary; and hope and fear alternately bore sway in her bosom, as the accounts from Greece were favorable or otherwise. One evening, as Monsieur L'Œil was enlarging on his favorite topic, the desperate struggle of the Greeks, he said, —

“This boasted liberty is a fine-spun theme for the pen of poets and historians; but, by our good king, I should think myself more nobly engaged in placing beauty where it would become the centre of attraction in a European court, than in chasing such a visionary glory, to fall like Kosciusko.”

“Kosciusko’s sun has indeed set on earth,” said Mary; “but his career has been glorious, though unsuccessful; and his name shall be a talisman to succeeding generations, to prompt them on to deeds of prowess and renown. You will excuse my warmth, as an American,” she added. “For you know he shares our nation’s gratitude, as well as Lafayette, your own illustrious countryman, who assisted in procuring for us the blessings which we so richly enjoy. And these rare examples of patriotism are not without

their effect upon the youth of our country, even at the present day."

Monsieur L'Œil remained silent. Such allusions to Mr. Dumont always wounded his pride; for he hated him as a rival, and looked upon him as a martyr to fanaticism.

The last accounts from Greece had been rather unfavorable to the cause of liberty; and hope and resignation began to give place to melancholy forebodings of the future in Mary's mind. She took up a number of a review that lay in her boudoir, and the name of Lord Byron caught her eye. Everything connected with that classic region, where liberty, and slavery, and death, were struggling for dominion, interested her deeply; and she read, —

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine?
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom?
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
And the purple of ocean is deepest of die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine:
'T is the clime of the east; 't is the land of the sun;
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

She was charmed with the beauties of this admirable little poem, but could not help contrasting the quiet

beauties of nature with the bereavements, the trials and disappointments of man. She asked herself, what is life on earth? and answered it thus:

'T is like the meteor in the sky!
'T is like the wind that 's flitting by;
'T is like the bubble on the sea,
A short-lived, futile vanity!

"Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,"
repeated she.

"Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine."

She opened her *escritoire*, and wrote:

Here flowers the brightest, the sweetest,
Time has allotted the fleetest.
Know ye the land where perennial grows
The amaranth green, and the deathless rose?

Here beauty the fairest, most winning,
Were blessed, were life ever beginning.
Know ye the land where is beauty so pure,
We can gaze on with rapture, nor think of a lure!

Here virtues the best, most endearing,
Are soonest, by death disappearing.
Know ye the land where the virtues will bloom
Forever; nor mortal descend to the tomb!

Here, love, too, the purest, the strongest,
Death envies, nor spares it the longest.
Know ye the land where love's heavenly glow
Is unchilled in its ardor, unchecked in its flow!

EARTH.

Youth, start not at change and mutation;
Wait, age will endear alteration.

INSPIRATION.

Nay, remember thy God while youth is thee given,
And know that the land which thou seekest is *heaven*.

Some weeks subsequent, as Mary and her cousin were taking a ride several miles into the country, to visit a favorite retreat, endeared by the recollection of the loved one afar, who had so often accompanied them thither, they had ordered the coachman to stop, and alighted to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, and gather the wild-flowers beside the path. They had scarcely descended from the carriage, when Monsieur L'Œil joined them, as if by chance, and after expressing his fears that he had intruded upon their retirement, addressing himself to Mary, said, —

“I hope that rural scenery and country air will have the same effect upon Miss Morland *now*, as formerly ; for ‘grief like a worm i’ the bud,’ should not be allowed to prey upon so fair a cheek ; and I deem it wise to quaff the cup of pleasure which is handed us, lest earthly good elude us, and the nectar of the gods and the bliss of immortality should prove but a poetic fiction.”

“Nature to me,” said Mary, “has always possessed a talismanic power to infuse joy into the mind, and this scene more than any other, since it has become so familiar that I almost recognize in it the face of a friend. And I think that the pleasures of the past by retrospection, and the future by anticipation, will outweigh our present enjoyments, make the most of them we can. Montgomery, you know, beautifully elucidates the ‘*Joy of grief*.’ And should ‘earthly good elude us,’ I look forward with unwavering hope to a state of existence where the good, divested of their imperfections, but retaining all their consciousness, will meet in perfect peace to part no more.”

“And yet,” resumed he, “Miss Morland possesses

too much sensibility to countenance the zeal of enthusiasts, to send the believers in the Koran to the enjoyment of their houries before they are summoned by the prophet ; to the neglect, too, of those whom they profess to love."

Mary resented this last allusion, and retorted quickly :
" You will find, sir, that

' 'T is always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love ; ' "

and turning to her cousin, said, " Come, my dear Laura, see you not the gathering clouds ? Prudence demands that we hasten our return."

She then bowed to Monsieur L'Œil, and reluctantly taking his hand which was extended to assist her into the carriage, drove off ; and though they went at a rapid rate, the rain overtook them, and vivid lightnings, accompanied by startling peals of thunder, made Laura almost gasp for breath, as each volley bellowed through the air, while Mary sat in perfect tranquillity, calmly adoring him who " spake and it was done ! "

On alighting, after the shower had spent its force, the agitated Laura said, " How could you be so insensible, my dear cousin, as to sit unmoved when death menaced in every fearful flash ? "

" Why should I fear the war of elements, controlled by a merciful God, when my all is at stake in mortal combat with Turkish foes ? " asked Mary with a languid smile. " Laura, I have a presentiment that I shall never see my faithful Dumont more."

" ' Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart. ' "

said Laura, ironically.

"Hush, hush, vexatious girl; you know I fear not his inconstancy."

"Certainly not," she replied. "Forgive the jest, and I will for once speak in earnest:

' Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed them by,
Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.' "

When left to herself, the object that engrossed Mary's happiest hours called up the holiest aspirations of her heart for his happiness; and they not unfrequently flowed in numbers. "Good angels, guide my pen," said she, as she opened her *escritoire*.

As the god of the morning, no clouds to deface,
Unfettered, bright, joyous, starts fresh in his race;
Making diamonds of dewdrops, and flowers unfold,
And gilding each hedge and each pathway with gold.
So loved one and true, may bright hopes ever be
The sunlight, in morn of existence to thee.

And as Sol in his noontide of majesty rolls
And fructifies earth from the line to the poles;
Causing verdure and freshness to spring from the sod,
And nature exulting say, 'Lo, here is God;'
So loved one and true, may thy virtues, unfurled,
Prove a glory to thee, and a light to the world.

As the sun on the ocean, all-glorious and bright,
Sinks tranquil and bright from the mariner's sight,
To shine still resplendent, still pure in his sphere,
And send forth his glory to worlds far and near;
So, loved one, at last may'st thou leave pure, forgiven,
To shine on in brightness with angels in heaven.

A rainbow at this moment spanned the heavens, and gave a color to her thoughts:

When angry clouds obscure the sky,
 And darken to the deepest dye,
 'Tis then, all beautiful and bright,
 The arch of promise meets the sight.

Thus when afflictions cloud the scene,
 And pains and anguish intervene ;
 Thy love, with ardor ever warm,
 Gilds, as the sunshine does the storm.

Whoever read the fame of matchless Greece,
 And watched the flight of freedom and of peace,
 But felt his heart misgive at the sad sight,
 Of patriot genius crushed by Moslem might ?

And who that turns our modern pages o'er,
 And views the struggles of that land of lore,
 But offers up involuntary prayer,
 That liberty again may plant her standard there ?

The contradictory reports from Greece kept Mary's mind in constant agitation ; and she delighted to steal away from the levity of her aunt and cousin, and indulge in meditation. "How subject is everything around us to change?" thought she. "Vegetation springs but to decay ; flowers bloom to fade ; and hope smiles but to deceive ! Mutability, mutability is stamped upon everything around." Imbued with these reflections, she wrote the following :

At morn,

I saw a butterfly, with gilded wing,
 In sunlight sport in joyous fluttering ;

At eve,

I saw its pinions scattered o'er the heath,
 Its trunk devoid of beauty and of breath.

At morn,

I saw a rosebud bright, in fragrance bloom,
 Decked with rich pearls of dewdrops to illumine ;

At eve,

Its faded leaves the sport of every wind,
Nought but a rugged thorn was left behind.

At morn,

A towering oak with arms expanding wide,
In foliage clad, deep-rooted in its pride ;

At eve,

I saw it prostrate ; stretched upon the ground,
Its leaves all blanched, and lifeless scattered round.

At morn,

A man erect, in strength and beauty hale,
Reason his chart, hope filled his spreading sail ;

At eve,

Behold, ingulfed ! Eternity's dread main
Left nought for earth, of value, to retain.

Mary's anxiety for her beloved Fitz James during his protracted absence, impaired her health, and oppressed her spirits. But she remembered his parting words,—“Let not the rose on thy cheek fade ; nor the light of thine eye grow dim ; nor sorrow gather round thy heart for thy absent warrior.” And when hope of his speedy return prevailed, she became very solicitous that no indisposition should lessen the joy of his return ; and the subjoined is descriptive of her feelings with regard to it :

Health is the sunbeam on the rill,
Sickness an iceberg, cold and chill.
Health is the dewdrop of the morn,
Sickness the rude and goading thorn.
Health is the sweets that never cloy,
Sickness a damper to our joy.
Health is the spring-flower, pure and bright,
Sickness the upas to delight.
Health is the smile of infancy,
Sickness the sigh of misery.
Health is the oriental light,
Sickness a dark and foggy night.

Health is the ocean's rainbow-spray,
Sickness the murky cloud's dismay.
Health is the bride of buoyant hope,
Sickness the spouse of misanthrope.
Health is the balmy breeze of even,
Sickness a simoon sent from heaven,
To teach vain, futile, doating man,
That earth is vain, and time a span!
But virtue, passed its brevity,
Drinks healthful immortality.

INVOCATION.

Father, a suppliant at thy throne,
With anxious care oppressed,
Bends at thy footstool, lowly down;
O grant the sought request.

I ask not amaranthine wreaths
Of honor for my crest;
Nor the soft, downy couch of ease,
On which the luxurious rest.

I ask not fame's loud clarion,
Nor pomp, nor pageantry;
Nor garlands gay, rich-gemmed and bright,
With flowers of poesy.

Nor for the richer stores of mind,
Which oft are kindly given,
Drawn from philosophy's rich fount,
And culled from earth and heaven.

I ask not mammon to bequeath
Rich stores of glitt'ring wealth;
But the invaluable boon
I seek, is vig'rous health.

As Mary descended to the parlor, the servant entered with their daily mail; and the public journals were found to contain the joyful intelligence of the

final success of the Greeks. She hastened back to her chamber to watch each coming sail, in hopes to greet the first signal of her long-lost Fitz James. Day after day she watched the broad expanse in vain, until the lamp of hope waxed fainter and fainter; and when darkness closed around her and shut the scene from her view, she would turn aside and weep.

This unceasing watchfulness by day, and dread forebodings on a sleepless pillow by night, soon overpowered nature. And when Laura, prompted by humanity and friendship, came into her room after a day and night of wearisome vigils, she found Mary in a troubled sleep, exhausted with deferred hope, and talking incoherently of her absent hero. On her writing table she found the following lines in Mary's handwriting :

O Greece ! hast thou such deeds of valor done,
And freedom gained without a Washington ?
And must thy monuments, that shall arise,
Proclaim this solemn truth — “ *Here Dumont lies !* ”
Or thou, great deep ! say, does thy mighty shroud
Enwrap his corse ? and do thy roarings loud
Bear joy and grief to every distant shore,
That *Greece is free ? and Dumont is no more ?*

Ye eyes of heaven, that nightly view the wave,
Look deep into the abyss and coral cave,
And if the sea-nymphs round his body stay,
Look not on me, for I would “ flee away.”
Ye winds, that through my casement sadly moan,
Say ye, “ *Brave Dumont's gone, thou art alone !* ”

Laura stepped softly to the bed ; and finding her still asleep, took the pen and added —

Away, thou false feather, and prophecies vain,
For Greece shall restore the brave Dumont again ;

The deep shall exult as it bears him along,
And the winds shall pipe music and join in the song ;
Stars, leaving their search, shall then smile on us all,
As the victor so proudly shall deck out his hall.
But pride, for his trophies of war won in Greece,
Shall be lost in his pride of his *trophy of peace!*

Laura then quietly withdrew. And when Mary awoke, to resume her vigils, she found her feelings soothed, and her spirits enlivened, by the vivacity of her cousin's muse.

The next day, a sail was espied in the distance. It was a vessel bearing down from the north-east to New York, her destined port ; and the young and gallant Dumont was her proudest burden. A squall from the south, the night previous, had blown her out of her latitude ; consequently, the White Hills of New Hampshire, rearing their snow-clad summits above the misty vapors that surround them, was the first land that caught his eye. It was associated with Miss Morland ; and its bleak grandeur warmed his heart. Beneath the sheltering rocks of this granite state, she first had looked on life. Here, too, she had imbibed those sentiments of goodness and benevolence, and been taught that simplicity of manners, which had won his heart.

Miss Morland watched the sunlit canvass as it neared the shore ; when the sound of martial music and the military parade of the little band of patriots on her deck, told she was from the "Clime of the east, from the land of the sun."

Fitz James Dumont sprang upon the wharf with a bounding heart ; and flew, on the wings of love, to greet his beloved Mary. But we shall not attempt to

describe the feelings of the reunited pair ; for the most correct and lively images that words can convey, are very inadequate to the finer feelings of the soul. Any attempts, therefore, to elucidate or describe impassioned excitements, which are so peculiarly exquisite as not to admit a parallel in phrase, would only tend to dampen the delicacy of the subject, and throw a shade into the brightest rays that beam from the feeling mind. Those who have "loved as they have loved," will know how to appreciate and participate their joy ; those who have not, would not understand the nature of those sweet charities, could they be described.

Suffice it to say that the nuptials were celebrated with much pomp and splendor. Mary's piano soon resumed its wonted tones of gladness ; tears and sighs were exchanged for smiles and heartfelt enjoyment ; and she is now a lustre in the domestic circle, and an ornament to society.

Mr. Dumont shares largely in the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens ; is watching with interest the growing prosperity of Greece ; and often "shows his scars, and tells how fields are won."

On the demise of his father, he came into possession of a splendid fortune, and has recently contributed liberally towards founding a college at Athens.

THE END.

